the Memoirs of Auberon of Faerie™

The Sourcebook of Faerie History and Lore for

Castle Falkenstein

By Jeff Grubb

R.TALSORIAN GAMES, INC.

The Memoirs of Auberon of Faerie

A Missive on Faerie Nature and History for

Castle Falkenstein

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THE MEMOIRS OF AUBERON OF FAERIE™

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This is a work of fiction, and should not be treated as a definitive work on the Faerie of the Fourth Earth. While utilizing the myths and folklore of our Earth, they have been adapted for use in the Fifth (Falkenstein) Earth. For individuals seeking out excellent background material on the Faerie of the Fourth (our) Earth, the following books are recommended.

Briggs, Katherine. *Abbey Lubbers, Banshees, & Boggarts.* New York, Pantheon Books, 1979

Froud, Brian, and Lee, Alan. *Faeries*, New York, Harry N. Abrams, Inc. 1978

Arrowsmith, Nancy, and Morse, George. *A Field Guide to the Little People*, New York, Hill and Wang. 1977

Cavendish, Richard. *Man Myth & Magic, An Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Supernatural*, New York, Marshall Cavendish Corporation, 1970

There are many things within this volume which are created of whole cloth, and the author does not wish to contribute to creating false information regarding legitimate folklore and mythology. This disclaimer may seem odd, but there are books which treat fantasy material (such as the works of H.P.Lovecraft) as real.

AN AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

The summons came in the form of a calling card, delivered to the Minnows-gate townhouse of Lord & Lady Roderick Milsap, where I was staying. I was in London itself collecting stories for a planned book on the Transatlantic view of America, and owed my presence in the house to the male Milsap's appreciation in a small matter involving a Philadelphia investor.

I was not awake at the time the calling card arrived, having spent the evening previous at Milsap's club, arguing American politics over Irish whiskey and the Irish Question over American scotch. However, the hubbub that the card's arrival created was sufficient to rouse me from slumber's bower.

The practice of calling cards, delivered in the morning when sensible individuals are asleep, is a European one, in keeping with their keen interest in class distinctions. One drops off a card at a house to announce that one is in the city, and/or that one is taking visitors. Prestigious visitors have their cards displayed on a chafing dish in the hallway, where others may see the quality of visitors to the house. In this case, two cards were delivered, one for the master of the house, and one for the guest. However, it was the guest, myself, that the caller was truly interested in.

The card was made of the finest linen stock, thick enough to use as blotter paper and strong enough to support the British class system. It was bleached to a whiteness that hurt the eyes, akin to looking at the sun's corona during an eclipse. The inscription was in glittering, crimson ink, and portrayed beneath the name was the ruby swan of the Second Compact.

The name, in blood-shaded script, was simply, "Auberon".

That caused the commotion in the household which summoned my rising before the noon bell. It had been delivered by one of the queer creatures of the Faerie, identified later as a Puck, on his Lordship's behalf. By the time I had dressed and made my way down to the drawing room, Lord Milsap, his wife, and his niece Emily were actively involved in passing the cards back and forth. Milsap himself looked so swollen with pride that I thought he would burst. He was only deflated slightly when his wife pointed out that mine had a personal note on the back, which his version lacked.

I frowned and turned the proffered card over. On the back, written in similar ruby ink and apparently by the same hand, was an address off Tralfalgar Square, and a time. An hour from the moment I set eyes on the card.

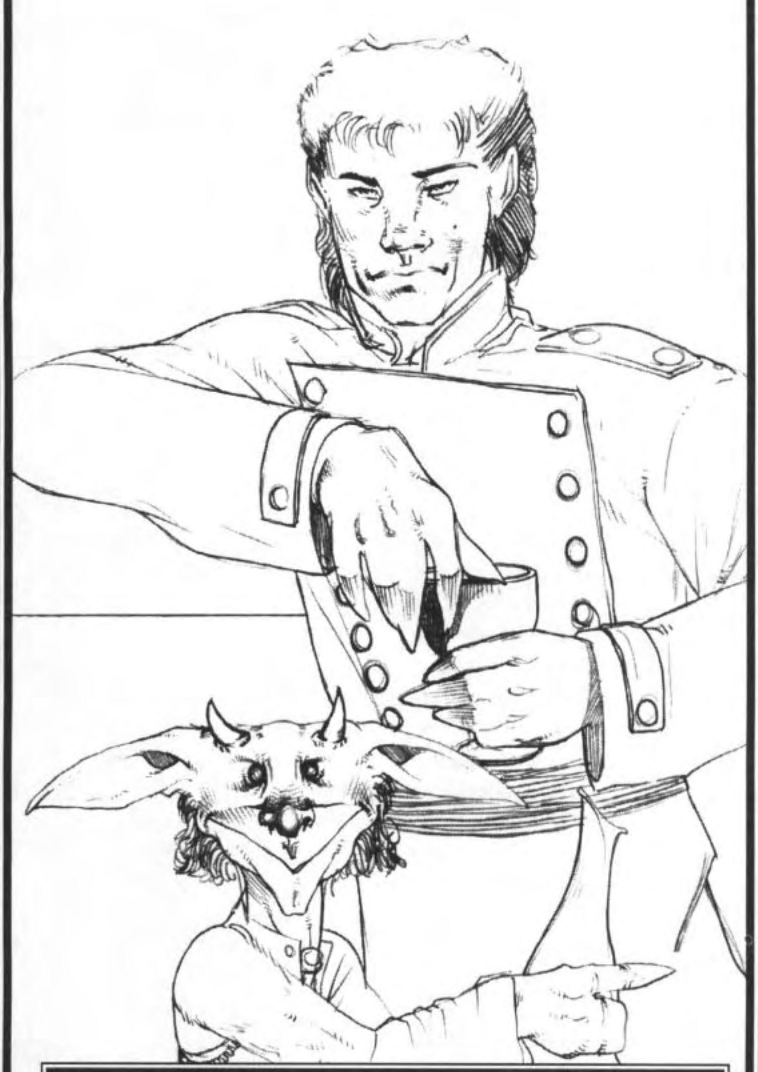
Milsap's card was a formality, then, a pleasantry so he would not be offended. Lord Auberon, King of the Faerie, the most powerful being in all of New Europa, wished to see me. Now.

Emily beamed at me with an adoring look, as if one of the Apostles had manifested and called me by my school nickname. Lady Milsap had a balanced look on her face, equal parts an upgrading of my previously assayed value and a concern that I was keeping dangerous company. Lord Milsap, as stated earlier, was beside himself with self-involved glee. I had no doubt that the card of Lord Auberon would be on display in the hallway chafing dish until Yuletime. I professed ignorance as to why the King of the Elves would be interested in a scribe from America.

Of course, that was the calm before the storm. I went back upstairs to change into clothing more suitable for meeting a Lord of Faerie. Lady Milsap coached me quickly on the proper methods of address to an individual who could move mountains and (I was to learn) shatter continents. I fear I listened to her ladyship's advice with only half an ear. I've discovered that when you tell Europeans that you are an American, they give you a great deal of leeway in regards to custom and style. If you fail, you are forgiven as a provincial backwoodsman, a country cousin. If you succeed in mastering their social graces, they are doubly appreciative and secretly relieved. I expected the ultimate European to be cut of the same cloth.

A half-hour later I bounded out of Milsap House for a cab. A half-hour after that I was dashing up the steps of a very high-toned townhouse within sight of Nelson's Column, its four newly-minted lions guarding that statue's base. I paused at the top step, took a deep breath, and rang the door.

A Puck, perhaps the same that delivered the message, answered the bell. It was half my height, and covered completely by brown fur, smooth and silky over most of its upper torso and arms, with thick, shaggy curls from the belt-line down. Its face was lean and angular, more of a mask than a proper face, the unnatural appearance underscored by a pair of ivory horns that sprouted from its shaggy forehead. It wore a butler's topcoat, black with gold buttons. It seemed to perch precariously, almost comically, on its narrow goat-hooves. I gave it my name and it gave a measured, almost tired nod, and escorted me to the drawing room.



Lord Auberon and Puck

The house, by the way, was richly and extensively furnished. I would learn much later that it belonged to a gentleman who was at the time on the Continent for other business and had been "borrowed" for this occasion by Lord Auberon. Whether the borrowing was known to the gentleman in question remains a mystery to me. I did notice at the time that the house had a comfortable, lived-in look. Indeed, the only change Auberon made was to remove any clues of the original inhabitant's family, and there were pale spots on the wallpaper where their pictures were once hung.

The drawing room was on the first floor (second floor in American parlance), a tastefully constructed parlor overlooking the front street. There was a small writing desk, a number of short tables, a comfortable pair of overstuffed chairs and a matching divan. A fire flickered merrily in the hearth, though more for atmosphere than for actual warmth. There were bookcases on three sides, and a number of momentos strewn about the room, (though again, no pictures), and until I realized that the house was borrowed I sought in vain to connect the Lord of the Faeries with the antelope head on the far wall. It was a masculine room, and the original tenant had succeeded in the goal of bringing the spirit of a men's club into his home.

His Lordship stood by the hearth as the Puck led me in, as if posing for a portrait (which was fairly well what he was doing), oversized snifter of brandy in one hand, his other hand resting on the mantelpiece. He was tall, nearly as tall as I, and had a sinewy leanness to him that reminded me of a great cat. His face was smooth, belying his great age. His was a cool, almost delicate face, ending in a sharp chin, with a noble nose and brow that would rival Caesar's. His dark hair was swept back to reveal his pointed ears, a subtle mark that he was kin to creatures such as the Puck.

His eyes gave the game away. They had the depth of one who has seen much of life and death. They shifted colors as well, from swirling grey to sea blues to forest green, often matching his mood at the time. His eyebrows swept upwards only slightly at the edges, giving his demeanor a bemused expression when at rest.

"Aye, ye'll be the pen-pusher, then?" he said, taking stock of my appearance, my character, and (it seemed) the last fourteen generations of my family in one glance.

I admitted that I was, and he gave a small nod. I heard the Puck close the door behind me and the silence descended between me and His Most Powerful Lordship. His stare intensified, and I felt like a child under the gaze of a disapproving schoolmaster. It was not a feeling I enjoyed.

Seeling to fill the ever-widening hole in the conversation, I expressed my surprise at finding the Lord of the Faerie in London, the central piston of the Steam Lords' national machine.

The observation brought a smile to the lips of the Elf King, "Aye, but Britain rules Ireland, and these islands have a special meaning to me an' me kinsmen, regardless of who rules," he said brightly, adding in a quiet voice, "for the moment."

Apparently in speaking up I had passed some unspoken test. He motioned to one of the overstuffed chairs. I set myself down. There was a small tablet and pen on the adjacent table.

Auberon began pacing, "I have heard, through me sources, that ye fancy y'self as a writer," he said sternly.

"Well, I have published a few observations in the American papers ..." I began, but Auberon cut me off.

"I have need for a writer," he continued, as if my own estimate of my abilities mattered not a whit. "For a very special project. I need you to write a letter. To my youngest son. I want him to hear the story of our people."

He froze in mid-pace at my soft chuckle, and turned his ageless eyes upon me. It would probably have been safer in front of one of Bismarck's land fortresses at that particular moment. "Do I amuse ye, Laddie?" he drawled.

I composed my face as best I could, "I am merely surprised. I thought a Lord of the Faerie would have other resources for correspondence than an American writer."

"Aye, that I do," his face smoothed and the warm smile returned, "but this is a very special letter. It will take you the next seven days to write it."

"That is a very long letter," I said, without a trace of laughter in my voice. I was rewarded with that ivory smile.

"It has to be," said he, "It covers the entire length and breadth of my kinsfolk's history. I speak, ye write it down. At the end of it all, the manuscript is yuirs to publish." Then he named a figure of payment that would trade my lodgings at the Milsaps for the best hotel in London.

At this I paused, saying nothing. To further protest the offered task would likely result in my dismissal. And the opportunity to hear the history of the Fair Folk from one of its eldest members was too good to pass up. I picked up the tablet and stylus. I noted that the pen was one of the new mechanical jobs, and seemed to be constructed of spun gold. I nodded at the Elf Lord.

He began without further preamble, lines he had apparently rehearsed before my arrival, speaking quickly. "From th' Laird of Faerie, Master of th' Folk, King o' the Elves and Little People, High Lord o' the Seelie Court, Lord Auberon Valerix to his son Corwyn Cimmiric, also call'd the Trickster. Herein is th' tale o' yuir people 'an mien. Ye take shorthand, do you laddie?"

I nodded. "Pitman."

"Read it back, now,"

"From the Lord of Faerie, Master of the Folk, King of the Elves and Little People, High Lord of the Seelie Court, Lord Auberon Valerix to my son Corwyn Cimmiric, also called the Trickster. Herein is the tale of your people and mine." I looked up to see the storm-clouds gathering on his Lordship's face.

"That's not what I said," he frowned. "Its the words, but ye've smoothed them all to nubs an' nothing."

I chose my next words carefully, "I put them in Queen's ... uh, Standard English, for easier comprehension. Your accent is a bit ... " I searched for the right word in the face of the oncoming storm, "Thick."

The storm broke with another of his flashing smiles, "Half as thick as a mortal's skull, and twice as thick as an elf's heart. Very well, I think you'll do. You'll arrive here by ten each morning. Lunch and tea will be provided, and dinnah if we run long. As I said, it'll take about a week of yuir time."

I agreed. It fitted with my own plans, which would culminate in a dinner party the Milsaps were throwing, also seven days hence. I could imagine dropping a few bon mots of the next week among the mere mortals. I still had to ask one question, "How is it you came to pick me? There are hundreds of reporters and writers in London alone ..."

The elf-lord gave another guffaw. "Indeed, there are. Ye canna fling an ink pot on Fleet Street without denting one. You're an American, eh?"

"That's what I tell people," I said.

"Well, then, how many of the Folk have ye met in America, beyond the watery gates to the Island of St. Brendan?"

I had to admit my knowledge on the subject was limited. There were Elves in America, but not in the numbers found in Europa.

"Precisely," smiled Auberon, "So ye are lackin' in all the homefire tales and childhood memories of the Folk, tellin' ye what's true and what's false. Ye've got fresh eyes."

I was forced to nod in agreement.

"Also," he added, "should ye decide to publish, bein' an American gives you access to the American market. Ever since that fellow Clemens wrote his Innocents Abroad, Europa has been awash in yuir breed, all seeking experiences for to titillate the public back home. Consider yourself to be in fuir an experience."

And that I was. What follows is the dictation of Lord Auberon of the Faerie, in a letter to his youngest son. Lord Auberon is a being of immense age and power, who has lived through five ages of the earth. He is also one of the greatest liars, swindlers, and braggarts in the cosmos. Make of this document what you may.

Begin at the Beginning

Auberon spoke [And this trusty scribe carefully sliced away his brogue with a surgeon's deftness]: "From the Lord of Faerie, Master of the Folk, King of the Elves and Little People, High Lord of the Seelie Court, Lord Auberon Valerix to my son Corwyn Cimmiric, also called the Trickster. Herein is the tale of your people and mine.

"You have spent the past few hundred years on this Earth in the manner of your people - wenching, partying, drinking, riding, and living what mortals would call "the good life". What abilities you've developed you've developed on your own, in accordance with your understanding. The task of this manuscript is to broaden that understanding, and make clear what lay before you. In mortal terms you are several hundred years old, yet you appear about twenty, and in some very real ways you are closer to that second number than the first.

"I have never been a doting parent in your regards, save perhaps for a few small machinations behind the scenes. I have always trusted you with your decisions, and believed that, given enough information, you have inherited enough of my wisdom to make those decisions correctly. Therefore this is just that—information.

"In the Beginning," said Auberon, a small smile flickering across his face, "There was light."

THE FAERIE VEIL

You, Corwyn, have visited the Veil a number of times in your short life. You have found kingdoms of fairy-tale castles that put Ludwig's in Bayern to shame. You have seen the gunmetal-colored citadels of the Unseelie. You have hunted in the shrouded forests and sailed its multi-leveled seas.

Yet, did it ever occur to you why everything there was similar in some form to what was on Earth? It might be bigger, grander, more exotic, but still it was castles and trees and oceans. A green cow is still a cow, and a floating castle is still a castle.

We, the Faerie Kindred, have pillaged and plundered the ideas of the mortal worlds, like some socially aspiring young housewife seeking to make her parlor resemble the sitting rooms of the gentry. We have stolen ideas and taken them as our own. That is part of the nature of the Faerie.

Yet in the beginning, at the very start of it all, there was nothing. Nothing but energy, chaotic and formless, spinning and swirling. I cannot tell you its colors, for our understanding of colors was not yet in place. I cannot tell you its shapes and borders because we were lacking those definitions as well. It is beyond the imagination of mortals, and as a result, beyond the minds of the Folk as well. Call it a Primal Soup of Radiation.

Yes, I was there, though I had neither this form or name or even consciousness of my identity. There were others, but again, even the nature of differentiation was beyond us. Indeed, we all shared the same existence and the same waveforms, so that it would have been impossible to determine what part was me, and what part was another. It was a region of light and shadow lacking even the words to communicate those concepts. It was endless and without boundaries, its limits being only the nature of reality.

Until we found a weak spot in that reality.

Danu found it, found that first hole. Perhaps it was because at that time the being who would become Danu had a large amount of the radiance within him. Or perhaps it was just blind happenstance that caused him to notice it.

It was nothing more than a blemish on the side of the dimension. But it had something that nothing else had in our domain. It had solidity. It did not move or alter or diminish, and was not subsumed by other radiations. It just sat there.

And it confused the blazes out of Danu and the rest of us. Even curiosity was something new for our people, perhaps a by-product of that blemish, that weak spot in the dimensions. For with the curiosity there was the first hints of identity, as some of the energy-beings were interested, others were not, and some did not yet know of it. This was the first thing I can point to as differentiating our people.

Danu studied the blemish. Danu tried to consume the blemish. Danu tried to wish the blemish away. Danu got other entities to aid, including the beings that would become myself and the Adversary. Danu tried to move the blemish. He summoned his powers and energies, and slowly, firmly pressed.

And fell into the First Earth. If you think of that blemish as a weak spot in the fabric between the dimensions, Danu's action was to rip that fabric apart, and pass through into the physical world beyond. And like a pocket that suddenly gets a hole, or a bucket that springs a leak, the rest of us were sucked out as well.

Imagine being blind your entire life, then suddenly to gain your vision in a summer meadow on the sunniest day of the year. Or to be deaf and recover your hearing at a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Or even something as simple as having a clogged head clear up in the middle of a spice shop. The sudden imposition of senses, creation of senses—color, shape, sound, smell, washed over us like a torrent.

And matter! Objects that obeyed hard and physical laws as opposed to the ever-present, unchanging radiance. Physical things that could be altered only when effort is put into altering! Places that remained in one place! It was a completely alien experience to anything we had ever encountered before.

It was there in that First Earth that we came into being. Before the Rending of the Veil we were timeless and enduring. Now we took on the cloaks of individuality, and both we and Faerie were forever changed. We gained our sense of identity there, and brought that identity through the rift back into our own dimension. And it spread like a plague virus, until there was no corner of our own dimension that was untouched, and no bit of sentient energy that had not been transformed. We came to the First Earth, we saw, and we copied.

And then we burned it to the ground.

A BRIEF TOUR OF THE DOMAINS OF THE FAERIE VEIL

The lands of the Faerie Veil are many. Most were created by the original Tuatha, but are now occupied by their former servants, or have been taken over by others. Most have doorways throughout New Europa. Almost all have at least one doorway in Ireland.

AVALON—This Faerie domain has its singular doorway in one of the lakes of Wales, and is controlled by a community of Gwyn Annwyn, led by the Lady of the Lake. It is here that they have Arthur and Merlin stashed.

BRYN YR ELLYLLON—An ancient domain entirely under the sway of the Adversary, it is a home of Goblins and their kings. A human warrior in golden armor, his name now forgotten, sought to rout the goblins from this place. They found his body and armor near one of the entrances, near Mold in Wales.

CASTLE NEROCHE—Another Adversary-based domain, it appears as a castle with ice-clear walls, within which appear living flames. The serving Faeries wear red and blue livery.

DIS—A great citadel in the midst of the cold wilderness, this is The Adversary's hunting lodge and prison. Its walls are polished obsidian and its gates have hinges of gold. Within its walls are those The Adversary wants kept away from the Solid Universes. Once his need for them has past, they are cast out to freeze or be eaten by the creatures of the surrounding wastes. There are no known direct doorways from Dis to any Earth, though it seems unlikely that The Adversary would not keep one or two for his personal use.

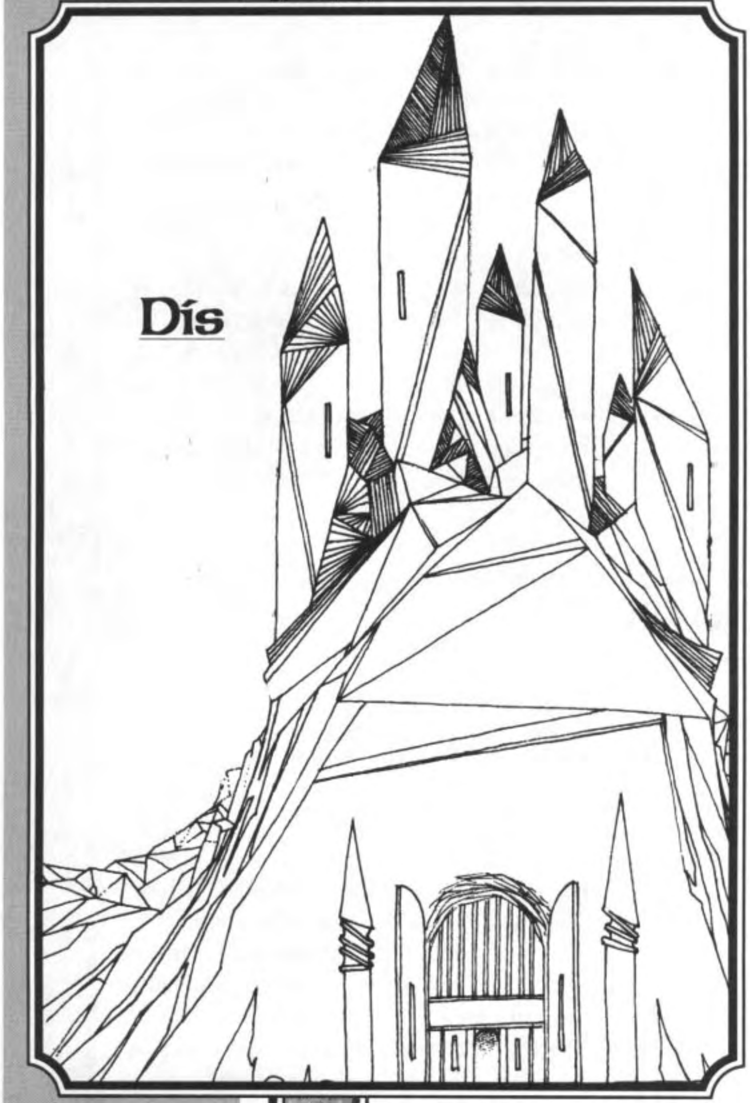
EMHAIN— The Island of Women. This was Maeve's home, and appears towering over the surrounding terrain on four great brass pillars. Although Maeve is long gone, this place is still a favorite of Lake Ladies, Forest Women, and Nymphs. It has a number of doorways in Ireland and in Norway.

THE FLAMING HILLS—Barbarossa's home, it remains a land of volcanic uprisings and continual plate shifts. The ground itself is unpredictable, and dangerous and it matched Barbarossa's nature. With his passing, it was claimed by the Unseelie Court, and used to house some of their more infernal pets. It has a known doorway in Prussia, and another beneath Mt. Etna.

GEHENNA—Another firey domain, this one a land of burning trees. It was once ruled by the Adversary's trusted aide, Moloch, and called Hinnom when Moloch ruled. The story goes that Moloch tried to kill the Adversary in hopes of gaining his power over the other Unseelie. After the Adversary killed him, he set his realm on fire and left it that way, in eternal flames.

HY BREASAIL—This Faerie kingdom appears as a perfectly round island, divided in two by a river. Its gate is situated over the ruins of Atlantis (one of several civilizations bearing that name) in the Mid-Atlantic. The mortal Giraldus Cambrensis visited it in its prime, but got most of the details wrong.

THE ISLAND OF ST. BRENDAN—The doorway to this domain is located west of the Azores, over another part of sunken Atlantis. It is not currently ruled by either court, but has a large number of Faerie Animals and Nereides as its court.



KNOCKMA—Finvarra's original domain before he took up Tir Nan Og at Danu's death. It was a roughly-shaped domain of hunting lodges in a deep forest. Of late, it has been haunted by more and more creatures of the Unseelie.

LOUGH LEAN—Once the home of the Tuatha Lord O'Donaghue, it is now claimed as part of Tir Nan Og. It is a land of beautiful mountains and deep crystalline lakes. It has a known doorway at Killarney.

MAG MOR—The Great Plain. This was created by Manannan mac Lir, one of the children of Danu who was fascinated with wheels. As a result, the domain is relatively flat, suitable for his continual racing. Mannannan loved his chariots, and in his time posted races there regularly. After a large number of fatalities were posted from vehicular homicide, visitors were allowed to stay in an adjacent domain called Mag Mell, the Pleasant Plain. Both are now abandoned and inhabited by lesser Faerie.

PLANT ANNWYN—The underground domain once ruled by one of the Tuatha de Danu, Gwynn ap Nudd, but now used as the throne of the Adversary. It consists entirely of great halls beneath the earth, and has no "outside". It is said to have entrances throughout Wales, and a known entry at Glastonbury Tor. The latter has been shut with iron spikes, and is under continual watch by detachments of the 7th Irish Lancers (a High Faerie unit).

TIR NAN OG—The Land of the Young, this was once, long ago, the domain of Danu himself, but has been taken first by Finvarra, then by Auberon as the seat of power of the Seelie Court. It is a land of white granite castles and clear mountain streams. Time flows differently in various parts of the domain, hence the name.

TIR TAIRNGIRE—The Island of Happiness, a small domain, noted only because it moves around—It appears as a walking island on bird legs.

TIRE NAM BEO—The Land of the Living, this was the domain of Golden-haired Niamh, one of the lesser Tuatha de Danu who perished in the Nightfall Wars. Niamh was fond of taking mortal lovers and keeping them in her domain, and mounted quite a collection, hence the name. Occasionally one of the survivors may be found wandering about in the wilds.

TIRFO THUINN—The Land Under the Waves. This domain is carved of water, and though entirely breathable by mortals, they have to get used to fish swimming past. The Lamia makes her home here.

TIRN AILL—The Other World. This a dark, haunted domain, filled with all manner of the Unseelie. It has a number of doorways into Prussia, Bayern, and the Germanies. It was created by Grendel, who would later be slain on the Second Earth by a mortal hero wielding Cold Iron.

THE MODERN FAERIE VEIL in CASTLE FALKENSTEIN™

The Faerie Veil is a coexistent dimension that matches up with Falkenstein Earth (and several others, known as Solid Universes) along a number of co-temporal points. It is possible for an individual to pass from one dimension into the other at these points.

This individual must be one of the Faerie or a mage equipped with the proper spell. Daoine Sidhe may make the crossing, but Dwarves, who have renounced their Faerie heritage, may not. Further, with the exception of Tuatha De Danu (such as Auberon and The Adversary), the crossing may only be made at a site previously determined by the Host. Such sites are usually rings of standing stones, groves of ancient trees, flower rings, or the surface of various lakes. Even common manufactured items such as doorways can be a gate into the Veil. These are locations where the Veil has been pierced, either by the passing of one of the Tuatha De Danu, by human sorcery, or perhaps they are a natural weakening of the reality between the dimensions..

Doorways can be operated only by an individual trying to make the move—no one just "falls into" Faerie, though they may be pushed or led there. This can be done either by a particular spell for that particular location (that is to say, each location has a different "energy knot" connected with it), or by use of the Faerie Etherealness ability. It is an EXC task for a Faerie to open a pre-existing passage to the Veil that it has never opened before, and an AV task if they have made the passage before. The Faerie may take any number of individuals with them in passing through, and the gateway will remain open for up to five minutes, or close at the whim of the Faerie who opened it. (It can remain open longer than five minutes if the Faerie continues to concentrate on it to the exclusion of other actions.)

Moving from a doorway in the Veil to its related location in the Solid Universe is immediate and automatic. Even unskilled mortals can do this, which is why Faerie keeping mortals as prisoners are careful to hide these exits.

It is not possible to bring iron, iron alloys such as steel, or cold iron into the Faerie Veil. A Faerie doorway will not function, leaving the individual carrying these substances on the solid side of the Veil (though others may pass through unimpeded). The British government has driven iron spikes into Glastonbury Tor to keep its Faerie Door to Plant Annwyn dormant. So far, this seems to work.

Faerie Doorways are "hard-wired" to particular locations in the Veil. If a doorway opens to Plant Annwyn in one century, it opens to Plant Annwyn in another. Further, they are co-temporal, in that the passage of time is the same in both worlds on both sides of the gate.

One of the Tuatha De Danu, or a powerful human sorcerer, can create a doorway from Falkenstein Earth to the Faerie Veil. Several such powerful individuals are needed to open a doorway into an entirely new Earth. The Adversary cannot do it on his own, nor can Auberon. Once that first gateway is opened, they can open doorways on their own. Part of the difficulty in opening doors to new universes is that it requires imagination to create these gates to worlds undreamed of. And dreaming is a weak spot in the Faerie Character.

The natural state of the Veil is a formless mass of energy, without borders or limits. It is a swirling non-pattern of primal energies, colors, and radiances mixed in a chaotic haze. Light is not the only thing swirling through the vast wasteland of the Veil. Time flows differently in different locations, as do gravity, sound waves, and every other "physical constant" in the Solid Universe. The Faerie mind can impose order on this chaos. The mortal mind normally goes mad.

With the discovery of the Solid Universes the Faerie began bringing parts of them home, recreating the ideas of the solid world in their own realms. They could only copy, not create, which is why most of the Faerie Veil resembles Medieval Earth, as that was what they found on their first foray into a solid world. There are a number of sites in the Veil which are fairly coherent and remain in place, though these tend to be tied directly to particular doorways.

While the Faerie Veil touches the Earth in many places, the idea of distance is a Solid concept, not a Faerie one. As a result, there are numerous farflung gates that may lead into one Faerie location, especially Tir Nan Og, Auberon's Kingdom, and Plant Annwyn, The Adversaries' domain. The largest number of these gates exist in the western British Isles, particularly Wales and Ireland.

For the mortal, the lands of the Faerie come in two flavors — dangerous and more dangerous. When visiting a land formed from the mind of the Faerie (even one that is now deceased), they are at the whims of the original Faerie Lord. Odd gravities, strange flows of time, and deadly enchantments are all part and parcel of the Faerie Worlds. But worse are the domains where no Faerie Lord rules, for they are sprawls of unshaped chaos, and a mortal will go mad there long before he dies.

FIRST EARTH–TRUE ORIGINS

The recorder must at this point note that he was surprised by King Auberon's announcement that he had destroyed a world. More than surprised. Shocked. Amazed. Auberon said later that if my jaw dropped any lower he could have used it as a boot rack. At the time he merely admonished me and indicated that I should keep writing.

"Don't look so shocked," said Auberon to me, "I could make excuses, saying I was newly-formed and confused and didn't understand the nature of the physical plane and "Everyone makes a few mistakes". And I have made those excuses in the past. But I have the wisdom of age now, and know I have to take responsibility for my actions, even if it means admitting to destroying a entire world."

Of course, I had help, but let me tell the tale in its full course.

The Primal Doorway into the first Earth was in Ireland. The Ireland of that Earth was similar to the Emerald Isles of this one, which is one reason that the Folk hold that land in special veneration. It was our first love, in many ways.

I remember cascading through the no-longer-blemish, now-full-fledged-hole, along with innumerable others of our breed. We were overwhelmed at once by the new sensations of earth, light, and even air. It was a clear night when we appeared, the moon full and the stars a blanket of silver pieces across a velvet sky. I remember the smell of the wet grass, and the way the slight breeze blew through my insubstantial form.

We appeared on a hillock between the forest and the sea. We were surrounded by great standing stones, menhirs planted by an earlier mortal race and arranged in a great circle. There were bonfires crackling at two ends of the circle. The waves of warmth were new to us as well. They were mere radiation, of course, but refined along a coherent pattern that we did not know.

It was intoxicating. It took more than a few moments to realize that we were not alone.

There were mortals here, humans like those found in every Earth since. The blemish on our end may have been created by whatever primitive spells they were working, or perhaps it was just blind fate that brought us to this location at this time. They were robed and hooded and surprised out of their wits by the sudden rip in their reality, and the brightness beyond it.

Most of the humans present bolted, running back to their seacoast village in the distance. Three remained, one of them the apparent leader. He walked toward us, an act of heroism, for in this new dimension we looked like a bundle of thick, glowing, animated robes, glowing so brightly as to burn the retinas of mortal eyes. Danu stepped (oozed? slithered?) forward as well to meet this animate solid. We could recognize the presence of their thoughts, feel the firing of their synapses, hear the pulse of their life through the network of their blood vessels. In this incredibly complex world, this was the most complex thing.

And though our comprehensions were stretched and shattered, forever marking us as individuals, we thought it was beautiful beyond compare.

That first, nameless mortal stepped forward, and Danu rose to meet him. Flesh touched energy, and the flesh ignited. The mortal burst into flame from the intensity of Danu's body, and was reduced to ash in a mere moment. That was the first contact of man and Faerie.

Danu was transformed as well by the touch. He subsumed the mind of the mortal, and with it mortal concepts — identity, emotion, and comprehension. This he passed to the rest of us, and through us back into the Veil. For himself, he kept the form of the mortal, and became the Danu we would know. That is why we few, the highest of the High Faerie, are called Tuatha De Danu, the children of Danu, who first pierced the veil and wrapped himself in flesh.

[At this point I interrupted, mentioning that I though Danu was female, and was traditionally a goddess.

"He is," said Auberon, "Or was. What Danu First-Spawned took was the generic mortal guise itself, and which in his mind could be male or female, according to his own whims. That was something that was lost on the rest of us when we took on our own identities. We copied Danu in taking on human form, and we copied our forms exactly. Again, we could not imagine otherwise. Regardless, Danu was the greatest of our kind, and was our effective leader until the Second Earth.]

Two of the remaining Faerie energies followed Danu's example, setting on the remaining two mortals. One was a woman, and her form became the model for Maeve. The other was a male, and he was the model for the Adversary. He carried another name at that time, but I will not repeat it here. Let that old name die.

The rest of us, myself included, began exploring, children dashing from one room to another in a new house. More of us poured out of the Veil, and in moving away formed our own identities. Some had more intelligence than others, some more sense of identity. All were suddenly freed on the unsuspecting world.

The first sunrise literally came up like thunder, panicking a number of the smaller entities, entities who would later tend to hide in the dark. This was another feature of the first two worlds — we were still young and unformed, and many of the patterns that would carry us from then to now were being formed. Keep that in mind, for you too, Corwyn, are still being formed.

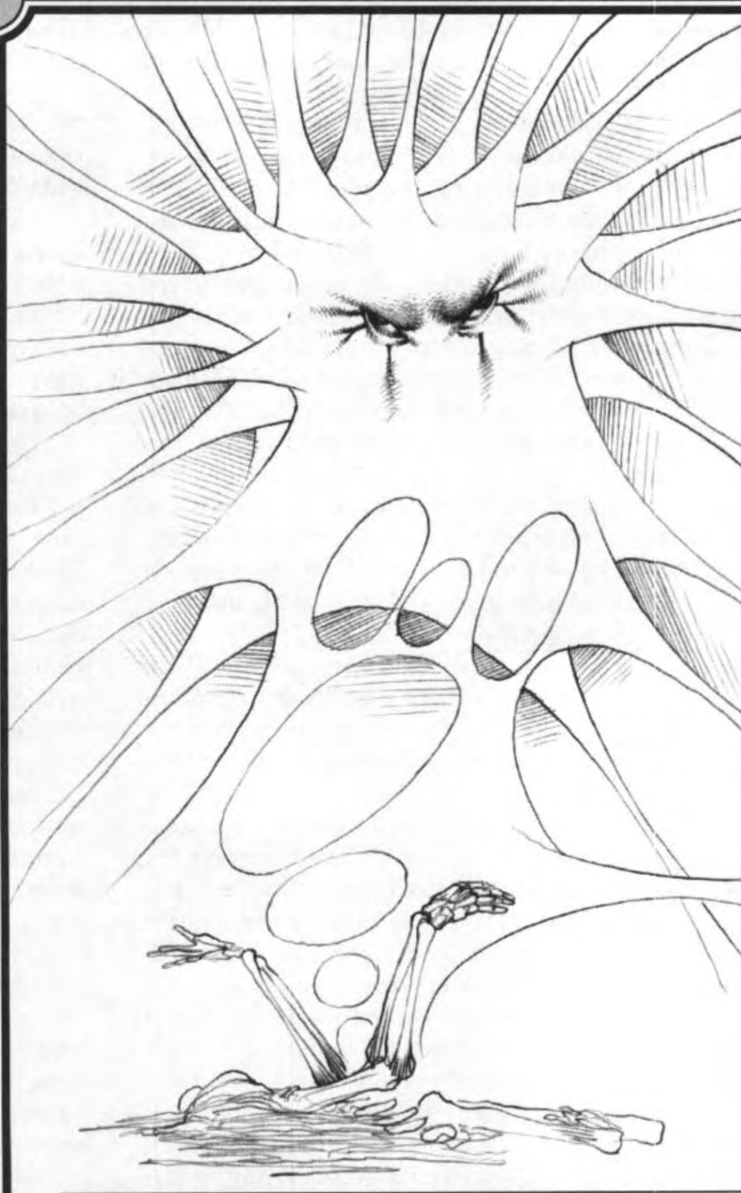
I remember the first sunrise. I had bolted to the south and east, across England and the Channel and to the Alps themselves. I discovered fog and rain and clouds, and was in what is here called Bayern, among the squat castles of the nobility, when Earth turned its face to the sun.

I was amazed to see a star close up. You can hear the stars sing if you try, feel the songs they cast out along the electromagnetic spectrum ages ago. When that sun rose, I was engulfed by a symphony. I thought it one of us, but soon realized it was merely one more physical thing, though a glorious one.

I flew ahead of the rising sun, its herald over this new land, my own radiance scorching the land and setting fires over France and England. I returned to that spot where we had first arrived.

Danu was there, with Maeve and the Adversary and others who would become Barbarossa and Finvarra and Manannan and Moloch and Titania (yes, there was a Titania — no, we didn't get along). The hole in reality was now a chasm, with more radiance pouring out every moment. The hillock was now a nob of glassy rock, and the forest and seaside town were on fire. And still more of our numbers poured through.

Danu led us in our first enchantment, our first spell, to trim the edges of this great glowing chasm, sew them back like a pocket would be mended. He must have pulled the concept from the mortal he consumed, the idea of closing the gate that been opened. We lent our energies to the task, and reduced the volcano of energy to a mere



The First Meeting

shadow of its former self, a silvery mirror that spun in place over the remains of the tor. The untamed energies of our home were thereby prevented from spilling into this fragile, solid place, yet any thinking entity (and by now we were considering ourselves separate entities) could pass through it.

Solids, sunrise, magick, all of this washed through me. At that time none of us knew the concept of limits, or that by entering the physical world and becoming separate individuals we were unknowingly accepting those limits. In the primeval Veil, one's energies mixed with others, and ebbed and flowed eternally. Now each was a finite amount of energy, and could be depleted. Many nameless gods burned through this First Earth, sharding off pieces of themselves in smaller and smaller amounts, until what was left was hardly sufficient for them to become a Pixie or Brownie.

I looked at Danu's physical form, golden and naked as he warped the energies to stabilized the gate, and knew I had to have a body of my own. I went to the smoking ruins of the seaport, and there found the original Auberon.

I told you that Faeries lack imagination, and can only copy, and so it was for me. My first form was very much like the one I wear now, with only a few less worry lines across the forehead and smile lines around the eyes.

I found my original self in the smoking wreckage of a manor house, dying. The original Auberon was a local lord, and had tried to rally the priests and townsfolk against this invasion from what he thought was Hell. He failed, of course, and was nearly dead, trapped beneath a burning timber. I had to get a full look at him, and as such moved the fallen support aside, but I knew already that he had been damaged - his legs pointed in odd directions.

I tried to imitate him without touching him, and came up with a rough humanoid form dressed in smoking clothes (the idea of over-coverings was a new thing as well). I looked into the original Lord's dying eyes and saw fear, and saw courage as well. He raised a hand towards me.

I reached out and consumed him, copying the twists of his internal organs and the patterns in his brain along with every other part of his being. I gained much of my basic knowledge of the world in that moment. In the terms of their religion, I had fallen from heaven to earth.

I also experienced what happened to the village when the Faerie arrived—the buildings bursting into flame and the people going up like torches. The Adversary arrived at the manor house and the original Auberon tried to run him through with a silver sword. The Adversary was unharmed, and flung Auberon back through the doorway of his home. Then he blew up the building around him and continued his rampage.

That was the first conflict between Auberon and the Adversary, though at the time I did not think twice on the matter. Everything was newly minted and wonderfully strange.

I felt emotions too, but they were too complex for me. I knew that the smoking patches on the rugs were once good and faithful servants, and that a burning pyre in the front yard had been my/Auberon's daughter. But nothing truly connected at this point. It was only one more set of data, filling me up and overwhelming me.

The pattern was repeated that day, and in the days that followed, all over the world. Faeries would see things and imitate them, forming the first templates of the various families of the Faerie Kindred. Most chose mortal men. Some chose animals like cats or seals, and became Faerie Animals and Roane. Some chose lights or sounds, and they became the Haunts. Many scrambled the details, getting size wrong (Brownies, Bogies, and Giants) because we did not understand perspective. Some made grotesque mistakes, like the Killimoulis and the Nuckalevees, twisted parodies of human form. In my own case, I got the ears wrong, since the original Auberon wore his hair long and partially covered them. On reflection, I decided to keep them that way.

Once a form was taken, we discovered it was difficult (though not impossible) to alter it. We could use our manipulating abilities to shift our shapes temporarily, but we would always return to the original form, the original shape we had crafted. It in imprinted on our minds as the "truth" and it is the form we are most comfortable with.

Not all of Faerie came tumbling out of our glowing void in that first day. There were those who remained behind, but who soon caught the Plague of Reality as the original scouts returned. These Faerie duplicated the original travelers, so that a Brownie-formed Faerie would leave other Brownies in its wake as it travelled through the Veil, and others imitated it. In this way the families of Faerie Kindred were first established. The sense of distance and time was introduced to the veil as well, as physical islands began to appear in the home dimension, growing like ice crystals, freezing our reality in place.

At the time we Children of Danu did not think of the results of our invasion on both the First Earth

and the Veil. Cause and effect were just one more new toy that we could experiment with, and we were blissfully uncaring about the long term effects we were wrecking on ourselves and the world.

The First Earth, when we appeared, was in its late middle ages, the equivalent of the year 1300 in New Europa. Old empires had fallen, new peoples had migrated into the ruins, and new nations were arising. In that world as in this, Ireland was a bastion of knowledge, knowledge we now consumed with bonfire intensity. This is why much of the Fair Folk you encounter seem to have Irish roots, whether they live in Paris or Prussia or Athens or Rome. We looted from legends, and in this world and in the next, we would stabilize our "Kindred Powers".

The mortals, both the survivors of our initial arrivals, and those we discovered later on, hailed us as wizards, as gods, and as rulers. It was a time in many parts of the world where the man who could hit the hardest was King, and with our abilities we could hit the hardest.

Naturally we abused our power. Imagine a company of French Dragoons who have been on the march for two months. No alcohol, no decent food, no women. Now say they suddenly are let loose for a three-day liberty in a small wayside tavern. Imagine the way the common room of that tavern would look after that three-day bender and you have a good idea of what we did to the First Earth, only worse.

We were wild. We killed indiscriminately. We set towns and forests on fire. We hunted humans. We raped. We plundered. We set ourselves up as petty lords and sent humans to their deaths in senseless wars. We threw mountains at each other. We created seas where none were before and sent entire cities tumbling into the core of the earth.

And I say "We" in no royal sense, for I was first among my equals, second only to Danu in power, and perhaps The Adversary and Maeve. The world was our plaything. I personally shredded screaming mortals to understand their internal workings, and brought rains of flaming bats down on those who earned my displeasure. I led Wild Hunts against mortal men and feasted on their bloody flesh. I wenched like mad and when my mates tired of my ardor I set them ablaze, or dropped them from a height into the sea.

We were the Children of Danu, and we could do what we pleased. There were no Courts, no Unseelie or Seelie, no good or evil. There was only us. and we were out of control.

We were in many ways insane, drunk on our new experiences. And there was nothing to stop us, no cold iron in this world. We had not yet had our repulsions ground into our souls. What magick was here was insignificant, and most of our numbers paid no mind to it.

It was either Maeve or Danu who finally realized the effect we were having. We burned the forests of America and noticed that smoke blocked the sun for months, and that it grew colder. We sought to open holes into the warmer magma beneath the surface and created volcanic eruptions. Entire coasts disappeared in earthquakes, and rivers of ice moved down out of the mountains. It took some five hundred years of continual cosmic carousing to kill off all the human and animal life, and poison the barren earth, but we did it.

It was suddenly clear to us that Earth was no fun anymore.

It was also becoming dangerous. Our Glamour-carved citadels were being swept into the sea, or swallowed by lava as the interior of the planet began breaking through the tortured landscape. Most importantly, with almost all of the mortals dead, we were suddenly without anything new. We had killed the geese with the golden imaginations. And now their world was growing colder and more hostile, and with it, our own.

So we fled, back through the original gates and through others that we had carved in the ether between the worlds. And one by one we closed them as well, keeping the fire and ice on the other side, retreating to the Veil. Danu closed the gates one by one, and wiped the Veil clean so that not even a blemish remained on our side. The First Earth was dead.

But the Veil had changed as well, and it was in many ways a duplicate of the First Earth. Not only its buildings, but its dreams and fancies. Anything the mortal mind could think of we could create, and we stole shamelessly from them. But we could not create new, we could not generate, we could not call into being from our imagination, for we had none.

So we went looking for another Earth to pillage.

The Nature of Faerie Abilities

The Faerie are creatures of energy, and their abilities, regardless of their manifestation, are energy-based abilities. There are four general abilities which every Faerie character can use, *Etherealness, Shapeshifting**, *Glamour*, and *Kindred Powers.* Etherealness and Shapeshifting are **Club** tasks, Kindred Powers are **Diamond** tasks and Glamour tasks have **Heart** resolutions.

***Note:** In the original *Castle Falkenstein* book, Shapeshifting and Etherealness were considered solely under Etherealness. Given the great amount of powers derived from Etherealness, and the fact that various Faerie may have high Etherealness but low Shapeshifting ability, these have been separated. For Hosts who wish to use this division with Dramatic Characters created earlier, merely consider the Etherealness and Shapeshifting abilities to exist at the same level.

Etherealness

This is the ability to reduce one's weight and tangibility by shunting excess mass away while retaining coherency. By this means the Faerie may pass through other solid objects, become liquid or gaseous.

Faerie have different abilities according to the level of this power:

Poor —The Faerie can become amorphous, like a liquid. The Faerie may then flow through small cracks and holes, though of course they must have sufficient room to regain its normal size afterwards. In addition, the Faerie may become neutrally buoyant with the air, such that it may float, though it cannot fly or control its movement.

Average — The Faerie may become as a thick fog, retaining its shape and color, but its features indistinct (often used by Dark Lords to keep their identities a secret.) The Faerie has the ability to fly, though at human walking speeds, and can pass through wooden walls.

Good—The Faerie can now become as a thin foggy version of itself (details can be seen behind it). The Faerie may fly faster than a robin or owl, but slower than a hawk, and pass through stone or mortared brick.

Great—The Faerie can become nearly immaterial, though still retains its color. They may fly through the air at great speed, move through the water as fast a dolphin, and pass through any nonferrous metals.

Exceptional—The Faerie loses color as well, appearing akin to a ghost. It may fly at incredible speeds, similar to a dragon of similar physique. It may pass through iron alloys, though not iron itself.

Extraordinary—The Faerie may become almost entirely immaterial, such that a Perception check must be made to identify its presence. It may fly faster than all but the most powerful dragons, and pass through all materials but cold iron.

The Faerie cannot pass through living tissue, such that a Brownie flying through a forest must still dodge trees, and an Unseelie Lord cannot remove human body organs without benefit of surgery. As such, ivy-covered walls do more than enhance the beauty of government buildings—they add to their protection from Faerie intrusion. (Modern builders also put slivers of iron into the mortal to deter the less-powerful Faerie).

Ethereality is limited to the Faerie and its personal belongings. It cannot take another living individual into its Ethereal state, nor can it pick up "solid" objects when in a gaseous form. If the Faerie drops a usually-solid item, the item regains its solidity when it leaves the Faerie's person.

Ethereality is used to open the gates to the Faerie Veil. Because this is performed at particular locations where the reality between dimensions is weak, the

Table of Movement Speeds

Ether.	Air (MPH/FPS)	Water (MPH/FPS)	Wood (IPM)	Stone (IPM)	Metal (IPM)	Steel (IPM)	Iron (IPM)	Cold Iron (IPM)
PR	0/0	5/7	No	No	No	No	No	No
AV	5/7	5/7	1	No	No	No	No	No
GD	50/73	5/7	2	1	No	No	No	No
GR	75/109	25/36	3	2	1	No	No	No
EXC	100/147	50/73	4	3	2	1	No	No
EXT	150/219	75/109	5	4	3	2	1	No

Note that the speeds for passing through solids are in inches per minute, not feet per minute.

Faerie may take others with it into the Veil. A doorway opened in this fashion will remain open for about five minutes, or until the Faerie chooses to close it. The touch of iron, steel, or cold iron will cause the doorway to fail, leaving the bearer still in the physical world.

Etherealness and Combat

When the Faerie are involved in combat, they will often shunt their excess mass aside when being attacked, and return to their full mass when making attacks. As a result, opponents learn that sword-fighting with the Daoine Sidhe has a different flow tha n battling your average Prussian corporal. Further, Faerie can perceive bullets coming and shunt mass out of the way.

When engaged with mortals, Faerie use their Etherealness as opposed to their Courage when determining Health at the start of the battle. This is used for the remainder of that conflict.

Faeries use their Courage in one of four situations:

1) They are fighting another one of the Faerie

2) Their opponent has a Fencing or Marksmanship of GR or higher.

3) They are fighting an individual using Cold Iron (And then, the Faerie has other problems as well).

4) At the choice of the Faerie Dramatic Character.

In mixed situations (such as fighting other Faerie and mortals), use the lower of the two values, unless the fight has already started in one "mode". In that case, leave the levels as they are.

Shapeshifting

Originally considered part of Ethereality, this ability makes use of the Faerie's ability to alter its form, to manipulate illusions to reinforce that ability, and of its mental craftiness to complete the imposture.

All Faerie Shapeshifting is based on copying a target physical item, whether milking stool or mortal prince. The item or individual should be in the Faerie's recent memory, and must have been viewed with the naked eye (photographs or description will not suffice—one Germanic barbarian prince prevented a number of such Faerie effects by meeting all his guests through a mirrored reflection—the temerity of this prince was such the the Adversary raised a wild hunt against him, killing him and every member of his tribe. The *Mirror of Gregarius* has since been enchanted to become a sorcerous artifact).

A Faerie cannot just imitate "a horse", but must instead mimic a particular horse. Similarly, a Faerie taking human form is masquerading as a particular human. That human may be long-dead, provided the Faerie recalls it perfectly (This accounts for the number of "Lincoln Sightings" following his death in 1873).

In game terms, the Faerie may attempt to duplicate any form it can currently see (subject to its limitations in abilities). For memory exercises, the Host may call for a Connections check to see if the Faerie even met the individual they are now calling from memory, raising the difficulty by one, two, or three levels if it is further back in time than a year, ten years, or a hundred years.

Faeries can only duplicate what they see. Birthmarks or scars that would normally be hidden by clothing would not be duplicated, something that royal families and suspicious mates both use to separate the real from the Fair.

Poor — The Faerie may become amorphous, similar to the Ethereality ability at this level. Any type of appearance is rough and ineffective—tales of eldritch horrors with dripping flesh are often no more than badly-formed Faeries in Shapeshift.

Average — The Faerie may become a character of similar size and shape to its natural form, for up to one hour. The Faerie may lose that form if suddenly startled or otherwise caused to lose its concentration (Shapeshifting check).

Good — As for Average, but can retain that shape for up to one day.

Great — As for Good, but can remain in that state indefinitely.

Exceptional — As for Great, but in addition may take more complicated forms for one day.

Extraordinary — Can take any form indefinitely without having to concentrate.

The level of success dictates the appearance of the Faerie. A Fumble results in the dripping horrors you hear about. A Failure will result in the appearance being unconvincing in some major fashion ("I never knew Abe Lincoln had ram's horns"). A Partial success means that the form is accurate, but the mannerisms will arouse suspicion. A Full Success means that the individual is mimicked, unless the Dramatic Character's own actions cause suspicion. A High Success means that no one even suspects, or would think of suspecting.

Certain types of Shapeshifting are more difficult than others. It is actually harder for one of the Faerie to imitate an inanimate object than a mortal creature (Have you ever seen a Brownie sit still long enough to convincingly portray a milking stool?). Famous individuals are also more difficult, as both they and their travels are better known to most people.

The wide variety of Faerie appearances is the result of early attempts which were inaccurate (remember, concepts like distance were new to these early energy beings, so that a man copied from a distance would appear as a small human—hence brownies and bogeys). As time went on, new Faerie copied the old models.

Steel and iron can disrupt this ability, transforming the Faerie back into its initial form. The Faerie must make an ability check when brought into contact with steel (including, say, in a saber-duel) as a Good challenge, and as an Exceptional challenge when dealing with Iron. Cold Iron will always break the shapeshift, and may break the Faerie as well (most crowned heads of New Europa have star metal in their crowns—"Heavy is the head" in more ways than one.)

Shapeshifting and Combat.

When the Faerie turns into an animal form (by this ability or the Kindred Power), it gains the attack forms of that animal (and damage). However, the Faerie uses its own Fisticuffs (or Brawling) ability to attack and retains its Health. If it takes the form of a particular human it can use weapons, but uses them at the Faerie's levels, not the imitated human's.

A Final Word from Auberon on Shapeshifting: *"Cinderella was a Faerie Story in more ways than is known. The base tenets of the story by Perrault in his Cindrillon are true—evil relatives, handsome prince, glass slipper. What is not known to the general public (though Perrault knew—I told him) is that instead of bedecking Cinderella out with full kit, the Faerie in question instead shifted into her shape and went to the ball instead. This is why a kitchen servant could dance with the best of them and outshine her step-sisters in social graces. The slipper was a Faerie glamour as well, designed to fit only Cinderella. The young lady, seeing a way out of her poverty, accepted the deception, and later learned how to dance to keep the masquerade in place."*

Glamour

Etherealness and Shapeshifting are personal abilities of the Faerie in question. Glamour reflects that Faerie's ability to manipulate the outside world. By warping and concentrating their energies in one location, they may call into play items which can have a feeling of reality.

A Note from Auberon: *"This type of manipulation is at the heart of a school of philosophy in Vienna, which uses it as a proof that what we and the mortals call matter is really just another form of energy, and that nothing is truly 'real'. Its an interesting concept, but becomes tiresome after the third beer."*

To classify Glamours as illusions is a mistake, since an item created by Glamour has all the effects of reality, even if the Glamour is recognized as such. A Faerie castle still has solidity, a glamoured sword still cuts, and a gold sovereign can be spent as a real one, if one's trading partner is unwise.

Poor — The Faerie can manipulate light and shadow, increasing or diminishing existent noise slightly. This is used primarily for effect, such as hushing a theater audience or creating the effects of a haunted house.

Average — The Faerie may cause shapes and lights to appear, and create images of limited complexity (flowers, fireworks, static illusions), and of a size no larger than the Faerie's original size. The images are clearly that, and last only a few seconds before fading. Usually they appear within a few feet of the Faerie.

Good — The Faerie can create complex images, such as animals and people, which can appear up to 100 feet away. These images are real to the touch, ear, nose, and eye. However, if the Faerie moves out of that range, they will fade within an hour.

Great — The Faerie can manipulate large areas of illusion (up to 1000 square feet or so). The Faerie must still remain within this area, or the illusion will fade over the course of the next day. There are a number of Faerie "artistes" who perform as illusionists at country weekends, creating a particular illusion as a temporary sculpture to entertain their hosts. Some others of the folk pay off their gambling debts in glamoured gold, then leave town before it fades.

Exceptional — The Faerie can, if they so choose, affect an area up to a half-mile away. In addition, the illusion will remain for up to a decade after the Faerie casts it.

Extraordinary — The Faerie can create extremely powerful illusions that may lay over entire kingdoms, and last hundreds of years.

Iron and steel will cause glamoured items to melt and fade, and starmetal will cause it to pop like a soap bubble. Most businesses have an iron plate on the counter to test any coins and bills that are used (Shop clerks in London do enjoy when a higher-class patron falls for Faerie magick — "I'm sure milord did not intend to pay for his purchases with old maple leaves. Perhaps you have some ready money in another pocket?")

When using its Shapeshift to imitate a human, the Faerie usually (but not always) uses Glamour to create clothing, weapons, and other sundries that may be lost, given away, discarded, or damaged during the masquerade. A Faerie may always choose to end a Glamour of its own creation at any time.

Glamour can be used to enhance a Faerie's own appearance and abilities, particularly Charisma, Shapeshifting, or such Kindred Powers as Allure or Terrifying Apparition. A Glamour of Great might raise it one level (from Partial to Full), Exceptional may raise it by two (from Partial to High), and Extraordinary by three. This is entirely at the Host's option, and the Player is expected to make a good case for the increase ("As he approaches, he smells the scent of lilacs in the spring, which should remind him of our first meeting"). The Host may choose to have the Player make a Glamour Check for such an increase.

Auberon on Glamours: *"In another case indicating the longevity and fragility of glamoured items, there was the Faerie Bridge at Pont d'Avignon, over the Rhone. I put it up in the twelfth century, as an experiment with a clerical order known as the Brotherhood of the Bridge. The Rhone was wide and wild at this point, but using their arched design, I was able to create a bridge that served for two years. Then some damned-fool farmer came along with iron horseshoes and most of it vanished. The next version the Brotherhood put up was of more terrestrial matters, and lasted for several hundred years."*

Entities of Pure Energy

Kindred Powers

As the Faerie spread out over the First Earth, they gained their initial shapes and abilities as we know them today. While all Faeries have some level of Glamour, Ethereality, and Shape Shifting, the Kindred Powers are broken down along broad classes — Not all Faeries have the ability to do the work of many men in a single day, but those that do are all considered Brownies. Similarly all Bogeys have the Veil Eye, and all Faerie Animals Stealthy Tread.

Various "families" of Faerie have Kindred Powers which appear similar (enough to have the same name), but have small but important differences. The Lake Ladies' Allure, for example, grants to its target the ability to breath water, so they may take mortals as companions. The Water Demons have Allure as well, but since they enjoy drowning mortals more than cavorting with them, their Allure ability does not grant the ability.

Each of the listed families or kindreds of the Faerie have their kindred abilities listed in their sections, along with information to aid the Host in dealing with the wide variety of these abilities.

SECOND EARTH–MAGICK AND MEILIAN

In the interim between the last section and this, the Puck arrived bearing a sandwich tray of rolls, cheeses, and meats. His Majesty caught me eyeing the roast beef suspiciously and said, "Don't fear. Most of the Seelie Court has given up eating humans. And that is one of the changes brought about by the Second Earth." Fortified physically and reassured spiritually, we returned to his narrative

We had made a botch of our first encounter with Reality, all the more so because we had learned so little for all the destruction we had caused. We had opened a hole into an entirely new universe, and then destroyed that universe. And the great many of us thought it was fun. The only problem was that it ended all too quickly.

That did not stop us from searching out a new reality, and, were it not for the differences between that one and the First, it would have been destroyed and we still wouldn't have learn anything.

As it was, it was destroyed anyway, but some of us began to learn how special these humans were, and the importance of a promise.

In the Veil, the Tuatha searched for another blemish, another worn spot in our confinement, that heralded a world beyond. We didn't find it, not immediately, though once or twice the wishing of one of the more powerful Faerie would create the illusion of one. But it was never Reality on the other side.

We searched for a thousand years. We searched for a day. Time flows differently in the Veil, and without human imagination and thoughts, the time had no meaning or purpose. Finally it was Barbarossa, red-bearded and fierce, who found the portal to the Second Earth.

The news spread through the Veil like the Wild Hunt itself. I arrived riding a stone griffon, and Maeve rode in on her flowered-sphinx. The Adversary was in his gleaming silver armor and all the rest responded to Barbarossa's call. Danu arrived last, with the pomp and ceremony of the self-proclaimed King of the Faerie.

Danu set down a few rules this time, for rules were something that we knew of from the mortals of the First World. No shoving. We investigate before we destroy. Try not to eat the whole world at once. I saw that The Adversary was anxious about hunting in a New Reality, and I must confess I shared his excitement.

Danu and Barbarosa both opened the portal, a small, stable gateway this time, protecting the new Reality from an immediate release of Faerie energies. It appeared as a great silvered mirror. Six of us — myself, the Adversary, Danu, Barbarosa, Manannan and Maeve stepped through …

… Into a world that was at once familiar and strange.

Remember now, by this time we had experienced two universes — our own continuum of radiant energy, and the solid matter universe of the First Earth. We found a new universe, and expected it to be as different from the First Earth as the First Earth was to our own.

Instead we stood on a familiar hillock crowned by great standing stones. This time we were alone, and the familiar sun westering. The grass was green and the sky a deep blue. It looked perfectly normal.

And we wondered — were all other Universes like this, and ours was the only exception?

There were differences, of course. There was a lake between the hillock and the western forest that had not been present in the first. And the grounds leading down to the sea to the east were marked by a grey road of paving stones, with walls along either side and stone bridges to span the stream beds.

And there was a floating citadel over the seaport village, and odd-looking boats moored at its docks.

Not to belabor the point of Faerie's lack of imagination, but the idea of making a castle fly had not occurred to any of our prey on the first world, and as such, never occurred to us. Already we saw there was something different about this world.

There also was something in the air, a tinge, a small difference in the atmosphere of this place as opposed to the last. It was invigorating, but also troubling. Though we did not know it at the time, it was the smell of magick.

We did not need to go through the painful and destructive process of gaining new bodies this time. Instead we conjured mounts to ride into the seaport.

We were met outside the city by a lone rider, who challenged us and our business. We introduced ourselves as the true rulers of the world, and he'd better watch his tone of voice else we would flay him alive.

Harsh words were exchanged, and the human challenged one of us to a duel.

Manannan, bear-huge and burly, was the first out of his chariot, glad to show off to the rest. He had his cudgel and this mortal had a shimmering silverish sword. From the First Earth we knew we had nothing to fear from such weapons, and Manannan attempted to grab the mortal with his bare hand and squeeze the life from him.

The mortal cut him across the outreached palm and Manannan howled in pain. The hills themselves echoed with his pain, and the natives of the floating citadel said that their lofty perch rocked from the force of his bellow. Manannan stared at his wounded hand, and saw that he was oozing blood. The wound refused to close.

It was our first encounter with Cold Iron called, in that universe and this, the Starmetal. Manannan was lucky, for the blow would have killed any lesser Faerie outright. Even so, he lost the use of that hand for the rest of his life. He never forgave humanity for this deadly lesson.

The Adversary and I both wanted to pop this human's neck from its shoulders, but it was Maeve who stepped in for us. She apologized for our actions, but noted that we were strangers in these parts, and noble strangers at that. Her words were sweet and direct, in the manner of the humans of the First Earth, and they had their effect. I suspect Maeve enchanted the young man as well, but that was her secret.

Needless to say, the town's rulers were in the floating citadel. And we met wizards for the first time.

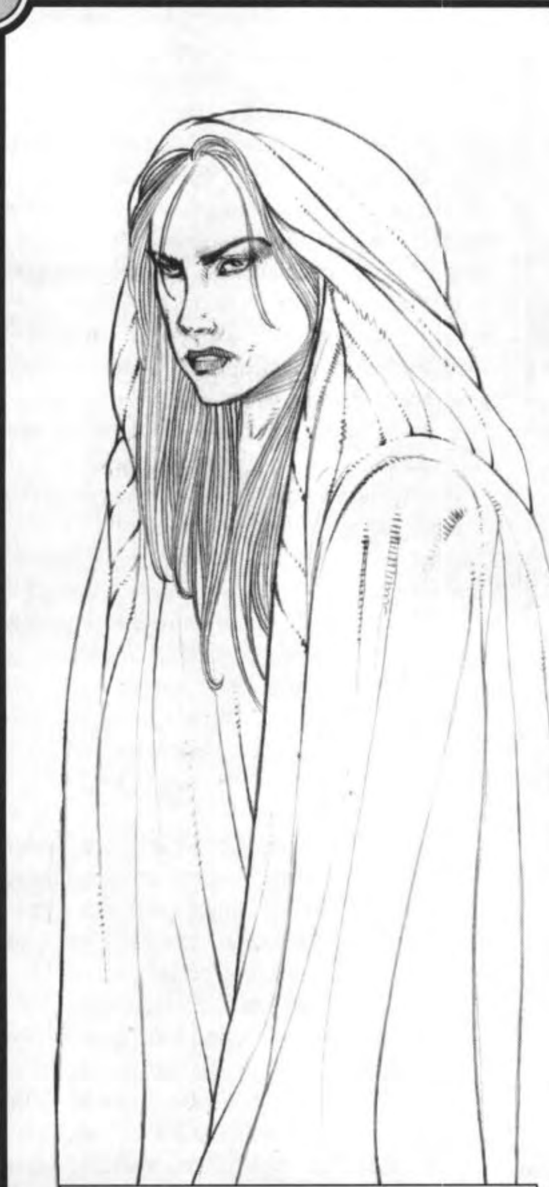
I'll leave a detailed explanation of magick to other experts, like Grey Morrolan and his lot. Very simply, it is an ultimate understanding of cause and effect on a very elemental scale. Spells form out of knots of energy, and by releasing those knots, particular items are effected.

For the Faerie Lords, who were just learning about cause and effect, this was an entirely new toy to play with.

The Citadel was a chapterhouse for an order of mages. The wizards ruled in this world, which would be in the 1500's of your history here. The particular chapterhouse belonged to a crew of Venetians, but there were other orders in every major city, and like nations today they tended to feud more often than get along. However, they had ritualized their conflicts to the point that a minimum number of the lesser mortals got harmed.

They were powerful, these mages. Not in the range of myself or the other Children of Danu, but the match of a Fomorian or Daoine Sidhe. They received us well and took us at our word of our nobility. Our powers and abilities amazed them as much as their knowledge amazed us. After some negotiations (including some dicey moments when a few Water Demons slipped through the gate before we had told the locals about them), they ceded most of the unsettled parts of Ireland to us and ours, to create a Faerie Veil on Earth.

Some, like Manannan and the Adversary, and myself at the time, bridled at the idea of dealing with humans as opposed to just swooping down, taking what we wanted, and slaying the rest. But Danu was the most powerful of us, and counseled moderation. "Do you want to eat your meal in an hour?" he said to me once, "Or take a year and enjoy it that much longer."



Meilian

This is not to say that Danu was more enlightened. Like the rest of us, he saw us eventually taking this Universe apart like we had the previous one. He just wanted to savor it longer. We took our lands and opened the gates fully to our people and brought them over once again. And we carved other gates back to our Veil, as we had before. Note that this was the point when we, the Tuatha De Danu, established ourselves as the rulers of the Faerie. If the lesser beings would not swear fealty to us, we would not let them through the gate into the new Earth. Most of them swore, though a few sneaked through on their own.

But we ourselves were unchanged in our nature, though we confined ourselves (mostly) to our domains. For the mortals we found on those lands there was only madness and persecution, and we were not above ignoring any treaty or agreement with humans if it suited our purposes.

No, enlightenment came for me in the form of Meilian Starbrow, Wizardess of the 14th Order. I first met her in an argument over Mermaids raiding ships for their mates in the English Channel. She had long red hair, and green eyes deeper than the forests of Ireland itself. She was dressed in a green brocaded gown, with gold trim, the symbol of her order on a gold pendant hung over the deep cut of her neckline. She did not walk, but rather strode like a goddess among lesser beings. At the time I remember she was furious at me.

I was immediately in love. Head-over-heels, puppy-dog-following, young-squires-in-the-spring sort of love. At first I thought I was aping love, imitating it as I thought mortals would. Then I suspected some sort of magickal ploy on her part. Yet it was simply that I had found a soul-mate, another who was as mule-headed, passionate, and intelligent as myself.

Of course she won that argument about the Mermaids, though it took her a week to bring me around to her position. I think she suspected that my reticence was the result of me wanting her to hang around. By the end of the week I was courting her in the manner that I had learned on the First Earth from mortals. She thought it amusing and traditional, so very old-fashioned. Yet she came to accept and to love me in return.

I took her to the Faerie Veil and showed her my domains, correcting entire wings to suit her off-hand comments. She taught me magick, the ways of tying energies in a fashion to great effect. She also showed me something of the nature of the Faerie — that we were creatures of energy, and while powerful, were not invulnerable. I started my library with a book of poems she gave me. Five years after that we married in St. Paul's. Two years after that she bore me my first child, a girl.

Yes, Corwyn, you have a sister, or rather a half-sister, the child of a Faerie King and a powerful wizardess. Unlike many of the bastard brood who claim me somewhere in their family tree she is well and truly mine, and has her mother's hair and eyes. Her story we will get to in a moment. Her name is Miranda, and yes, she is still alive, but somewhere where The Adversary cannot find her.

Such was my bliss with Meilian that I was ignorant of the rest of the world. The First Earth had lasted five centuries after our arrival, but we had spent much of it learning to develop our own abilities in the Solid Universe. Here we arrived already in control of our powers, and would not be content with a small part of the greater world. Our hunts spilled into other lands, and individuals that we supposedly were responsible for were taking liberties with mortal property and mortal lives.

Friction between the Faerie and humans intensified, such that the various magickal brotherhoods (all of whom had by this time taught magick to one Faerie King or another) were uniting against the Folk. Forges from Belfast to Berlin were stamping out daggers and swords of starmetal. Conclaves and councils were held. Now I found myself in a new position, alongside my loving bride, trying to keep the peace. I, who was an advocate of brawling and wenching, with total disregard for humans, had turned into a force for harmony and peace. The Adversary argued with me like an elder brother, saying I was selling out our people for the illusion of love. Manannan no longer would abide my company. But with Maeve and Barbarossa, and the implicit good wishes of Danu, we held things together for another five years.

Then Danu was killed, and it all went to hell.

At the time, it was all confusion and rumors, with the sharp voices being heard over the reasonable ones. Danu's physical body was found in one of the larger lakes in Scotland, pummeled and lifeless. This had happened to Tuatha before, even in the First Earth, and normally the Faerie victim would reform in the Veil and come roaring back, ready to gain vengeance on whoever beat him. The fact that it was the most powerful of our number created comment among us, but no panic.

The comments grew more worried when Danu failed to return to the mortal plane. I and the Adversary (for I still counted him as a friend at that time) went to his kingdom in Faerie. We found his energies, reforming into smaller creatures, but the identity, the soul, if you will, of Danu had been destroyed utterly. Danu was dead, and the worries became full-fledged panic.

He had been killed with Starmetal. The Adversary returned to his domains to rally his troops. This meant war. I returned to my beloved Meilian and told her that Men had killed the mightiest of the Tuatha, and that war and the destruction of humanity would surely follow.

Later, in the Third Earth, I learned the truth of the matter. The Adversary himself was responsible for Danu's utter and complete death. He wanted Danu's position of authority, wanted to cut loose and take this human world as the Faerie had taken the last one. And if Danu had to perish for him to take the helm of leadership, so be it.

The Adversary had sharpened bolts made of Cold Iron, which he then slotted into heavy metal clubs and gave those weapons to an army of Giants — Firbolgs and Formorions, the latter at the height of their spellcasting abilities. This army of Giants ambushed the eldest Tuatha in Scotland. The battle continued for a full day, and the sound of the cudgels smashing was though to be no more than a thunderstorm. In the end they dispatched him, though at the loss of a hundred giants. Even now, the sound of bashing metal reminds the surviving giants and their spawn of this battle, and they hate loud noises.

At the time, however, I knew naught of the Adversary's betrayal, and so returned to my love. I knew what our people could do, and despite Cold Iron and Magick, knew that this Earth was doomed. I asked her to take Miranda and join me in the Faerie Veil.

She refused, saying that she had sworn an oath to protect humanity and her people. She asked me to swear that oath as well, that I would protect her people and the whole of humanity. I swore, though I knew in swearing it I would find myself battling against my own kin.

We tried to keep the peace, but both man and elf were now marching toward war. A Wild Hunt would pillage a town, and in response a pack of Brownies would be captured and cooked in a Cold Iron pot. A Russalki would be shot, so in response an entire village would be flooded, the Vodyany drowning everyone he encountered. The floating citadels would be under siege, the one closest to the first gate smashed into the town below.

Meilian and I abandoned conciliation and began preaching evacuation. Humans clustered in the cities, and what Faeries I could rally agreed to return to the Veil. Much of the hubs of the Seelie and Unseelie Courts were formed at that time. The Bogeys, Giants, Haunts and Water Demons rallied under the Faerie banner, led by the Adversary. Brownies, Pixies, most of the Water Faeries and Nature Spirits, who wanted only to be left alone in their own lives, came over to our side. Most of these departed for the Veil as the situation worsened, but a few remained by our sides to aid the Humans of the Second Earth. It was there that I first fought alongside the first Puck, and formed a friendship that lasts to this day. Maeve joined us as well.

Finally the tensions erupted in a long, bloody war. Wild Hunts struck at lone human communities, and the cities themselves were under siege. The Adversary took the name he is known by now, and led his troops against the humans. Man and elf alike died final deaths. There was sufficient Starmetal and magick to decimate the Faerie forces, and enough Glamour and elf-shot to eradicate humanity. One by one the human citadels collapsed, and the Adversary's forces massacred the survivors.

Manannan died in that war, and so did Barbarossa. Maeve disappeared when her citadel in Greece fell, and she has never been seen again, on Earth or in the Faerie Veil. Many of the Tuatha and a goodly number of the Giants perished as well. And Meilian ....

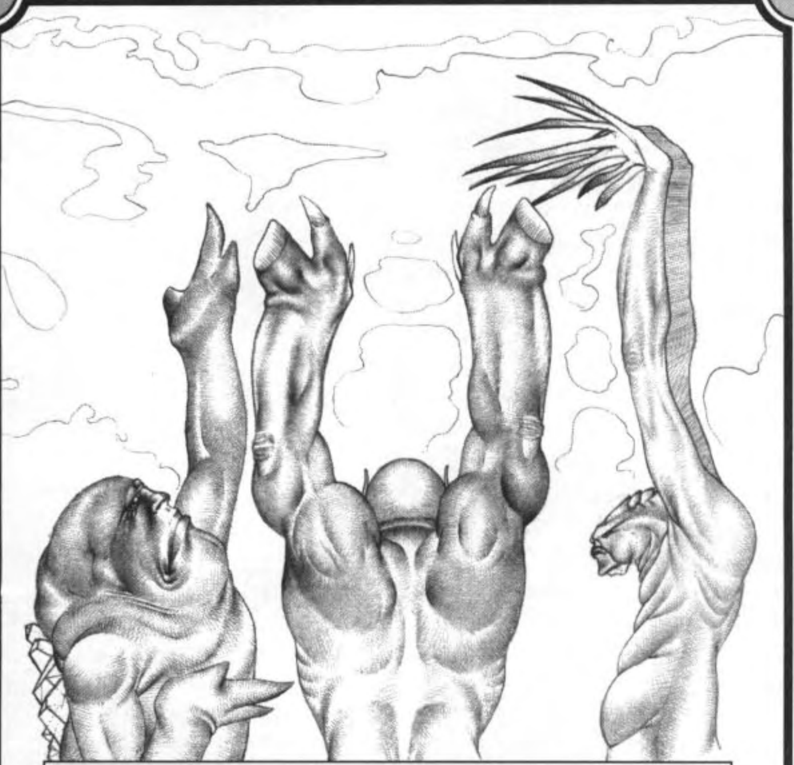
It was a Faerie assassin, armed with a cold iron dagger, who killed my eternal love, and plunged me into darkness. The attack had apparently been meant for me, but a dagger was effective against a mortal regardless of its forging. I found her laying in her own blood, the Faerie trying to pull the dagger out of her chest. I ripped the small Bogey apart with my bare hands, then knelt over her. Her eyes were already glassy, and I did not need the Spectre's ability to see she was passing from this world.

"Remember your promise, " she said to me, then her eyes rolled up in the back of her head and her voice died in a rattle. Not "I will always love you," or "Goodbye my sweet" but "Remember your promise."

With Meilian's passing the battle entered a newer, bloodier phase. Human resistance stiffened, and the spells they utilized became deadlier. I rode my own Wild Hunts, against the Faeries that pillaged the lands. I no longer tried for peace, only for victory. I tried to live up to the Promise I made to Meilian and in doing so helped damn the land further.

And I took Miranda and hid her in Faerie, where I thought no one would find her. I put her in a place where time flows very slowly, and told myself that I would bring her back to this world when I had put things right.

But I did not put things right, and in my passion prolonged the battles and the war. We fought the Adversary to a standstill, stymied his advances, and repelled his sieges. I took counsel with the surviving high wizards, and they taught me their most deeply-held secrets, in hopes I could use them to outwit their immortal opposition. When I looked in their eyes I saw only distrust for one more of the Elven Raiders. Yet I persisted, and for five more long years we held the Adversary's forces back.



"...and set the sky on fire."

The Adversary would not settle for a stalemate. Better, in his opinion, that he destroy the game than let the humans live.

Again, I learned what happened later, from other sources. He convinced the Fomorians once more to do his dirty work. They stood on the eastern horizon, an army of spellcasting giants, shoulder to shoulder, from north to south. As the sun rose above them they raised their hands and chanted an ancient spell in unison…

… And set the sky on fire.

They conjured a single wall of flame that stretched from north to south, and roared westward into the human lands. I saw it coming and did what I could, fleeing before it in a blind panic. Behind me the wizards mumbled their abjurations and drew their circles of protection and clutched their artifacts, and were overwhelmed by the flames as they ignited.

I fled blindly, the target of a Burning Hunt, passing over immolated fields and exploding trees. Other Faeries of both sides were caught in the pyre and burned beyond recognition. Oceans and lakes boiled as the wall of fire swept west. Many of the Kindred tried to follow me in my flight, but the curtain of flame was too swift, and they were caught in the heat. I heard their screams as they exploded, and knew that the magickal flame could kill utterly.

I almost made it to the First Gateway, now a despoiled wasteland, its human population no more than ghosts. I was in sight of the gate, a great silver mirror, when the flames finally caught me.

I screamed in pain as the tongues of fire wrapped around my cape and boots, and I felt the flesh bubble and blister from the heat. I let out one last scream and hurled myself through the gateway. A great gout followed me into Faerie, then the heat of the holocaust was enough to collapse the entrance itself.

I lay there in the Faerie Veil, smoking and burned, but still alive. It would take a millennium or so of personal time before the burns fully healed. I would have that time alone, for many of my fellow Faeries considered me a traitor, a Faerie King who threw over his people for a mortal woman. And now had nothing to show for it.

Nothing? Well, not quite.

I had Miranda, hidden away where none of the Faeries would look for her. And I had the memories of her mother, whose beauty still breaks my heart after all these years.

And I had a promise, a vow I left unfulfilled. I could not save Meilian's people, but there were other Earths. And I would not let happen to them what had happened in her world. In that way, I could honor my debt to her.

Repulsions and Promises

Everyone knows that certain materials affect Faerie. A cross turns a Vampire, bells disturb a Spectre, and a gift will drive off a Brownie. The question is, why is this so?

A great deal of it goes back to the nature of the Faerie themselves, both as creatures of energy and as creatures without a great deal of personal imagination. In the first case, the given their energy configurations, certain items or actions cause the personal energy of the Faerie to distort, often painfully. This drives back the Faerie when confronted with this particular item or situation.

Combined with that, the Faerie are creatures of tradition, almost hidebound in their beliefs, and once conditioned to respond in a certain way, will continue to respond in that fashion thereafter. That means that if the sound of bells were critically destructive some time in the Second Earth, the gut-level fear of them would still be retained in the Fifth Earth, even by Faerie who were not present in the earlier earth. This is one area where the mortals have an advantage with their short and chaotic lines.

When confronted with one of their repulsions, the Faerie should make a check of its Courage ability. As defined in the table below, to approach one of the listed repulsions requires a certain level of ability. To remain near that material usually requires a higher level of ability than to move near it. It is possible for a Faerie to overcome their repulsions, but it is a draining task. As a result, it is assumed by mortals that these repulsions are absolute protections. This is untrue, but the Faerie must have some definite overriding desire in order to remain near these items.

Those that remain near a material will not be unaffected by its presence, and the effect will be at the same level as the Feat level listed above. Those items only having a Poor effect will not even consciously bother the Faerie. Those that have an Average effect will be mildly distracting, such that the Faerie will be more anxious and irritable. A Good level of Ability increases the Anxiety, and creates a mild headache. Exceptional increases that further, to a continual throbbing headache. Those with Extraordinary Courage required, such as Star Metal, will have detrimental physical effects on the Faerie in question (See under Cold Iron below).

Feat Level of Ability To Approach and Remain near Repulsions

Other Faerie's Repulsions
- Poor Courage to Remain Near

Mystic Woods
- Poor Courage to Approach
- Average Courage to Remain

Steel*
- Average Courage to Approach
- Good Courage to Remain

Iron*
- Good Courage to Approach
- Exceptional Courage to Remain.

Listed Faerie Repulsion — (including Iron)
- Great Courage to Approach
- Exceptional Courage to Remain

Cold Iron/Star Iron/Star Metal/Meteoric Iron
- Exceptional Courage to Approach
- Extraordinary Courage to Remain

* About ten pounds to force this reaction

** see below for the effects of Star Metal.

Other Faerie's Repulsions

Faerie may not be affected by certain repulsions that are anathema to their brethren, but they do not like them. You can chase off a Selkie with a cross, but that is a rare thing.

Mystic Plants

Oak, holly, ash, and thorne along with sage and sweetgrass all had additional properties against the Fair Folk on the Second Earth, and it has taken many millennia for those memories to fade. While they are in no way as effective as iron and steel, these Mystic Plants are mildly effective as repellents. Indeed, sorcerers, druids, and other spell-users traditionally use these woods in their work because they are distasteful to Faerie.

Iron and Steel

Iron has the ability to repel certain types of Fairies, while steel does not. Iron and steel do inflict additional damage on the Fair folk, and most Faerie would rather not battle it.

The aversion to iron comes both from the Second Earth and from the Fourth, where iron was as plentiful as it was deadly. As such, the aversion runs deep in all the Faerie. Even those which are not specifically repulsed by iron have a hard time shrugging off its presence. In combat with iron and steel, ALL Faerie suffer an additional *2 Wounds* when hit with iron or steel weapons. This does not apply to the other repulsions - there is no additional benefit in the Fifth Earth of hitting someone with an oak staff.

Kindred Repulsions

Each of the various families of Faerie have their own set of repulsions, in much the same way as they have their own powers. They are described in each section. Kindred repulsions are stronger than most other repulsions

Inverted Clothing

This is probably one of the oddest of repulsions, and Auberon himself is unsure how it first appeared. Perhaps a sloppily-dressed mortal warrior with a sword of Cold Iron in the Second Earth. Another theory is that the inverted topology of the clothing is enough to disquiet the Faerie, who originally thought of the clothing as part of the mortal individual. Auberon's wry note on the subject was "The Faerie, regardless of Court, are repelled by gaucherie — it is one reason there are so few in America" [this comment was made very late one evening, after numerous brandies].

A vest sewn such that the seams are on the outside (and the pockets on the in) or even a glove turned inside-out are sufficient to ward off a Haunt or overly affectionate Nymph.

Holy Symbols

Holy Symbols are not a power against the Faerie in and of themselves. The particular form of the cross, or the shield of David, or any other symbol. However, these, symbols, backed by belief, is another matter entirely. This may be because these symbols, acting as a focal point of belief, concentrate mental energies, acting to disrupt the flow of normal energies, warding the Faerie away. It is not even necessarily a symbol. A churchyard, a fervent prayer, the clattering of prayer beads, even a hymn is enough to repulse one of the Fair folk affected by this repulsion.

Belief is not always necessary for limited effect. Enough of the Faerie have been burned over the years by all manner of saints that any cross waved under their noses makes them a tad bit nervous. The most black-hearted sinner has a chance to turn aside the Wild Hunt by dropping to his knees and praying, even though that conversion is both sudden and temporary. In this case, however, should the Faerie know the religious symbol is for expediency only, it will not be effective.

Auberon on Holy Symbols: *"There is a story about Jay Gould, the American Railroad Magnate. He was visiting Paris after the Black Friday of 1869, and was attracted to a certain young lady. The woman turned out to be a Glastig, and pulled Gould into a dimly lit room, intent on feasting on his blood. Gould recognized his situation, but had nothing at hand to save himself. Finally, in a fit of desperation, he grabbed his hefty wallet from his coat pocket and beat the Vampire about her head and shoulders, shouting, "In the name of the Almighty Dollar, get back, wench!" The Glastig hissed as if burned, and fled into the night. "*

"I don't know if its true, or whether it is a definite statement on American Capitalism. I do know that the last time I told this story, Karl Marx was most irritated."

Salt

All salts consist of charged molecules, and these are what disrupt the electromagnetic fields of the Faerie. Any salt will have this effect (against the particular family) but the most commonly used is table salt.

One type of salt that has no effect are dissolved salts, such as those found in seawater. The Merfolk have no worry about the substance they live in most of their lives. Salt most affects the Haunt breeds of Kindred, since they are the least physical of the Fair Folk.

Bells

Bells are a disruption and a contradiction in Faerie terms. They are a continual coherent sound of a particular wavelength, but they vary in pattern in a chaotic fashion. When combined with other bells, they can drive many of the Faerie off with their sheer atonal noise. That is one theory, though Auberon notes that bells are regularly connected with the church, and were rung to rally the human forces for the early battles on the Second Earth which left many Faerie scarred for several eternities.

Running Water

Running Water affects Vampires, and oddly enough, one of the Nature Spirits, the Brown Men. This repulsion also dates back to the Second Earth, when there was a deadly battle in what here is Hungary between the forces of the mortals and the elves. The battlefield was bisected by a mountain stream which cut through a deposit of iron ore. Many of the Faerie died that day and more were maimed by their wounds being exposed to that iron-rich water. The result is that running water is anathema to them.

This particular repulsion works with a number of caveats — the running water must be in a natural situation, not through pipes or conduits (you cannot frighten a vampire with an indoor bath). It must be flowing and undammed. The Vampire may cross at bridges or be carried across, but cannot fly or wade. See under the Nature Spirits for one Brown Man's solution to pursuing its prey across a turbulent stream.

Gifts

Gifts are more psychological in effect than physical, and repels primarily those Faeries who work close to humans, such as Brownies and Kobolds. These individuals have set for themselves what they feel is fair value for their services. When a human "pays" them more, in the form of a gift, they are rightly insulted — either the human is expecting more work out of them, or, worse yet, in insinuating that they are not working hard enough, and need encouragement. In both situations (and they are pretty similar), the Faerie tends to abandon its task and look for more grateful (in their terms) humans.

Marriage Prohibitions

These are a special case and deal with situations of human/Faerie matings and marriage. The prohibition generally only applies to the mortal in question, and is usually a rule against some form of action toward its Faerie mate.

The marriage prohibitions are interesting in that they are Promises that are held against the human in the relationship, with the result of breaking the promise being the breaking of the previous arrangement of marriage (see below for Promises). The nature of the marriage prohibitions are covered under the individual Kindred that use them. Most of the families involved have primarily female members.

Cold Iron

Many of the repulsions are the result of some ancient harm or psychological impairment, some of which would drive an alienist mad. But Cold Iron is the most real of the Faerie fears, and its effect is the most devastating.

Cold Iron, also called Star Metal, Star Iron, and Meteoric Iron, grounds out entirely the radiant energies of the Faerie. It not only disrupts the body, but murders the mind as well, unravelling the very personality of the Faerie involved. The Faerie killed by Star Metal risks the true death.

In game terms, a weapon of Cold Iron inflicts 6 points automatically in addition to any other damage. If one of the Faerie is killed by Cold Iron, a card in drawn — on a spade result, the Faerie is forever killed.

How common is Cold Iron?

Auberon: *"Most of what is touted as Cold Iron isn't, thank goodness. Like pieces of the True Cross, there is supposedly enough Star Metal in London alone to build several battleships. Even etiquette guides recommend that mortal hosts sweep their rooms clear of Cold Iron before one of the Daoine Sidhe arrives, as if the material was as common as dust-bunnies".*

Distances from Cold Iron (meters) and Effects, based upon Effective Amount* of Star Metal

AMOUNT	DISTURBING	PAINFUL	DEADLY
Up to 4 oz.	2	1	Touch
4-8 oz.	5	2	1
8-16 oz.	10	5	2
1-2 lbs	25	10	5
2-4 lbs	50	25	10
4 lbs+	100	50	25

DISTURBING — When within this range, the Cold Iron causes headaches, similar to exposure to ordinary Iron. This radiance passes through intervening substances, such that a lump of meteoric iron in a metal box would still affect the Faerie without. The Faerie must make a Courage check to approach or remain within this area.

PAINFUL — As for Disturbing, but now the intensity of the Star Metal radiation is such that the Faerie is seriously impaired if he or she remains near it. All Abilities are reduced by one level (to a minimum of Poor) within this area.

DEADLY — The Faerie must immediately depart, or take 6 points of damage, regardless of Courage. If dropped unconscious by this result, there is a chance of dying a True Death. Draw as above.

* Star Metal does have a "shelf-life" before going stale, like day-old bread. However, in this case the shelf-live is hundreds of thousands of years before the Star Metal loses its efficacy. Older deposits will have an effective amount of half or even a quarter of the true amount present.

This table first appeared in *The Lost Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*, and this information is to supplement and expand the material presented there.

Cold Iron, the Star Metal, the spawn of other dimensions and other planets, is fortunately for the Faerie of Falkenstein as rare as the meteors. There is no more than 2000 lbs. of it currently in all of New Europa, and most of that is locked up under tight guard by various governments. "The Brits have quite a stash, I understand," said Auberon, "At least I get a ringing headache whenever I pass Parliament." Some of the material is on display in museums and private collections, though this is usually under tight (and often sorcerous) guard.

Auberon notes that there was Star Metal on previous Earths, in some cases more than there is on this Earth. However, to bring that material to this Earth would require passage through the Faerie Veil, and no iron may be brought through the Veil without disrupting the portal used to bring it. Of greater concern is the recent explorations of other worlds, particularly the moon. There are craters there which are uneroded from the time when they were first formed, and there may be Cold Iron, unaffected by the passage of time, which may find its way back to Earth and into hostile human hands.

Promises

One form of Repulsion that affects all Faerie, but eludes most discussions, is the nature of Promises. Promises can bind a Faerie as securely as iron bands. Once a Faerie gives its solemn word or makes a vow, it breaks that vow only at its own peril.

For all their chaotic actions, the Faerie are creatures of order. Each of the kindreds acts in accordance to its own nature and self-image, a script, if you will, and remains true to that script. A violation of a sworn promise is such that it disrupts that nature, resulting in the disruption of that Faerie.

In the Great Game, the Host must adjudicate the nature of any promises made by a Faerie. In general, everyday statements, observations, or opinions are proof against this sort of binding. A promise must be given as a solemn vow, and indicated as such. The host may require such promises to be written down. Mental state, original intent, lack of knowledge, or deception have no effect on the nature of the promise. Indeed, the First Compact of the Castle Falkenstein Earth was devised through tricking The Adversary into a solemn vow.

Once under a promise, the Faerie involved is obligated to live up to the letter (though not necessarily the intent) of the law. As a result, most promises of the Fair Folk are filled with conditions and weasel words — "To the best of my abilities", "unless otherwise prevented," or "void where prohibited by law". What is not said is often as important as what is said — if no time limit is set for the task, the Faerie can take as long as he or she sees fit in order to handle matters.

If a promise within the Great Game is violated through the Faerie's actions, draw a card. On a spade, the Faerie immediately ceases to be, its energies returned to the Veil and its consciousness being destroyed. This draw does not negate the promise, and if the Faerie Dramatic Character survives and violates the promise again, another draw is made.

A Faerie may fail at a promise regardless of good intent and fair attempts. Auberon made a solemn vow to protect Meilian's people, but was unable to keep that vow, despite every good effort on his own part. Instead of disrupting himself, Auberon came to protect all of humanity as his part of the promise, regardless of the Earth they inhabited. That is an expansion of the original promise, and one which has allowed him to continue his existence.

Note also that this promise does not protect individual humans, only humanity. Auberon, as we shall see, is perfectly willing to sacrifice one man in the name of many, and has no compunction against punishing those he feels guilty. Similarly, though the Adversary makes no overt acts of war against humanity, he works through a number of mortal and Faerie agents who seek the destruction of the world.

When calling for a "Death draw" for a failed promise, the Host should keep the following items in mind.

- **Has the promise been written down in its exact wording?**
- **Has the promise been identified as a promise or solemn vow, and identified as such by the Faerie who made it?**
- **Has the Faerie shown intent or effort to keep that promise?**
- **Failing that, has the Faerie lived up to the letter of the law, if not its intent?**

In this matter, the judgement of the Host is final. The Host should not use this set of rules for small matters, but for definite and heroic situations in which the Faerie's decision will have effects on other characters in play.

THIRD EARTH – THE THREAT OF THE FUTURE

Auberon sighed deeply. "I thought at this time I had reached the lowest point of my immortal life," said Auberon, "I had gone against my own nature, fallen in love, and thrown in with the losing side of the war. My mortal allies were now mostly ash and my fellow leaders of Faerie considered me at best a black sheep and at worst a traitor to the race."

The King sighed again, "How young I was. I should have known things would get much worse."

I was not totally without allies or friends, of course. Most of the Seelie Faeries (those who had abandoned the Second Earth early in the war) still recognized my position as their effective ruler. And Finvarra and the Adversary still would visit, the former for chess and the latter for discussions on the nature of the Solid Universe. The Adversary claimed ignorance of the Fomorian's world-ending spell (another lie), but added that most of them had been immolated in their own blast. I healed slowly, both the wounds along my back and arms, and the shattering one which ripped my heart asunder.

It was at one of our chess meetings that Finvarra dropped a bomb. "We've found another one." he said, trying to distract me as he castled.

"Another what?" said I, looking five moves ahead to another stalemate.

"Another Universe," said Finvarra, "Are you interested in being in the scouting party."

I had had enough of mortals and solid universes. They always ended up the same — in fire and death. I shook my head and put his king in check.

Finvarra saw what I was doing, and knew we were both going through the motions. He moved his King away, retreating it to a corner "Your help's appreciated. Even The Adversary says so."

"Is he calling himself that still?" I said, "It is going to be hard to make friends in a new universe by calling yourself the Enemy right off the bat. Check, again."

He retreated to the only space available to him on the board, "I think he wants a cool head present. Most of his current court are young hot-heads, Tuatha who only want to hunt — Wodan, Dando, Morganna, and that lot."

"Or he wants a decent opponent," I said, moving my rook aside. "Give the humans a fighting chance. No thank you. Stalemate."

Finvarra took his leave and I went to that secret place in my domain where time flowed slowly and visited my daughter. She had full access to my library, to her mother's library, and was blossoming into a full-fledged spellcaster. Officially in the cataloguing she would be considered Daoine Sidhe, but as the daughter of a mage and a Faerie King, she was brimming with her own power. I would have said she was truly unique until you came along, Corwyn.

We talked and I told her about her mother and about the other Faerie. She wanted to learn more of them and meet them, but I resisted. The Faerie treated humans like cattle and I was unsure as to how they would treat a human cross-breed, even in the Veil. I left her with trusted servants, and slowed the time down in her rooms again, so it would seem like a day before I returned to her.

Time passed faster in the outside world, for when I left that slow-timed place Finvarra had returned. He looked visibly shaken.

"We need your help, " he said simply, putting what looked like a musket on the table between us. It has heavier and shorter than a musket, and was covered with blinking light along one side. Still it had a trigger and looked like a mortal firearm. "This is an energy weapon. It kills like Cold Iron."

"And you're bringing it into Faerie?" I asked.

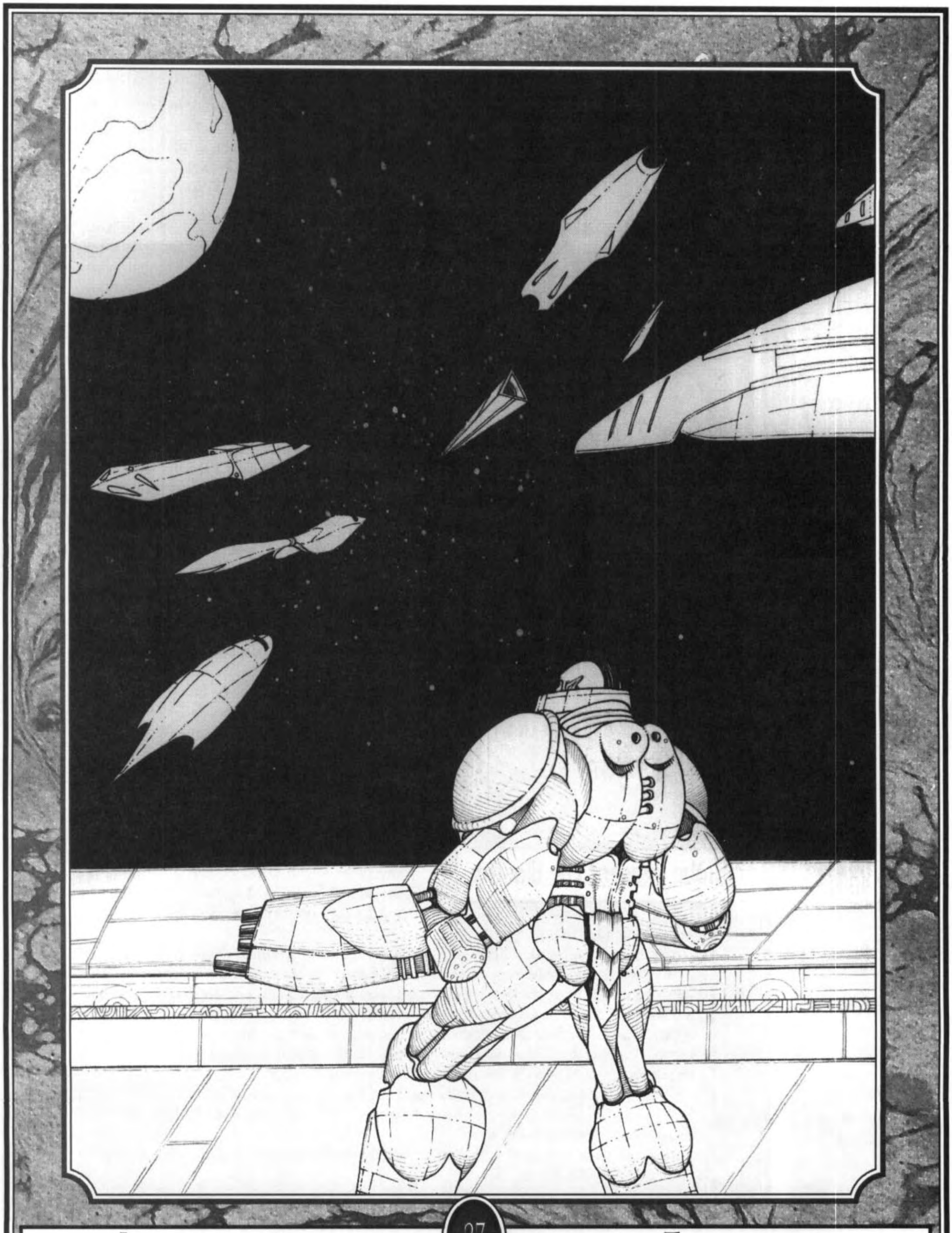
Finvarra, "From the Third Earth, Auberon. It is being used to kill our people. We are overmatched."

That roused me from my retirement. It was one thing if The Adversary was going to find new Solid Universes to conquer. It was quite another if he was going to lead the rest of the Faerie community to defeat and True Death.

The label on the weapon called it a MCDB-1204 Matrix-Coordinated Displacement Beam. Call it a lightning projector or a death ray from one of Mr. Verne's wildest dreams, for that is what it is. We are creatures of Energy, and this would disrupt as cruelly and clearly as Cold Iron.

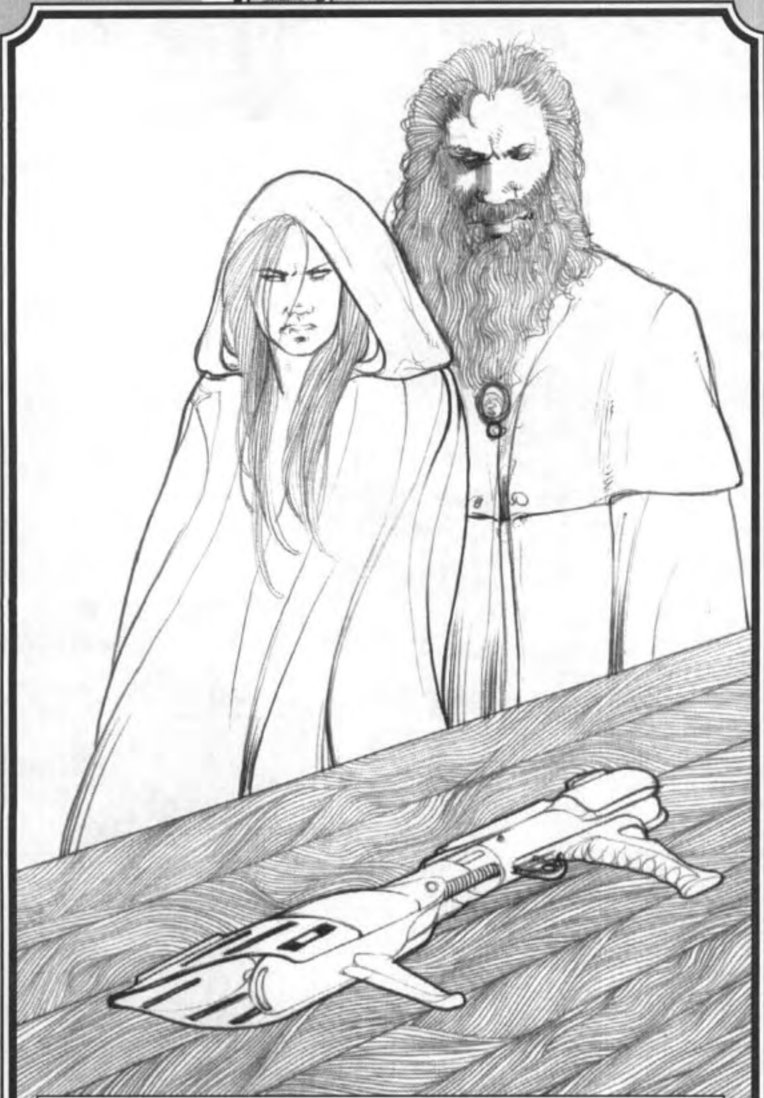
We left my domain and flew to the gateway to this latest reality. Most of Faerie was empty, the empty castles and domains bearing mute witness to their absent masters. When a new world was opened, none wanted to stay at home. Particularly if one did not know if the universe would still be there after the first group was through with it.

The Earth on the other side of this rift was no backwater domain, but a highly advanced civilization, many centuries ahead of this one. This was a civilization that spanned the stars. In addition, its people had developed psionic and mental abilities that rivaled those of the Faerie themselves.



This was the world that the Adversary had led our people into.

Armed with the Faerie-killing weapon, I plunged into the new Universe, the Third Earth. Finvarra and I worked from opposite sides of the Rift in order to close it behind me. It would be tragedy to allow these mortals with their deadly devices access to our homes. Then I set out to find the rest of my people.



Finvarra and a Sidhe present the Blaster

My first surprise on the Third Earth was that I was not on Earth at all. Either the technology or the telepathic powers of these mortals made all of Earth proof against opening a rift from the Veil. Instead I was on an alien world, just one of many under the control of this Earth's Interstellar Imperium.

My second surprise was the wonders of this Imperium. Flying ships that navigate through space, energy weapons, artificial and mechanical life forms, all manner of wonders were found on this Earth. Had we approached in Peace, who knows what we could have learned. Corwyn, my son, ask your companion Tom Olam about "Star Wars". That will give you an idea of that world.

My third and greatest surprise was how the Faerie were treated. These Third Earth mortals were spoiled by the presence of innumerable alien races, and we were just one of many. They understood who we were better than we did ourselves. Much of what I know of us came from this world. Here I learned the secrets of my own people.

My adventures in that Third Earth were many, and not all can be detailed here. I had to find my own people scattered among the stars. I had to discover that The Adversary had launched a war against Humanity, and was losing that war, despite alliances with Outworld aliens and human rebels. I would find most of The Adversary's hotheads forever slain by the weapons of the humans. And I found out The Adversary's role in Danu's death, and that of my beloved and my beloved's world.

And I found out that I needed The Adversary if we ever intended to return to the Veil.

In the end we invaded Earth with half a hundred star-spanning ships. Our losses were heavier than even in the wars of the Second Earth, but we attained a beachhead in that Earth's Ireland. Even working together, we were unable to find our way back to the Veil. So, with the Imperium on all sides, we opened a different type of rift, one directly into another Earth. We evacuated most of own people, and shut the doors behind us. Our only consolation was that these dangerous mortals, should they understand how to breach the dimensions, would find the Fourth Earth, and not the Faerie Veil.

I left the Second Earth a defeated lord, my friends and my love slain. I left the Third Earth a hero of a broken people, the one who led his kindred from one Hell to another. I also left with a most valuable tool.

It was a book. A history of the Earth. And it would become incredibly valuable both to me and to this fifth Earth.

Life, Sex and Death in Faerie

"The key to understanding my people," said Auberon, "is to remember that the wrapping is not the present, that the cover is not the book. Appearances deceive, particularly in the case of the Fair Folk. We appear human, solid, and living, and indeed, as I told the Bard, if you prick us, we will bleed. But all is illusion. In reality we are much less, and much more."

The Faerie are creatures of energy wrapped around a core of sentience. In their original state they have neither flesh nor organs nor skin as mortals would perceive it. They ape the forms of human mortals (among other things), and their ways, but they are not human.

The Faerie eat, but will not starve if not fed. They drink, but will not dehydrate if denied water. They sleep, but do not truly tire, nor do they dream. They may create the simulation of life, but they are not alive in the same manner as other creatures.

The first Faeries took on the flesh from the models they originally encountered, and there were sufficient errors from small to large. Many Faeries have pointed ears primarily because the hair-styles they first encountered covered portions of those ears. Others of the Kindred have horrific appearances, or have imitated animals, things, or even sounds. Later Faeries imitated these initial Faerie, creating the various "families" of Faerie, with similar powers and appearances.

Even at this late date, after Five Earths, there are still Faerie-energy forms which drift into the zones adjacent to the more settled domains, take shape from the solid-creatures around them, and become new Faerie. This happens less now than it did on the first two Earths, but our dimension is what you would call limitless, there will always be stragglers wandering in.

Faerie may be born of Faerie parents. Each of the Faerie contributes part of their own existence in creating the new entity — they are diminished while the new Faerie is enhanced. The new creation, after a short period imitating a newborn, takes after one of its parents or the other.

One practice that has gone out of style, but was once popular among the Faerie was the Changeling — a Faerie child placed in mortal caretakership for this early period, replacing a mortal child. Members of the Seelie court would tuck the mortal child away in some time-slowed section of the Veil, Unseelie would kill the kidnapped child. Inevitably the Changeling would come into its true inheritance and leave, though there are (mostly true) stories of wise women tricking the Faeries into giving back their own children. The practice is currently rare, since it is a borderline violation of the First Compact.

Faerie may also be born of mortal and Faerie coupling. Most Faerie/mortal unions provide no issue, as the Faerie have no flesh, and therefore no seed or egg to provide. They can provide their own energy, diminishing themselves in this fashion. Usually about 10% of a Faerie's total energy is needed to attain a 'crucial mass' to generate a new life. The product of these unions tend to take after the Faerie parent.

[I asked Auberon about his own children. His response was "All in good time. Suffice for the moment to say I have five still living, two of which I have mentioned so far—Corwyn Cimmiric and Miranda Starbrow. These last two deserve their own descriptions, and I will get to them all in good time."]

New Faerie may appear from Translation from old Faerie. Sometimes a Faerie under the threat of a promise made, or suffering under terrible privations will translate into a new kindred. The Spriggans were once Giants, for example, and the Gremlins created from Brownie stock. A Faerie can Translate from one form to another, and often choose another form of Faerie to become. The new imprint writes itself over the old, such that the previous identity is utterly eliminated.

There is one area when Translation is not a immediately destructive of the previous persona. When a Faerie is about 200 mortal years old, they have the opportunity to "change gears" while retaining the personality and memories of the previous incarnation (although abilities change to reflect the new individual). It is possible for a young Brownie to become a Giant, or a Lake Lady to become a Spriggan. Most of the Faerie do not think of such matters, and continue on in their previous existence, their roles hardening to become inflexible lives. The Daoine Sidhe, who are a mixing of humans and Faerie (thought still fully Fair), have their own form of Translation, and will be covered with that group.

It is very hard to kill one of the Faerie utterly. Their solid flesh can be torn, burnt, frozen, and tortured in all the manners that flesh is heir to. But to truly kill one of the Kindred requires either energies beyond the scope of sorcerers, or Cold Iron, the Star Metal.

And worse yet, if you don't kill them utterly, they can come back.

[I asked Auberon about the energy weapons of the Third Earth. He waved off my inquiry. "The majority of them were left in that dimension, and good riddance to them. They were dangerous things, though thank goodness they could not function in the Veil. "

"The majority?" I pressed.

"Those that did make the trip across two Earths have been carefully squirreled away," said Auberon, "Usually in the hands of trustworthy members of the Seelie Court. It is one more tool we may use against the Adversary, if need be."

"I would think that if they existed," I said, "we would have heard of them."

Auberon smiled. "You have, lad. An energy sword, crafted of two slivers of starmetal with a coherent energy field between them. Of course, you call this sword by another name. You call it Excaliber."]

◆

Faerie "Death" in Game Terms

Most Faerie suffer wounds similar to humans. They take additional damage (2 Wounds) from iron and steel, but are otherwise very mortal in the amount of bruises and cuts they can take. Your typical Faerie will be knocked unconscious about the same time as your typical mortal. And an unconscious Faerie is just as helpless as an unconscious mortal, and can die just as easily.

However, unless they are killed by Cold Iron, the Faerie's body unravels and its energies return to the Veil. There they recombine, taking time as if recovering from untreated wounds (one week per point of injury). Once they have recovered themselves, they may find a doorway to the Solid Earth and return.

Killing a Faerie will take it out of the game for a period of weeks or months, but it will return. Faerie characters run as Dramatic Characters have a choice of their options at this time, but in general, most Faerie take one of two courses:

1) Avoidance—there was something that returned it to the Veil once, and could probably do it again. While not fatal, damage taken by Faerie is just as painful as for their solid companions. The "Lesser" Faerie of Brownies and Bogeys tend to take this course, so that a de-bogified home is rarely immediately re-inhabited.

2) Revenge—there was something that returned it to the Veil and that something must PAY for its effrontery. "Greater" Faerie and the High Faerie are masters at this game. They will extend their revenge not only to the individual who embarrassed and harmed them, but to that persons' family, friends, and descendants. Such attacks (ranging from irritating to deadly) continue until the Faerie receives satisfaction from the mortal involved.

This ability to return after one's physical body is blown to bits creates some odd behavior among the High Faerie. Auberon relates this anecdote: *"You may remember that steamship sinking in the Thames last April? Its boiler was about to blow, when one of the Daoine Sidhe, young Wendell, dashed below-decks to physically hold the gaskets shut. He provided enough time for the rest of the crew and passengers to escape, but was caught in the blast. He returned from healing in the Veil eight weeks later, and while the mortals whose lives he saved were appreciative, he was the subject of much derision from his fellow Kindred. You see, through his heroic sacrifice, he missed the opening of the Season, which was a social blunder of the first magnitude."*

The subject becomes more deadly when discussing Cold Iron, or superior energy weapons such as those found in the Third Earth. These weapons interact with the very energy nature of the Faerie itself, such that they unwind the patterns which give them their sentience. The energy is returned to the Veil, but the personality is forever lost. The uncontrolled energy drifts for a while before being totally subsumed, and those that knew the late Faerie can identify their lost comrades in much the same way that a mortal can identify a body at an autopsy.

In Game Terms, when a Faerie is knocked below 0 Health by either of these in the Game, draw a card. On a spade, the Faerie is killed forever. On any other result, they are returned to the Veil, where the healing time is 1 point of Health per MONTH. As mentioned before, any attack with Cold Iron causes 6 additional points of wound damage regardless of the level of success of the attack.

FOURTH EARTH–THE FAERIE HELL

We fled from the Third Earth, yelping, with our tails between our legs, mortal energy weapons crackling behind us, directly into another solid universe, the Fourth Earth. Battered, bloodied, and horribly depleted, you would think that we had learned our lesson of despoiling the worlds we had found.

You would think, but you would not have taken into account The Adversary. We Faerie are creatures of habit and tradition, and my former ally had now become an embodiment of reckless abandon and pain. The mortals were nothing more than tools or toys. The fact that mortals armed with magick proved our equal, and those armed with energy weapons proved our superior, did nothing to change his views. He and I were enemies now, and the chasm between the Seelie and Unseelie Courts, allied briefly against the Imperium, now yawned widely. Even now there were a few minor Tuatha left — Wodan, Bes, and O'Donaghue among others, but our numbers were severely depleted. By this time the Daoine Sidhe began appearing in greater numbers, the merging of mortal and Faerie. Their numbers would grow in the Fourth Earth, and grow faster in the Fifth.

As for myself, I was learning more. The individual I was in the First Earth was but a memory. It is possible, I realized, for a Faerie to grow, to learn. We still are not creators, builders, or imaginers, but we can become better individuals. And worse ones, as well.

I learned much in the Third World, and discovered that the Solid Universes share a similar history. The history book I brought with me showed that the 1300's of the Third Earth was similar to the world we encountered in the First Earth., and the Second Earth was the 1500s of this futuristic Third Earth. Names, countries, and events were similar in all three universes, with a few minor changes. Sometimes an Emperor would have a different name, or an author would die a few years later, or there would be a rebellion or a cult or a movement that did not exist elsewhere, but in general the three worlds were identical. Each had its Egyptian pyramids and Roman empires and New World discoveries.

And each would have the wars of the 1800s, and the more horrible events of the 1900s. We destroyed the first two Earths before they had a chance to reach that stage, but the Third Earth lived through it, for good and ill.

Each Earth had its differences. The first Earth had no Cold Iron, bane to our existence. The Second had Cold Iron and magick. The Third Solid Universe had telepathic powers. The Fourth Earth would have its own deadly differences, as does the one we now occupy.

The Third Earth also had no Faerie. Legends, of course, which existed in all worlds before our arrivals, and helped shape our own forms. This was the way the world would work if we did not happen onto the scene.

Armed with this information, a wise being could plan for the future, and make it happen to his or her tune. And I thought of myself as a wise being.

Such history would be of little use, immediately, in the Fourth Earth. We arrived in the Bronze Age, almost 5000 years ago from this present time. The Egyptians were already building their pyramids, and the Sumerians and Mayans had their empires. It was just as well, for we were badly battered.

The Adversary immediately demanded I aid in piercing a new hole through to the Veil. Only the two of us together could make the connection. I refused, my refusal based on the idea that if The Adversary and his Unseelie did not have a bolt-hole to hide in, they might treat the rest of the world better.

So we dueled over the early days of this world — he and I sparring and building the legends of that land. Neither could destroy the other, and in the end we would join forces to find a new home in the face of a greater danger.

The air of this world had a bitter tang, an unpleasant odor. It was like the Second Earth only worse. For our entire time on this world we were limited, our glamours restricted, our abilities diminished. Like the First Earth, there were no magickal spells that functioned either.

The cause was tied to the smell. The omnipresent odor was Cold Iron, which was the native iron of this world. Its presence would cause the Faerie to be sickly for the duration of the time there. We were shadows of our former glory, and even today, members of the Seelie court refer to the Fourth Earth as the Faerie Hell.

Another difference was that the natives could identify the Faerie, regardless of our form. They could see past our physical shell. This made the traditional tricks we could play ineffective, and helped the mortals keep we of Faerie at bay. Your friend Tom Olam has that ability, which should be no surprise to you. After all, there are only so many Earths which we have encountered.

So we were trapped, weakened, in a hostile world. In the end, it took 1000 years for the Adversary to make peace with me. And then only because these perceptive mortals had started excavating the Cold Iron in great amounts. The Seelie Court had by this time retreated into the wild places and stayed clear of humans. The Unseelies who continued to prey on humanity tended to die the true death. Most of the northern reaches remained our domains, but we could not conquer their civilizations in the south.

Finally, about 4000 years ago, the Adversary invited me to a personal conclave, atop a familiar hill in Ireland. It was the first we met in a millennium, having spent the previous thousand years tending to our own flocks, and engaged in a low-level conflict. With the rising amount of Cold Iron in the world, the time had come for us to depart.

We formed an agreement, the truly first Compact between the two Courts, predating the two you know of. It was a treaty of peace between the factions. He agreed to allow his people to leave the Fourth Earth with mine. I agreed to aid in finding a new Earth after we had abandoned this one.

So, there on a hillock in Ireland, the pair of us opened the doorway back to the Faerie Veil. The rest of the surviving Tuatha on that Earth were minor nobles, unable to pierce an entirely new doorway. Together we sent out the call to our people, and we emptied the world of the last of its Faerie.

We returned to find the Veil unchanged (of course). Finvarra was ruling in our absence over a collection of old fairies who had not suffered through the Third and Fourth Earths, and those knitted together from those who did not die a final death. My own domains had aged only a few days, though I had been gone over a thousand years.

The Adversary and I parted, and he reminded me of my promise to find a New Earth. I of course agreed.

Did we keep our promises? Of course, for a Faerie to break his or her word is anathema. The Adversary and I agreed to abandon the Fourth Earth, and did so gladly. Neither of us promised never to return. And I did locate the New Earth, the Fifth Earth you were born in, and opened a gate with him.

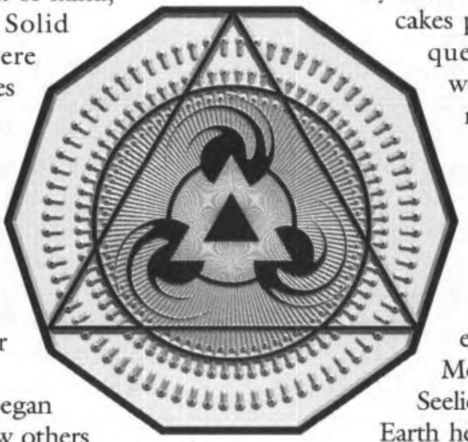
Of course, I had found it 1000 years earlier than everyone believes, but he did not need to know that. For I kept my promise, as I expect him to keep his promises. No more, no less.

The Courts

Auberon: "Originally, the Faeries were of one mind, or lack of mind, when it came to the Solid Universes. The new realities were incredible toys to play with, cascades of new sensations to experience, new shapes to imitate. And new things to destroy, break, and consume. The original Faerie attitude, held by Danu and the Adversary and myself, was that the eventual fate of the solid worlds would be to be destroyed by our own exuberant energies."

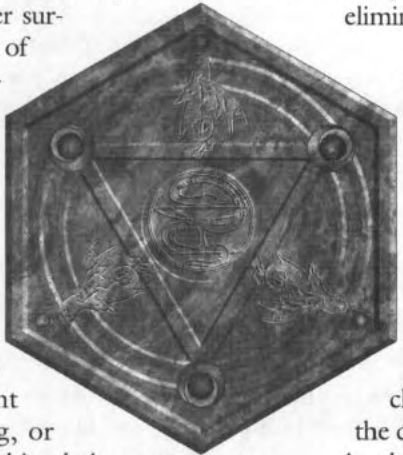
The change came slowly. It began with the feeling of Danu and a few others that we should savor the Mortal Worlds, and not rush to destroy them immediately. Others felt that the Solid Universes were put in our path just so we could use them for our pleasure. Note that neither side gave any thought to the people of these Earths any more than you give thought to the cakes provided with tea. It was only a question of how long the Faerie would savor the sensations before ruining the world, like children breaking their toys on Boxing Day afternoon.

Yet once the split occurred, there was no turning back. Danu's murder and my own lost love split the ranks of Faerie forever, first into Traditionalists and Moderates, then into Unseelie and Seelie. Just as the events of the Second Earth helped transform the Seelie from a group of leisurely plunderers into a more enlightened group of Faerie, the events of the Third and Fourth Earths transformed the Unseelie into its present, paranoid form.



Seelie

The courts are truly rival philosophies more than true organizations, though each philosophy has its own head, and is locked in combat with the other. I am the recognized King of the Seelie, in that I am one of the two surviving Children of Danu. My opposite, The Adversary, is the other survivor, and is recognized as the leader of the Unseelie. While both sides maintain their domains in the Veil, their hold on Earth is much more tenuous. Wherever I am, there is my court, and wherever the Adversary hunts, there is his.


Unseelie

To see the Courts as merely being good and evil is correct as far as it goes, but misleading. The Seelie are more beneficent to humans, but that does not prevent them from bedeviling, kidnapping, or even murdering humans if it is within their nature. The good news is that the Seelie will tend to be more compassionate, in that any killing would be swift and painless. The Unseelie would prefer to terrorize its prey before rending it painfully limb from limb and then rolling around in the remains like a cat in catnip.

The Modern Seelie philosophy can be summed up as: "Mortals are precious and fragile things, weaker than we are in some ways, stronger in others. They are a limited resource, and only by understanding and careful management can we hope for them to see the future."

The Unseelie philosophy, to put it bluntly, is more along these lines: "Humans are interesting, but inferior. They are at best prey, and at worst a danger to Faerie itself. They must be controlled, and if they cannot be controlled, they must be eliminated."

The popular press thinks of the Seelie and Unseelie Courts as rival football teams, like Armory and Manchester, each with distinctive uniforms. If it looks fair, it must be Seelie. If it looks foul, Unseelie. Again the truth is fuzzier, for the beautiful vampires are Unseelie, while the wild-looking nature spirits tend towards Seelie. Given the fact that both sides change shape to suit their purposes, the differences can only be told in action.

As the Courts are more a difference in Philosophy than a real division of the peoples, there are various levels of believers. Some of the Faerie are die-hard Seelie — Leprechauns, regardless of how much they have had to drink, for example, while others like the Vampires are almost exclusively and loyally Unseelie. Yet the lines are blurred, and there are members who drift from one Court to the other, and individuals whose belief is literally defined by their current mood. There are Seelie Giants and Redcaps, and there are Unseelie Pixies and Kobolds. Whenever dealing with the Faerie, nothing is definite.

The Scorecard

All of that said, there are certain general tendencies among the Kindred towards one Court or the other. The below table defines the general breakdown:

SEELIE COURT

Daoine Sidhe (Faerie Lords)
Bogeys (all)
Faerie Animals (Arkan Sonney, Church Grims,Cait Siths, Faerie Cattle, Cu Sith, Padfoots)
Fetches (all other)
Forest Women (all)
Kobolds (all)
Lake Ladies (all)
Leprechauns (all)
Merfolk
Nature Spirits (all)
Nymphs (all)
Phookas (Bugganes)
Pixies (all)
Selkie (all)

UNSEELIE COURT

Daoine Sidhe (Dark Lords)
Brownies (all)
Faerie Animals (Black Dogs, Boobries, Padfoots)
Fetches (Dopplegangen)
Giants (all)
Haunts (all)
Merfolk
Phookas (Brags)
Spectres (all)
Vampires (all)
Water Demons (all)

FIFTH EARTH—FALKENSTEIN

The official story is that the Faerie arrived in about 12,000 BC in New Europa. I was here a thousand years before that, preparing the ground, readying the stage for the arrival of both men and elves.

In the Faerie Veil, The Adversary and I kept a watchful peace. Neither of us could open a rift into a new world by ourselves. Finvarra, the third party who could help either side, was watched continually by the Adversary's agents, as the Adversary expected me to use my fellow Tuatha to find the new world early and not inform him.

I did use Finvarra, but as a stalking-horse. While the Dark Lords of the Faerie Court were watched Finvarra, I retired to my own, safe and secure domains.

And there I began work with my daughter Miranda.

Miranda has always been an exception. There have been hundreds, nay, thousands of Daoine Sidhe since her original conception, but she has the power of both her parents. I do not know why — it could be that she was a product of true love, or the magicks of her mother or some genetic quirk that eludes even the far future science of the Third Earth. Yet she has the power of one of the Tuatha De Danu. With her, I could open a gateway into the new world.

Which I did, emerging in ancestral Ireland as we had done before. It was a during one of the warm periods between Ice Ages, and the land was green and deserted, save for early mammals and a few brutish humans. And the dragons, of course.

It was the dragons that made this Fifth Earth different, as the Cold Iron of the Fourth and the telepaths of the Third. As Miranda and I stood on that Irish hillock in the new world, one flew past, blotting out the sun. I did not know it as a sentient being, but at that distance, I could feel the power radiating through its form. It was a creature the equal of most of the Faerie.

The great flying beast banked and landed near us. Carefully, we opened negotiations, and I was not surprised that the creature spoke. Among my own people I had talking cows, horses, and rabbits, and in the Third Earth I had fought alongside and against all kinds of creatures. Yet this dragon was something new, something powerful. Something dangerous. Up close, I could feel the power radiating from him like heat, and I could sense the whiff of sorcery. This being, in addition to his great physical power, knew magick as well.

The Dragon was Aurax Draconis, ancestor of the present Dragon King Verithrax Draconis himself. We told him we were travelers from elsewhere, and the dragon expressed surprise. "It must be a great distance elsewhere, for I have circled this globe and found nothing like you anywhere within. You are mannish in form, but not in nature. You glow just a bit to my eyes. In any event, you should be investigated.

Miranda and I were taken to a great conclave of Dragons at the base of the Ural Mountains. My daughter thought it all a great adventure, which troubled me at the time. I had kept her safe and protected for all these years, but it was only a matter of time before she wanted to explore the world beyond. And that would make her a target of The Adversary.

Worse, I did not know the intentions of these ancient beasts. I soon discovered they were a race that evolved long before mankind did, and they considered themselves a superior breed, much like ourselves. They were few in number, but they did not fear anything on this planet.

When we arrived at the Council, there were fifty of them, fully a quarter of their total numbers on the planet. The power was such that my ears hurt. We were weaponless, surrounded by creatures more powerful than any we had ever encountered outside Faerie.

My only weapon was the truth, and so I used it. I told them who we were, and where we came from. I told them about our Glamours and our understanding of their sorcery. I told them about the Adversary.

I told them about the future. At least, the future as dictated in the Third Earth's histories. And the future as it would be written by the Unseelie Court.

They were impressed and intrigued, beginning a long history on this planet of neutral relationships between the Faerie and the Dragons. They were particularly impressed with Miranda and her heritage. The fact that she was a cross of two separate species particularly had an effect on them.

Looking back it was apparently Miranda and her mixed heritage that had the greatest effect on the Dragons. Because that turned out to be the key to their survival, after all. Their numbers were severely reduced before they started taking human mates. In many ways, it guaranteed the continuation of humanity, in that they were no longer considered by the dragons solely as dinner.

And who is to say if there were not Dragons in the recent past of the other Earths. We the Faerie had never trekked this far back into an Earth's past before. Perhaps they had been there and died out long before the first true human cities, and helped create their legends in the process.

The congress of Dragons lasted a full year, and for that time Miranda and I were their guests. I picked up much knowledge, including a few spells that would prove incredibly useful to me in the future. One of the most important was cast on the rocky outcropping of Falkenstein itself.

I knew the history of this world by knowing the past of its previous incarnations, and knew that the rich valley of the lower Rhine would be a bone of contention for generations, from Germanic Barbarians to the Prussians to the invasion of the Nazis in fifty years hence. I thought that if I could remove the prize, and set up a border between the warring factions before they became factions, I could alter the future history.

So I created the Inner Sea. I used spells researched by the Dragons, and spent enough power that I was seriously weakened for the next hundred years. From my position at that headland, I split the continent, rivening a great gulf to the sea. There would be no blitzkrieg on his world, and French forces, whether Charlemagne or Napoleon, would think twice before moving east.

Ah, in retrospect I might have been a small bit foolish thinking that the presence of a mere ocean would stop human conquest. Charlemagne moved through Italy for his eastern conquests, and the Thirty Years War seemed to kill enough Germans, Catholic or Protestant, without France's direct intervention. And Napoleon himself launched a seaborne invasion of the Germanies to reach Leipzig. Prussia has not driven into France, but instead Bismark launched an attack on Bayern in a war unlooked-for. I was to learn that even when one knows the script, it is difficult to change the plot.

Carving the Inner Sea had another result as well. It was a truly great spell, and in casting it I weakened the fabric of reality near Falkenstein. That was why, when we did "officially" pierce the veil, the Faerie hosts appeared there, in the heart of Europe, instead of in Ireland. Also, when it came time to seek help from the Fourth World, Grey Morollan and I could work our combined spells best in Ludwig's land.

I spent a thousand years making small preparations for the future, stashing away knowledge and riches, preparing the grounds for mortals, learning about the lands so that when the gates would be created between Faerie and the Fifth Earth I would know where they would appear and what the Folk would meet. I taught some of the Cro-magnons the ways of sorcery, and how to defend themselves against the Faeries that would come.

And I hid my daughter away. When my deception became known (and when dealing with immortal creatures, it was a question of when, not if), she would be hunted in the Veil, and even my own domains would not be proof against discovery. I carved a space for her, and put her where no one, not even her own brother, could find her. There she lives in a single recurring day, but she is safe.

In this way I keep my promise to Meilian. And in this way I seek to keep my larger promise, to protect humanity as well.

I returned to the Adversary, who knew I was up to something, and gave the news that I had found a New Earth (This was fortuitous in that he was already planning a re-invasion of the Fourth Earth, and had agents abroad in that poisoned land). Finvarra, he, and I opened the gateway which, as I said, was beneath Castle Falkenstein.

We poured into the new world — Brownies and Bogeys and Water Demons and Vampires and Pixies and Dark Lords and Faerie Lords from previous worlds. The early going was fairly easy, for both dragons and men were few in Europe, and those who were present already knew the power of Cold Iron and the Repulsions. Domains were established and kingdoms were founded, and other gates to the Veil were carved from hillocks and standing stones and other important locations.

Then something happened which I did not anticipate. My own ranks experienced a split. Many of the veterans of the Third Earth decided to become Mortals, exchanging their faerie powers for an ability to handle iron. With the aid of Draconic magick, they became the dwarfs, and set their own course within this world. I suspect the Dragons had more to do with this than just supplying the spells, but Vermithrax and his lot just get these small smiles when I inquire.

The peace between Seelie and Unseelie could not last, of course. Within 5000 years the Adversary had gained enough power to claim Ireland as his own. The growth of humanity was being hampered by Unseelie attacks, and the dragons themselves, though their numbers were recovering, complained of Wild Hunts cutting down their breeding stock. The final storm was coming.

The storm broke in the Nightfall War, the end of the Faerie as we then knew it. Finvarra, the last of the first Tuatha, died in that war, along with a great deal of the lesser Children of Danu on both sides, and almost all the Formorions. The Firbolgs were decimated and the island of Eire burned from our battles. What Dragons became involved on either side perished for their folly. Throughout the war the Adversary sought out Miranda, seeking to use her as a hostage against me. But he never found her, though I had to avoid her hiding place to prevent his following me there.

And for my part, I thought the Seelie Court could win that war against The Adversary and his Giants. Ah, what a glorious future it would have been, without those continual dangers lurking in the mists. But such was not to be the case, for the Unseelie Court was the match for my side in every way save one.

In the end both sides were decimated, our power reduced to the lowest level since the Second Earth. Grudgingly both sides settled into several thousand years of sieges and assassinations. In the meantime, the Unseelie Court began hunting humans at an increased rate.

The only way to stop them was by guile, and in that I may modestly say I had finally exceeded my opponent. There was at that time (almost 12,000 years ago, or 10,000 BC) a powerful human nation on the banks of the Inner Sea. They are now forgotten, but at the time they were the greatest power in the land. I let it "slip" that I was negotiating with them for their aide. In return for humans bearing Cold Iron weapons, I would link my empire to theirs.

The Adversary heard of my plans, as I knew he would, and began his own plans. I was waylaid en route to my meeting with the human leaders by a few surviving Fomorians. They kept me occupied at the cost of their own lives, but their purpose was only to delay me. The Adversary took on my form and went to the meeting, intent on binding these humans to him. His intention, as I understand it, was to take them and corrupt them using his spells, turning them into physical Unseelie that would form armies to conquer the rest of the mortal world.

In other words, my plan went like clockwork. The false Auberon met the humans (who never knew the levels of the game being played by us Faerie) and with great pomp and ceremony signed the document. The document was a great stone slab, and he carved his true name and glyph into the granite with a flaming sword.

Only then did he read the document, and in reading it, bellowed in pain and anger. While I had been delayed, I had already had the document created and laid over with a glamour of my own. Far from making the human tribes swear fealty to the Faerie, the Compact (now called the First Compact) pledged that the signer and his people will not go to war with the human race. In one bit of underhanded stealth, I had bound the Adversary to the same promise that I had willingly agreed to back in the Second Earth. When I arrived on the scene The Adversary was trying to rip apart the mountain on which the words were carved, but there were enough witnesses to hold him to his word. I placed my sigil next to his, adding the weight of the Seelie court to the Unseelie, and thanked him for his understanding. He went howling into the Faerie Veil, and sulked for the next few thousand years — more than enough to let the humans get a leg up in the matter of civilization.

And the rest of the story you know from your history books. I had finally discovered a way to keep the Adversary and the Unseelie Court at bay, and allow an Earth where mortals and Fair Folk could exist in relative peace. It has not been the dawning of any Golden Age, for individual mortals and more than a few Faeries have tested the Compact over the years.

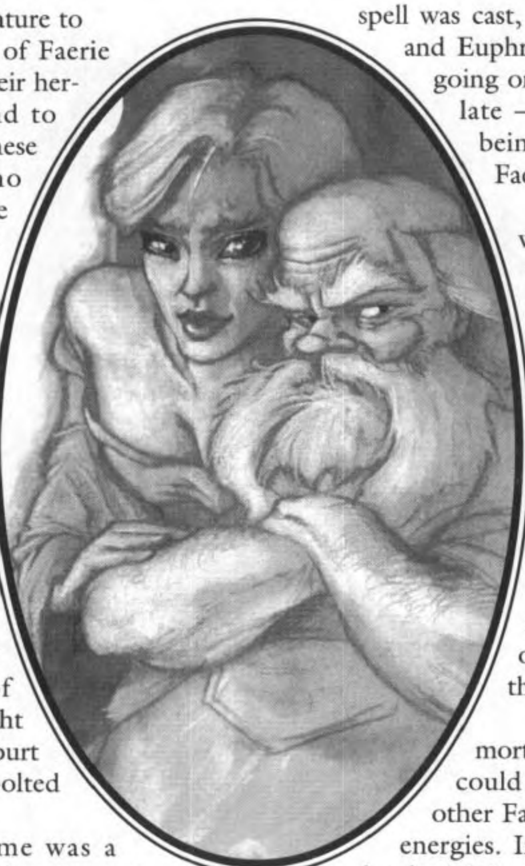
And to be honest, I have only purchased a respite. While we have survived on this Earth longer than any other, I have also given the Adversary a hundred centuries to plot and plan and scheme. He now moves through his puppets as I work with my own agents. We play a game of shadows behind the normal world, each seeking to best each other while keeping a world worth ruling. We are not the beings we were when the first pierced the Veil. In some ways we are weaker. In some ways we are stronger.

This conflict is the heritage you are born into, Corwyn. You have your own innate powers and abilities, though you do not yet realize their scope. I can only point out my own journey to the light, and hope that you will take that journey as well. For my own sake, for the promise I made to a mortal sorcerous maiden in a forgotten world, and for the sake of this world, I hope so.

Dwarfs

Dwarfs are a unique feature to this Earth, a group of Faerie who have rejected their heritage to become mortal and to work with metal. Many of these were originally Faerie who remained in the Veil while others were fighting and dying on the Third and Fourth Earths, who did not suffer from Cold Iron but found the tales of it irresistible.

When the doorway was opened into the Fifth Earth, these proto-dwarfs, mostly gnomes and similar brownies, were apart from both of the Courts. The sheer bloodthirstiness of the Unseelie repelled them, as did the perceived elitism of the Seelie Court. There might have been formed a third Court at that point. Instead they bolted the entire species.



Their leader at the time was a Daoine Sidhe, one of the few from the Second World, like Miranda. His name was Bes, and though he is referred to as a dwarfen "god" he was in reality the leader for this dissatisfied group.

Bes met with Dragons, and worked with them for five hundred years to effect a spell of mass-translation, which allowed an entire people to convert from one of the kindred to another. The power of this Translation was such that the new people, the Dwarfs, would have decisive differences from the previous Faerie stock. They would be mortal, living longer than humans but still dying an eternal death when they passed. They would be unaffected by Sorcery, and affected by Cold Iron, iron, and steel no more or less than any mortal, allowing them to shape and manipulate those metals.

All of this was played out in secret. I and the Adversary were so busy watching each other and countering each other's moves that it never occurred to either of us that part of our people were bolting for the borders. Only when the great spell was cast, near the source of the Tigris and Euphrates, did we realize what was going on. And by that time it was too late — the dwarfs had come into being, depleting the numbers of Faerie that much further.

The dissatisfied Faerie who were now mortal dwarfs were relatively pleased with the change. In addition to being immune to Sorcery, they were also highly resistant to the dragon's firecast, which the dragons did not realize at the time. Indeed, this unforeseen ability may have convinced the Dragons to never again meddle in the nature of the Faerie, for while relationships exist between our people and the Dragons, they are cool at best.

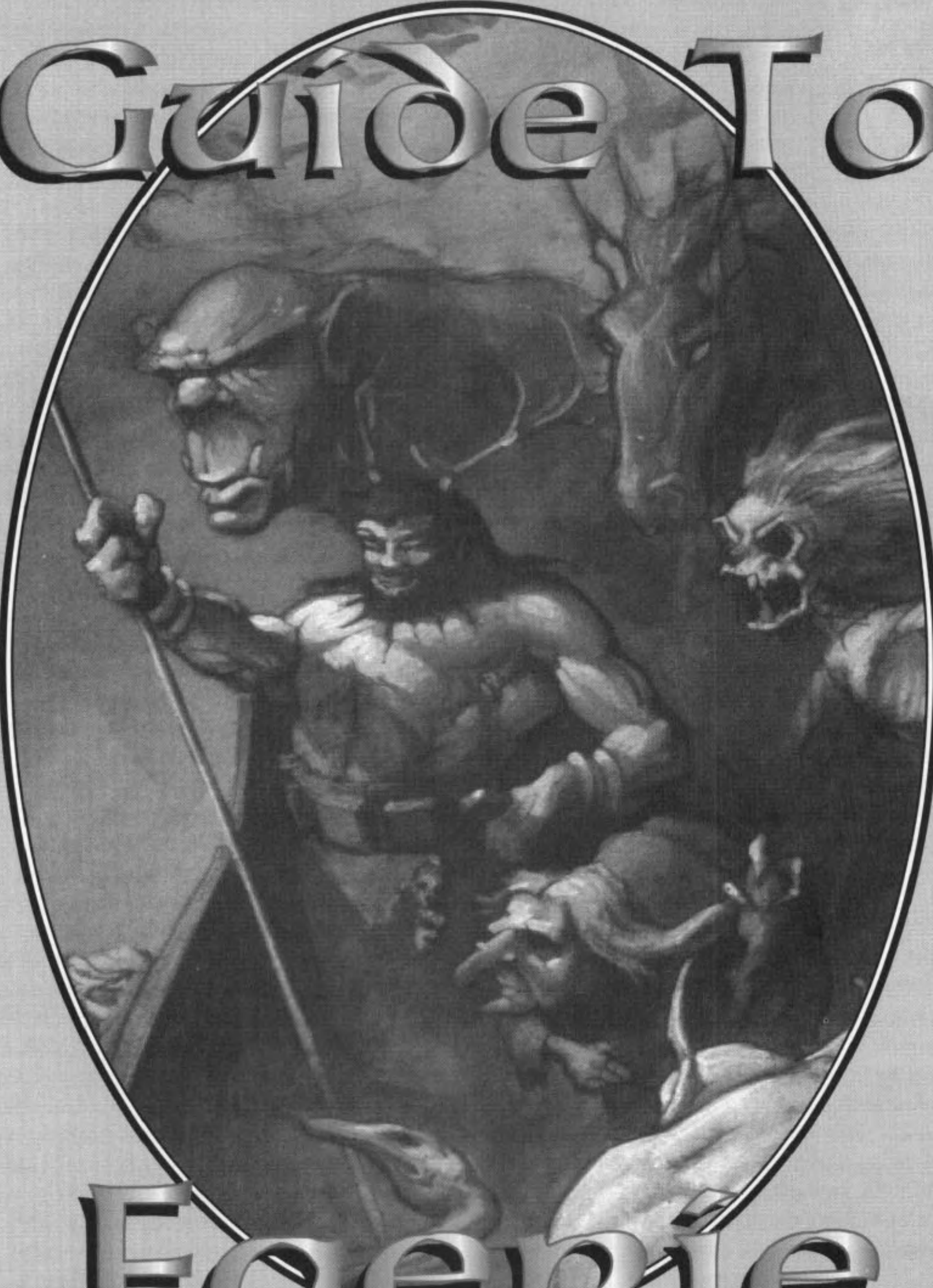
The Dwarfs became mortal, but in doing so found they could propagate their species with other Faerie with no loss of their own energies. Indeed, Faerie also discovered that by joining in union with Dwarfs, less of their own self needed to be contributed for conception. As a result, Dwarfs are very popular among female Faerie, such as Lake Ladies, Nymphs, and Forest Women.

[The author should note that Rhyme Enginemaster adds this: Dwarfs remain virile to the end of their mortal lives, which makes them additionally suitable to immortal Faerie women]

The mass translation in many ways set the stage for the Nightfall War. In removing the middle ground, they allowed the two Courts to abraid against each other until war finally broke out. In the war, the dwarfs worked Cold Iron for both sides initially, but the eventual demands of the Adversary forced them to the Seelie camp. Bes himself killed one of the last great Fomorians in the Middle East — slaying Tiamat.

Bes is said to be still alive, though it has been a thousand years since I have seen him. He is said to have retreated to a high plateau in the Himalayas, and to be monitoring the actions of his people and of mine through powerful engines.

A Field Guide To Faerie



WHO WE ARE

We are known by many names — The Faerie, the Fair Folk, the Little People, The Elves, the Courts, The People, The Folk. Those are names given us by mortal men, for we had no names of our own. We are also in many different shapes and sizes, from the small Pixies and Brownies to the aquatic Merfolk and Roanes to the nightmarish Water Demons and Giants. These names, and indeed, the very shapes we take were also determined by mortals, though those currently living do not recognize it.

We have a heritage which is long but shallow — stretching back not only through the history of this Earth, but through four other Earths previous. I see you pause at that [and indeed I had], so let me state this again — there have been four other Earths which have felt the tread of Faerie dances and heard the songs of the People. That is the first of many secrets I want you to know, and understand.

The Faerie are not natives of this land, this you know. We come from a place called the Faerie Veil, which is another dimension alien to this place. You, Corwyn, have visited the Veil in your short time on Earth, and found it a place of magick and mystery. The Seelie regions are bright and colorful, the Unseelie expanses haunting and brooding. Such was not always the case, as I shall explain.

The simple fact of the matter is that the Faerie Court is a place of energy, in much the same way as this Solid Universe is a place of matter. Yes, you find castles and forests and lakes in the Veil, but they are merely shaped energy, modified by the minds and the powers of the great Tuatha De Danu, the originators and most powerful of our people. You see the finished product and assume, mistakenly, that it has always been so.

The Faerie Veil is a place of pure luminescence and radiance. The mortals of this Earth are only now beginning to experiment with electricity, radio waves, and light, unlocking their secrets. Our home is made of those energies. We ourselves are made of those energies. As a result, we are effectively immortal.

You may feel solid, and act as any other mortal does, but in reality you, and the rest of your kin (myself included), are beings of energy. A sage on the Third Earth explained to me that the Faerie are "Encapsulated waveform entities within a mentally—determined electromagnetic morphic matrix state." The words mean nothing to you, and will mean nothing to anyone here for another hundred years. But they will mean something eventually to these mortals, which makes it vital that you understand it first.

We take solid form to interact with a material world, but our energy-based nature gives us great powers. Because we are at heart energy, we may become intangible, allowing us to fly through the air unaided and pass through solid objects. Because we are morphic, we can change our shape, based upon that which we see or can conceive. Because we can manipulate various states of energy, we gain the ability to create glamors to fools the mortals, as well as our Kindred Powers. Evil eyes, luck-granting, alluring, inspiring creativity, and healing are all nothing more than a manipulation of various types of energies, and the use of those energies to alter the too-solid world.

So why do we interact with the mortal world, then? We have great power at our disposal, and an entire home dimension with all manner of wonders. Why bother with humanity at all?

It is because we are clueless, as our mutual friend Tom Olam would say.

For all the power we appear to wield, we lack the spark of creation and creativity found within these mortals. We can imitate, we can duplicate, we can copy, but we cannot generate. An original idea is beyond us. Even the forms we take are based on something else, either another mortal, or, more likely, others of our Kindred brethren. All the songs you know as Faerie songs started in human minds. All the wonders you have seen in the Veil were inspired by mortal dreams. All the Folk that you meet are in some way duplicating what has happened before.

Without the inspiration of mortals, we would stagnate, and return to the unchanging stasis we had before. That is why I and those allied to my cause, the Seelie Court, seek to protect these mortals. But it is also why The Adversary, our Opponent, and his Unseelie Court seek to dominate, rule, and eventually destroy these humans, because they can do one thing that Faerie cannot do.

Humans can dream.

Creating Faerie Dramatic Characters

This volume contains a great deal of information on the various breeds of Faerie (common and less-so) found in the world of Falkenstein. Hosts may use this information for creating Host Characters in the game. Players may also use this information to make Faerie Dramatic Characters, with the Host's permission.

Rules for creating Brownie, Pixie, and Daoine Sidhe (Thee-nah Shee) Dramatic Characters are provided in the Castle Falkenstein book, and the Players may choose to use either the rules within that text or the rules presented here. Using Castle Falkenstein will allow the creation of characters with different abilities than other Faeries.

All Faerie Dramatic Characters are created with the permission of the Host. Many of the Faerie have limitations or restrictions that may make it difficult for them to be incorporated into a regular story. Merfolk, for example, would have great difficulties in an ongoing urban campaign owing to their need to spend a day in their natural fish-human form while recovering from their shift into human form. A suggested list of which Faeries would work best in a typical campaign follows below. The Host has final say.

Faerie Dramatic Characters for use in Castle Falkenstein™

Recommended

Black Dogs (Faerie Animal)
Boggarts (Bogey)
Bogles (Bogey)
Bwcas (Brownie)
Cait Sith (Faerie Animal)
Church Grim (Faerie Animal)
Cu Sith (Faerie Animal)
Dark Lords (Daoine Sidhe)
Faerie Lords (Daoine Sidhe)
Fennoderee (Brownie)
Gnomes (Brownie)
Gremlins (Brownie)
Grogan (Brownie)
Hamadryad (Nymph)
Hobs (Brownie)
Killimoulis (Brownie)
Kobolds (Kobold)
Mannikens (Brownie)
Nixies (Lake Lady)
Ogres and Trolls (Giant)
Padfoot (Faerie Animal)
Pans and Fauns (Nature Spirit)
Piskies (Brownie)
Pixies (Pixie)
Pucks (Nature Spirit)
Selkies (Selkie)
Trow (Brownie)

Difficult

Arkan Sonney (Faerie Animal)
Awd Goggies (Bogey)
Bugbears (Bogey)
Co-Walkers (Fetch)
Dames Vertes (Forest Woman)
Dopplegangen (Fetch)
Dryads (Nymph)
Firbolgs (Giant)
Fylgiars (Fetch)
Gabriel Ratchets (Spectre)
Gianes (Forest Woman)
Goblins (Bogey)
Imp (Bogey)
Leprechauns (Leprechaun)
Niaads (Nymph)
Oreads (Nymph)
Phookas (Phooka)
Redcaps (Bogey)
River Women (Lake Lady)
Russalki (Lake Lady)
Satyrs (Nature Spirit)
Sirens (Lake Lady)
Spriggans (Bogey)
Undines (Lake Lady)
White Ladies (Forest Woman)
Will-o-Wisps (Haunt)

Not Recommended

Banshees (Spectre)
Baobahn Sith (Vampire)
Bean-Nighe (Spectre)
Boobries (Faerie Animal)
Brown Men (Nature Spirit)
Cwn Annwn (Spectre)
Each Usige (Water Demon)
Fachans (Haunt)
Faerie Cattle (Faerie Animal)
Falchans (Bogey) *
Fomorians (Giant)
Glastig (Vampire)
Green Men (Nature Spirit)
Gwar-Gedd Annwn (Lake Lady)
Haunt Trolls (Haunt)
Jack in Irons (Haunt)
Jenny Greenteeth (Water Demon)
Kelpies (Water Demon)
Leanan-Sidhe (Vampire)
Leshiye (Nature Spirit)
Merfolk (Merfolk)
Neriedes (Nymph)
Nuckalevees (Water Demon)
Oceanides (Nymph)
Shellycoats (Water Demon)
Vodynay (Water Demon)

* Falchans do not exist, and as such are not available as Dramatic Characters.

RECOMMENDED: These Faerie can be incorporated as Dramatic Characters into a narrative with a minimum of difficulty on the Host's part. Whenever dealing with the Fair Folk, keep in mind their special abilities and limitations.

DIFFICULT: These Faerie may be incorporated as Dramatic Characters, but may limit the stories available to the Host, or have additional powers that may cause them to dominate the efforts of others.

NOT RECOMMENDED: These Faerie have severe restrictions on their natures, horrid appearances, or bloodthirsty habits that make them difficult to play in a social setting. The Host may use these characters in his or her game at his own risk. These creatures may be used as Host-Controlled characters in the game, of course.

Each of the Faerie profiles has a listing of character abilities, including that race's Kindred Power. Levels are set for each of these abilities, and in choosing to play one of those Faerie races, these are your initial ability levels. They may be increased later through experience, but they cannot be initially modified. This is because Faeries are trapped by their own traditions — they believe a Bogey to consist of certain abilities at certain levels, and changing those levels makes the individual no longer a Bogey.

The Faerie listings also have a number listed in the row titled "Poor Ability". The player must choose that number of Abilities with a Poor ranking initially in order to balance the remainder of their listed abilities. These abilities are chosen to be poor by the Player, with the Host's approval, and reflect the balancing of those with powerful innate abilities against the rest of the characters. Some races have abilities listed for which the Player is required to take a Poor rating (a standard would be Comeliness for monstrous-looking Faerie).

The Faerie Dramatic Character may add additional abilities within the bounds of the rules for character generation. If his or her listed abilities do not include an ability of Great or higher, then the Faerie may choose an ability not previously listed as Great. If they have less than four Good abilities, they may choose abilities not previously listed as Good, up to four. They are not required to chose another Poor skill other than those listed.

Note that the automatically required Poor Sorcery skill is NOT considered one of these Poor abilities when creating a Faerie Dramatic Character. All Faeries have this ability immediately at the Poor level, and will be unable to increase it.

Each of the Folk have Kindred abilities, which are defined at the end of the profile of the Faeries which use them. Kindred abilities vary from one type of Faerie to another — A Mermaid's allure is not a Vampire's. All Kindred Abilities are considered Club (physical) tasks in game play. While an argument can be made that some might stray into other domains, all of the Faerie abilities are at some level a manipulation of the physical universe.

An Important Final Note

Individual Faeries can be ancient, having potentially lived through a timeless period in their own dimension, plus the histories of several Earths. What is to keep a Faerie Dramatic Character from immediately knowing about Lasers and Starships?

Faeries live for the moment—their mind set is very much determined by the here and now. Except for their most powerful members (such as Auberon), they do not choose to remember more than fifty or sixty years back. A Faerie who was there may remember back further than one mortal lifetime as an EXC task, or to previous worlds as a EXT task.

It may be easier for a host to confine Faerie Dramatic Characters to younger individuals (meaning, they came along in the 13,000 years that the Faerie have been on the Fifth Earth). New Faerie come along from a number of sources:

1) The Old-fashioned way. Faerie do mate to produce new Faerie, in the manner of mortals. This reduces both parents in their energy (for energy is neither created nor destroyed) as each gives of their own selves to create a new Faerie. The child takes after one parent or another, as tradition is a powerful force in Faerie life.

The Daoine Sidhe are the result of human/Faerie crossbreeds in which a sufficient amount of Faerie Energy has been invested to give the new Faerie full abilities.

2) Beginning again: One of the ancient Faerie may choose to abandon its current life and begin again. This is occasionally used as punishment by the Courts against offenders, particularly against individuals who have broken promises. This re-start is extremely traumatic — the Faerie forgets it previous life, and returns to the original listed abilities for its race.

3) Translation. Faeries are creatures of energy, and as such one can conceivably translate voluntarily into another form. This translation is even more traumatic than merely beginning again. The entire former life of the individual is lost, and the Faerie sometimes goes mad. (EXT Courage task to avoid madness for Faerie already acting as Dramatic Characters). The new Faerie begins at starting levels. Both this version and the previous one are not recommended for Player-run Dramatic Characters — they are effectively creating an entirely new character.

Young Faerie, about 200 years old or so, may translate into a new form. Most choose their current form because they cannot imagine anything else. However, it is possible for a young Brownie to become a Giant. This process may only occur on the Faerie Veil, and is a EXT Courage task. In this case, however, the Faerie retains his or her previous memories.

4) New arrivals from the Veil. The Veil is a limitless place, with much of the remaining energies of dead Tuatha still surging through it. Occasionally a new arrival appears at the borders of one of the established lands and joins the Faerie there.

The Host may choose any of these origins for a Faerie Dramatic Character in his campaign. Indeed, his choice may supply some additional adventures as Faerie characters search for their true heritage.

Why Faeries Are Aliens

BY TOM OLAM

Corwyn asked me to take a look at this manuscript before it went through the Veil and while I must say that it is a startling history and a very useful compendium, as role-playing information I felt it lacked something. You see, this is a book about Faeries written by Faeries. To those of you who have never had to worry about whether there is a pixie hiding behind your coffee cup, (a story of mine for which the world is not yet prepared), here are a couple things about Faeries that you may not have thought of but which should seriously influence any Faerie character.

1. PERMANENCY — In the Veil the physical environment is all energy loosely organized by mental power. If you drop a porcelain pitcher to the ground it breaks, but a Faerie can instantly reorganize the energy back into a pitcher. Just try explaining to a Faerie directly from the Veil that that priceless vase cannot be repaired and may never be replaced.

2. TIME — I know that you know that Faerie live a long time, but how does your Dramatic Character feel about the fact that when he returns from a short holiday in the Veil, all the humans he knows may be dead or replaced by their children? Does this discrepancy in lifespan make human life more precious, or more expendable?

3. AGING — Faerie do not age unless they choose to and most of the Daoine Sidhe choose to be young and beautiful. Many of them find human aging distasteful and unaesthetic. How does your character feel about that? Also remember that Faerie can be rather tactless about unattractive people because a Faerie assumes that everyone looks as they choose.

4. ROMANCE—This one is a kettle of fish for a lot of people here. Why should your character get off any easier? A few Faerie stick to the romantic notion, learned from humans, of a romantic love for life. This is pretty tough when love forever is exactly that. If you don't like picking up someone's socks for sixty years, try it for 600. This is why many of the Sidhe tend toward serial monogamy. But what about when you fall in love with someone who will be old and grey in the twinkling of an eye? Ever wonder why those Faerie lovers have that love'em and leave 'em rep? Maybe there's a good reason.

5. POVERTY — The Faerie just don't get this at all. Class distinctions, yes. They can be as class conscious as a British men's club. But Faerie are never stuck not having what they want and so can never really understand the great urban masses, and being energy beings they never worry about where their next meal is coming from.

6. FLIGHT AND ETHEREALNESS — Although these powers are used for extraordinary feats, they are also used day-to-day. As a Faerie, you never have to worry about getting a cab when you're in a hurry, your cat never gets stuck on the roof, and except for rare buildings built with Faerie security in mind, you can never get locked out of your house. What do you do when you want to get someplace in a hurry and one of your party is human?

This is just a beginning. Just as full blooded Vulcans are not like Mr. Spock, even so real Faerie are far more than just beautiful people with pointy ears that live a long time, despite what you may see at gaming conventions. If you're playing Faerie that way — you're not getting the point. Believe me, I know.

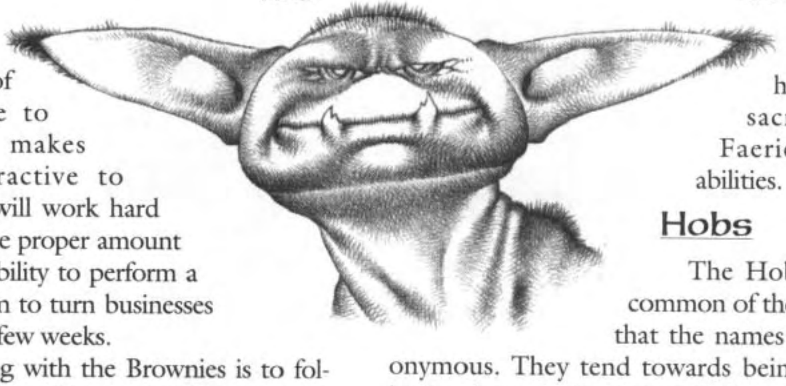
* * *

BROWNIES

Bwcas, Grogans, Trows, Piskies, Hobs, Fennoderee, Killimoulis, Gremlins, Gnomes, Kabouter-mannikens, and Klabautermannikins

"Were we fair and right, we would begin with the Boggles," said his Majesty, "As they come before Brownies in the alphabet. However, I can see no reason to give the Boggle any advantage, so let us begin with the rank and file of the Seelie Court, and the basis of its industry — the Brownies.

Brownies are the most numerous of the Faerie peoples of the Seelie Court, following the Pixies, which they closely resemble. Brownies are invariably wingless (though this does not preclude their ability to fly). They are under 10 inches tall, and appear as rough, hairy men dressed in rags and tatters. Their ears are elongated and pointed at the tips, and their eyes slanted and cat-like. They have generally have small, upturned noses, if they have noses at all, and many of the creatures have no more than a pair of holes in the middle of their face.


Hob

What unites the Brownies as a people is their sense of industry. They live to work, and that makes Brownies very attractive to humanity. Brownies will work hard for those who show the proper amount of respect, and their ability to perform a great work allows them to turn businesses and farms around in a few weeks.

The key to working with the Brownies is to follow the rules they have set down. Never watch them work. Never comment or criticize them on their achievements. Never tease them nor make them a butt of practical jokes. And never give them gifts beyond the simplest and most basic rewards — a bowl of milk, a lump of cheese, or a slightly-cleaner set of rags with the new year.

Given that the rules are so simple, it is amazing that mortals continually violate them, ruining perfectly good relationships. Being told that they cannot watch the brownies work, or that they should not be taunted or criticized, humans want to do exactly that. This is one area of human behavior I cannot fathom, and remains as much a mystery to me as Faerie behavior seems to be to mortals.

Large or excessive gifts will drive a Brownie away. Many humans have posited theories in their smoking rooms and theological colleges as to the reason for this. Some say the Brownies are offended by any gift. Others say that the small creatures consider their debt paid off when given a gift, and leave to seek other suitable mortals to help. I will set the matter straight — a Brownie will leave if given a gift because that is the way it has always been. As with all things of the Faerie, the past is the guide, a past that stretches back through several worlds.

Brownies are repelled by gifts, as noted, and by inverted clothing. They are not repelled by iron, but it is distasteful to them, and damages them as it does all the Faerie Folk. Their ability to use iron has made them sought after by the Steam Lords and other industrial powers (particularly the gnomes). By the same token, it has helped create a new form of Brownie, the Gremlin.

As an aside, the dwarves came from Brownie stock before they abandoned the Faerie for mortality, gaining the ability to handle iron and sacrificing their Faerie heritage and abilities.

Hobs

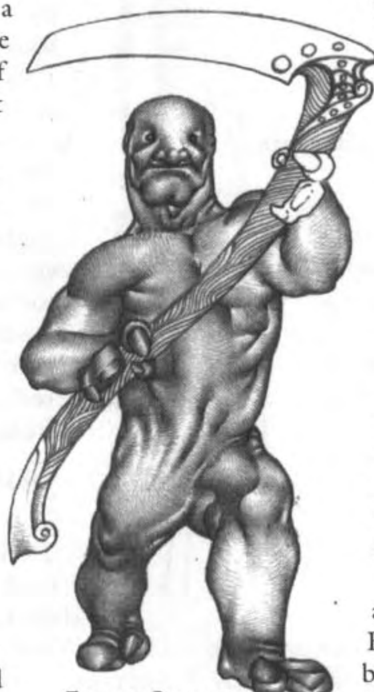
The Hobs are the most common of the Brownies, such that the names are almost synonymous. They tend towards being noseless, and having long, lanky arms and legs, topped by wide, round faces. They are also called Twitches in some parts of the continent, in that their actions are often stiff and jerky.

Hobs prefer rural areas, working in farmsteads and for small families. Many have studied human illnesses, and are experts on childhood illnesses such as the kink cough (whooping cough) or croupe. Individuals who have been unable to find a medical or thaumaturgic cure for illness often search the countryside for a knowledgeable Hobsman.

The correct term when addressing one of these Faeries is Hob or Hobsman. Hobgoblin is a Bogey trick, (see later under Bogeys), and is considered an insult by self-respecting hobs.

That said, it should be admitted that Hobs are the more Bogey-like of the Brownies, in that they are not above practical jokes — small things like tying all the ribbons in the drawer into a single ball, or leaving footprints in the butter-bowl. They have no sense of humor when it comes to being the butt of pranks.

Hobs, like most Brownies, are peaceful and will more likely move away from danger or an abusive mortal than confront it. Such homes are usually infested soon after with Bogles, creating the impression that a Bogle is a Brownie that has been mistreated. While this is untrue, I will relay a story from Warwick. A particular Hob name Jameson had served a family well for many generations, until the household had a bad-tempered patriarch who enjoyed hunting down and tormenting the Faerie. An old cook in the household, sacked by this petty despot, took her revenge by sewing Jameson a suit of clothes and presenting them to him before she left.


Fennoderee

Freed from his obligation, Jameson headed for the high country, but not before taking vengeance of his own. He shapeshifted into the form of a Bogle, and visited every member of the Unseelie Court within ten miles, telling them all that the Warwick Manor had been abandoned by its longstanding guardian. Soon every goblin, bogle, and boggart was streaming through the gates, working their deviltry on the bad-tempered patriarch. The manor is still there, empty and now the domain of Haunts, a monument to the inadvisability of miffing a Brownie.

And Jameson? He followed the cook to her new posting in London, where she found work in a restaurant. With her Brownie ally, she eventually bought the restaurant, renamed it Jamie's, and her descendants have maintained it as one of the finest venues in the city. And they have learned never to question or taunt the family's guardian hob.

Bwcas

The Bwca (pronounced, and often spelled, Booka for those not up on their Welsh) are found primarily in the west country of England, but are common throughout the rest of the continent under a variety of names.

The Bwca ran afoul of puritans in the first world, a rabid breed of witch-hunters that made this world's Cromwell look positively peaceful and rational. As a result they have no patience for religion in any form, or for abstinence. Their hatred of faith becomes almost irrational at times, and they will go out of their way to torment lay preachers and temperance advocates.

Fennoderee

Long ago, in another word, Fennoderee was a single name of a Faerie, not an entire class. As he made his name, other Brownies, attracted by his style and ability, imitated him. Now there are hundreds of Fennoderee, properly called Ferrishyn, scattered throughout New Europa. The greatest community of the creatures is on the Isle of Man, which is regarded as their traditional homeland.

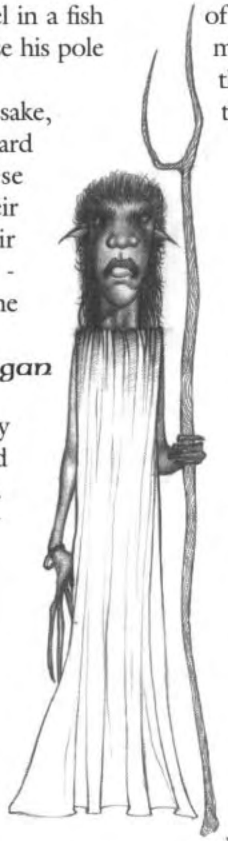
The Fennoderee, both original and later versions, were field Brownies. And they are threshers beyond all compare, capable of taking down a field of barley in a single evening. They will perform other actions around the farm, but in harvesting they are superior.

The Fennoderee are strong as well, the strongest of the Brownies, and physically stronger than most others of the Fair Folk as well. Almost every tavern on the Isle of Man has a misshapen hunk of iron kept behind the bar. Said piece of iron is used to shake hands with any of the Ferrishyn that stop by. To refuse to offer greeting is to court disaster, but to shake hands with a Fennoderee is to court broken bones.

Compensating for their great strength, the Fennoderee are not particularly bright. The iron hand-shaker is but one of the tales of Fennoderee fooled or conned. Other tales include Fennoderee trying to round up hares thinking they were sheep, or carrying water in a sieve, or trying to harvest a field of iron rods driven into the earth.

The Fennoderee look like typical brownies, but wider and more muscular, and dressed in rags. The original Fennoderee dressed similarly, but always worked naked. This original Fennoderee left the Isle of Man ages ago, when he lost a bet to reel in a fish (actually a whale — and he only lost because his pole snapped).

The Fennoderee still revere their namesake, and the Ferrishyn of the Isle of Man regard him as their king, though in exile. These Faerie maintain the high standards of their predecessors, and are also noted for their pets, creatures known as rainbow hounds - powerful and loyal dogs in every color of the rainbow.


Grogan

Grogans

Most Brownies are "male" in that they *ape the male* form. Grogans, also called Grugachs, are a female variety of Brownie. They are lanky and lean, their faces narrow and their hair golden and worn stringy. They are usually wet as if just stepping in from the rain, and look like drowned rats. They dress in green and red as a rule.

Some scholars have placed them among the Lake Ladies and Mermaids, but their true home is among the brownies. They often live in wells and cisterns, and they draw water and fetch feed for barns in the evenings.

The presence of a Grogan usually indicates that the water is potable. This is not because of any ability of the Grogan herself, but rather because they are attracted to pure sources, and once present tend to fish out dead creatures which fall into the well as well as keep cistern-poisoners at bay.

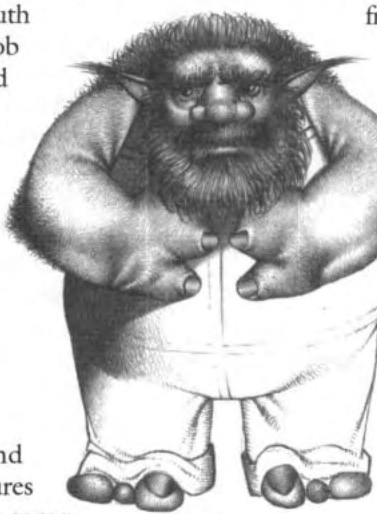
In most countries, mortals drink wine and ale because the water is unsuitable for drinking. The exception is those areas favored by Grugachs. There are spas in the south of France that have agents, whose job it is to hunt down Grogans and offer to install them in the healthy waters of the spa (which is then used as promotion with the mortals — "Grogan-Fresh" or something equally insipid). As there is little to offer a Brownie, and even offering too much will drive it off, these agents are generally frustrated.

Piskies

Occasionally called Pigsies and wrongly called Pixies, these creatures are farmyard Brownies, tending to some of the livestock. As a result, the Piskies are often mated in human minds with the Grogans, as if the two were husband and wife. As a result of that, many Grogans and Piskies ARE married couples, living up to the expectations of the humans.

Piskies are fat, rustic, and bucolic. They invariably have red hair and wide mouths, with half-again as many teeth as a mortal. They are often cross-eyed. They wear green and red, like the Grogans, but not even they know which side picked it up from the others.

Piskies are notorious tale-spinners and liars, and will not work during the day, regardless of the inducement. At night, however, they perform their chores in the Brownie fashion — at night, and with great industry. They hate to be praised for this, as other Brownies, and some will go as far as to credit other Brownies (particularly the Grogans) to dodge the praise.

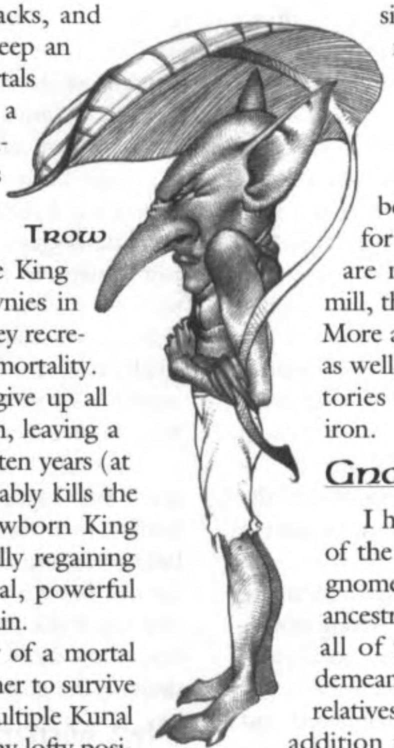

Piskie

Trow

A grey-fleshed breed of Brownie, the Trow are most populous in their small kingdoms on the Shetland and Orkney islands, where they are ruled by nobles, known as the Kunal Trows. Trow are known by a number of names, however, from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean.

Among a quirky people, the Trow are probably the quirkiest. Their worst trait is a personal repulsion to sunlight, which takes on the level of a phobia. Trow take no damage from sunlight, but if a single ray strikes them, they cannot rest again until the sun has set. As a result, stricken Trow scuttle from shadow to shadow, never comfortable wherever they are, always complaining about the brightness of the sun. "Selling Parasols to the Trow" is a phrase indicating an easy task, almost completed before it has begun.

Trow also will not turn away from someone watching them. This stems from another early experience in the First Earth, in which the early Trow were ambushed and captured by mortals. As a result, the Trow are always watchful in the presence of humans, keeping an eye on them. This will result in them walking backwards to avoid exposing themselves to mortal attacks, and spinning around in place to try to keep an eye on multiple humans. Many mortals consider humorous the sight of a Trow in sunlight, cursing and spinning, trying to keep an eye on all his opponents. I cannot understand why they find it funny.


Trow

The Kunal Trow (also called the King Trow) are unique among the Brownies in that they have a method by which they recreate themselves in a form of serial immortality. Trow often take human wives, but give up all of their Faerie essence, in conception, leaving a hollow shell that would live another ten years (at most). Birth of a Kunal Trow invariably kills the mortal mother as well, but the newborn King Trow matures in two decades (usually regaining lost knowledge from its now-mortal, powerful incarnation), to begin the process again.

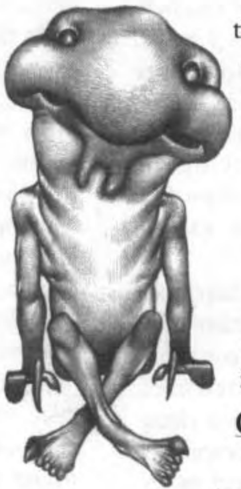
There are tales among the Trow of a mortal woman who had spells that allowed her to survive Trow childbirth, and give birth to multiple Kunal Trow over her long life. Even with my lofty position and supposed omniscient nature I cannot tell you if this is true or not.

Killimoulis

In dealing with all Faeries, one thing to keep in mind is that they tended to imitate that which they witnessed in the First World we visited. This is why the bulk of Faeries are human, with a mixture of animal-shapes and more exotic shapes. Common decency and an eye towards not upsetting the more delicate constitutions in the audience prevent me from speculating on what the Faerie who would become Killimoulis were seeing at the time.

The Killimouli has no mouth, which is not a necessity for Faerie folk, given our energy-based background. However, it consumes any food offered by shoving it up its oversized nose. Unlike the rest of the Brownies, the Killimouli has a huge nose, as large as the remainder of its head. It has been said that when the rest of the Brownies gave up their noses, the Killimoulis took up the scrap flesh to make theirs.

Killimoulis can make themselves understood with a nasal, droning tone, without too much difficulty. Indeed, here in England the Killimoulis are favored by the aristocracy as they sound rather similar. They simply make sure they are fed late at night, and by the servants.


Killimoulis

Killimoulis are, by nature aides to the miller, and often infest small mills and granaries, working their magick late at night. Without belaboring the point, they are also useful for gathering up small bits of grain that are normally missed. If you see a clean mill, then you know Killimoulis are present. More and more are found in industrial areas as well, and they have taken to the new factories well, overcoming their distaste for iron.

Gnomes

I have stated earlier that the antecedents of the dwarfs were brownie stock, and the gnomes are the closest comparison to those ancestral dwarves. Your typical gnome stands all of ten inches tall, but has the portly demeanor and wide, bearded face of its larger relatives. The pug nose and pointed ears, in addition to the size difference, are the usual giveaways. Relationships between the two races are cordial, and dwarfen holds are often infested with small gnomish "helpers".

Gnomes are more technology-ept than the rest of their Faerie kin, but they worship the beauty of the pocket watch as opposed to the power of the steam engine. Small, delicate clockwork and toys are their claim to fame, along with accounting devices and other ratchet driven tools. They are particularly well-regarded in Switzerland, where no self-respecting bank, jeweler, or clock-maker would survive without one or more gnomes on the evening work shift.

In some industrial areas, gnomes were thought to be perfect workers, and gangs of them were swept up and kept within English factories in the early parts of the century. Unlike the Killmoulis, who have adapted to industrial society, the gnomes take up steel and iron with great resistance, preferring to work in more precious materials, and in smaller amounts. The impressment of the gnomes of England has caused the creation of a new breed of Brownie, the first in three worlds — The Gremlin.

Gremlins

The Fair Folk do change, though that change be slow as a people and often traumatic for the individual involved. Our nature is to remain in the forms that we were first cast and to hold that form. But there are exceptions — individuals who take a new form that does not exactly mimic the patterns established for their kind. Once that new form is made, there may be others who mimic it as well.

Case in point, the most recent case, is the self-inflicted damage the Steam Lords have caused in helping create Gremlins. As I noted earlier, the gnomes of England were swept up by press gangs, including Bogeys hired by the Steam Lords, and put into service in the great iron sheds of the robber barons. The thinking was that since the small creatures did the work of twenty men, production would soar. The Earl of Isley volunteered one of his machine shops as a test site. As they concentrated the Faerie in one spot, the Isley works were became a concentration camp.

Instead of doing the work of twenty men the gnomes behaved like any prisoners, becoming downcast and stubborn. Punishment did no good, and only the threat of cold iron was enough to get grudging work from them. The most opposed and angry of of lot was a gnome named Burnsoak, now called Bernie among his people. The oppression was too much for him, and painfully he began to change, to alter his form and thoughts to reflect the new reality. He was guided, in part, by a visit from my comrade Puck, who had his own reasons for disdaining the British fascination with automation.

He kept his alterations hidden, but once he had become his new self, the first Gremlin, the other prisoners followed suit. The Steam Lords did not pay sufficient attention to the change, for as the rest of the population was affected, productivity went up.

One morning Jason McLighter, head of this hellish camp, awoke to find himself in a field. He had not been moved from his bed. Rather, the entire building that he had slept in, and the entire factory itself, had been disassembled. The building materials and machinery parts were stacked neatly by the remains of the front gate, alongside the chain link fence, now rolled neatly into a column. Of the Gremlins there was no sign.

McLighter was left to explain what had happened to his Steam Lord master and suffered a further blow to his reputation when such attacks broke out throughout the South of England. Factories, machines, looms, and entire industries were disassembled in the dead of the night. All the component parts were found neatly packed away the next morning. Now British factories have guards round the clock, just to keep the Gremlins at bay, and word comes from France, the Germanies, and even America of the rising tide of Gremlins.

The Steam-Lord owned papers have castigated the Gremlins, calling them Bogeys, but I must quibble with their assessment. First they come from Gnomes, Brownie stock, and Brownies do not become Bogeys, even if mistreated. Second, they do not destroy in the Bogey fashion, but rather disassemble, pulling things apart in a neat and orderly fashion, salvaging as much as possible. They do not steal a nail, nor damage a single beam, as they pull a machine to shreds. The Steam Lords got just what they deserve in this area.

Gremlins look similar to gnomes, save their heads are a little larger and comical in proportion to their bodies, their ears longer, almost drooping, and their beards missing entirely. As a group they have picked up the fashion of smoking, preferring cheap cigars that smell like burning rope. They dress in dark colors, often small, ragged overcoats and smocks that drag on the ground as they walk.

The Mannikens

Kaboutermannikens and Klaboutermannikens deserve mention here, for though they are rarely found in the British islands, they are extremely common along the Inner Sea and throughout the continent. It would be remiss for us to leave the Brownies without addressing them

The Klaboutermanniken is a ship's Faerie, and tends to live in the figurehead of older ships. They range from a few inches tall to about a foot, though may shapeshift to larger sizes to complete their work. They are clean-shaven, and tend to have long hair, either green, red, or yellow, bound in the back with a single ribbon. They have performed on shipboard the tasks that their brethren Brownies perform on land - rewarding the crew that adopts them with additional work. They favor outfits similar to those of the crew with whom they are sailing, topped by small red berets.

With the passing of those old wooden ships and the appearance of the larger, more impersonal iron steamships their time is passing, but some steamship lines have demanded that a room fitted in wood be installed near the bow, in the hopes of attracting these creatures.

The Kaboutermannikens are identical in appearance, though much fatter, and make their homes in the ports along the Inner Sea. They are normally found in and around inns and taverns, living in the beams in much the same way as the

Klaboutermannikens live in the figureheads. Of all the Brownies, they are without a doubt the laziest, exceeding even the reported sloth of the Piskies. They prefer to sit about, smoking pipes and telling tales of how it used to be, before all this modern rushing-about and nonsense. Still, if you can get the wind up them, both breeds of Manniken can work miracles in a single evening.

Brownies in The Great Game

BROWNIE ABILITIES

Ability	Hob	Bwca	Fenno-deree	Grogans	Piskies	Killimouli
Fisticuffs	PR	PR	GD	PR	PR	PR
Perception	GR	GR	PR	GR	GD	GD
Athletics	GD	GD	GR	GD	GD	GR
Physique	PR	PR	EXC	AV	AV	PR
Stealth	EXC	EXC	PR	EXC	EXC	GR
Great Work	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD
Etherealness	AV	AV	PR	GD	GD	AV
Glamour	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV
Shapeshift	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV
Poor Skills	+1	+1	0	+2	+2	+1

BROWNIE ABILITIES (cont.)

Ability	Trow	Kunal Trow	Gnome	Gremlin	Manniken
Fisticuffs	AV	AV	PR	PR	PR
Perception	GR	GR	GR	GR	GR
Athletics	GD	GR	GD	GD	AV
Physique	PR	GD	PR	AV	AV
Stealth	EXC	EXC	EXC	EXC	EXC
Great Work	GD	GD	GR	GD	GD
Etherealness	AV	PR	PR	PR	AV
Glamour	PR	AV	AV	AV	AV
Shapeshift	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV
Poor Skills	0	+3	0	+1	+2

Notes:

1) Hobs always have the Physician Skill, usually at the Good level, or at Great for one particular ailment (player's choice).

2) Most Player Character Brownies are either Hobs or Bwca.

Perform a Great Work

All Brownies have the ability to perform a great work, to do the work of a number of human mortals within a single night. The number of men's work the Brownie duplicates depends on the level of the Power:

PR = 2 men
AV = 5 men
GD = 10 men
GR = 20 men
EXC = 30 men
EXT = 40 men

The task must be performed in a single night, from sundown (officially when the disk of the sun would disappear on a cloudless day) to sunup. The magick of the enchantment is such that if this condition is not met, the situation reverts to the beginning state (should a Brownie attempt to build a house and fail, the result will not be a half-built house, but rather the site will be as if nothing was attempted).

Brownies prefer to use materials at hand, using their Glamour to conjure necessary tools as opposed to finished product. If insufficient materials are present, treat the Brownie as having this power at one level less than noted.

Most Brownie races have a specialty at which they are considered one level higher (Good instead of Average, Great instead of Good, etc...), depending on the race itself:

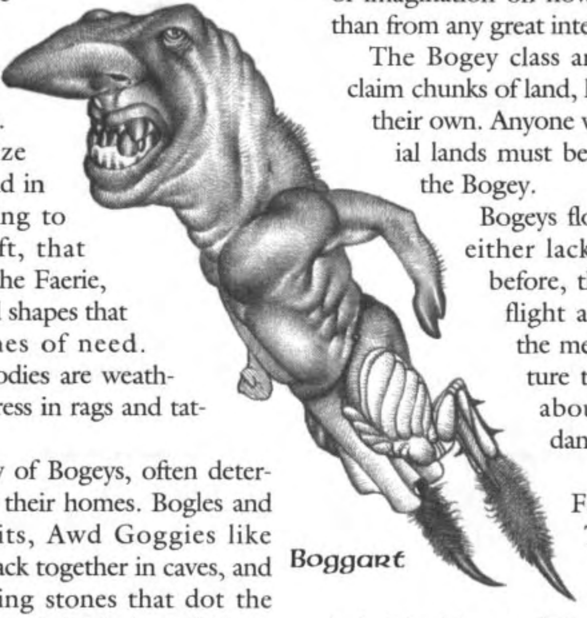
HOBS	None
BWCA	Household Chores
FENNODEREE	Harvesting
GROGANS & PISKIES & TROW	Farm Chores
KILLMOULIS	Milling, Machinery
GNOMES	Clockwork, Small Manufacture
GREMLINS	Demolition
MANNIKENS	Port Work/Ship Work

BOGEYS

Boggarts, Bogles, Awd Goggies, Goblins, Bugbears, Imps, Falchans, Redcaps, and Spriggans.

"See a Bogey, shoot it." said The Elf-King with a chuckle, "Someone told Tom Olam that bon-mot, and he has since repeated it after personal experience at their hands. And though I am by blood and title the ruler of the Seelie Court, and as such obligated to all the Faerie people, I have to agree with him."

"Bogey" is the general name given to a class of small, malicious Faeries. These are the rank and file of the Unseelie Court and do the spying, kidnapping, killing, dying, and light dusting for the Adversary. They range in original size from 5 to 10 inches tall, and in temperament from irritating to deadly. All can shapeshift, that being a standard ability of the Faerie, though many have preferred shapes that they will become in times of need. Generally their faces and bodies are weathered and gaunt, and they dress in rags and tatters.



Boggart

There are a wide variety of Bogeys, often determined by where they make their homes. Bogles and Boggarts are house spirits, Awd Goggies like orchards, Goblins tend to pack together in caves, and Spriggans favor the standing stones that dot the countryside. Bugbears tend to inhabit the wild borders, Redcaps favor war zones, and solitary Imps seek out spell-casters. All are malicious, petty, and generally nasty.

Bogeys are, to a creature, liars and frauds. They will often pass themselves off as another member of the Faerie race long enough to lull a target into complacency, then strike. There are a couple of big lies that the Bogeys tell:

First is that a Bogey is a Brownie that has been slighted. One does not become the other. A bogey that is behaving like a brownie is a bogey that wants something.

The second lie is that a Goblin is the same thing as a Hobgoblin. There is no such thing as a Hobgoblin, save in stories. There are Hobs, of the Brownie background, and there are Goblins. The two really do not meet. A Bogle or Boggart will often gain entrance to a house claiming to be a Hobgoblin — that is, a reformed, wild creature that needs only love and a few square meals to transform himself to good. Don't believe this. Within the week he'll be hurling crockery and souring the milk.

The one redeeming trait of Bogeys is that they are not horribly bright. As a class, they are easily fooled, baffled, and bamboozled. However, they are also vengeful, petty, and murderous, so care should be taken when dealing with them. When they give their word, they will keep it, though more from lack of imagination on how to get around the promise than from any great internal moral compass.

The Bogey class are territorial and petty, and claim chunks of land, houses, fields, and orchards as their own. Anyone who tries to use these territorial lands must beat or trick or negotiate with the Bogey.

Bogeys float more than they fly. They either lack wings (though, as stated before, that is not a requirement for flight among The People) or have the merest nubs as an off-hand gesture to flight. They prefer to drift about, sometimes looking like dandelion seeds.

The traditional foils of the Faerie work against Bogeys. They are repulsed by clothing worn inside out, by iron, of course, and by holy symbols. The history of the Church of England, and the Catholic faith on the continent is replete with tales of Bogeys being defeated by (and occasionally outwitting) the local clergy. 'Twas a Bogey that led Henry's men to Thomas Becket, and an Imp that suggested to Henry VIII his serial polygamy.

Bogeys are fairly universal throughout New Europa, with a changing of names applicable as you move east into Russia and south into the Mediterranean countries. Wherever they are found you may be assured that they are the servants, active or not, of the Adversary.

One last trait unites the Bogey class. To the least goblin they have the ability to use the evil eye against those that befuddle them. In technical terms this is a mild befuddling, a short-circuiting of a mortal's mental synapses, a miasma of bad luck, such that the target is impaired and less effective. To cast the evil eye the Bogey must see its target in the flesh

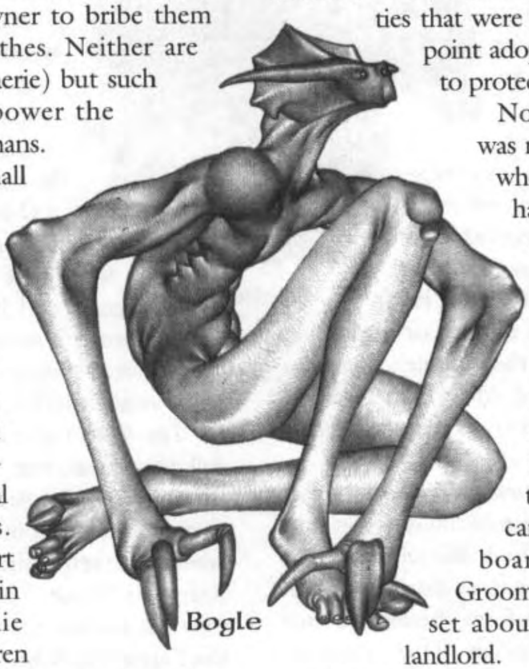
See a Bogey, shoot it. Better to shoot it before it sees you.

Boggarts

The most common of the Bogeys is the Boggarts, though their evil is more malicious than organized. They tend to claim a single house or hearth as their territory, drive the home-owners out through their pranks, then hide in the moving crates and follow the family to their next home.

Boggart pranks are generally minor, and used as leverage to induce the homeowner to bribe them with small cakes or ragged clothes. Neither are needed for a Boggart (or any Faerie) but such bribes are a measure of the power the Boggart feels he has over the humans.

Boggarts empathize with small children, and often will play games with them for hours. To many parents this is regarded as a blessing in that the Boggarts keep their children occupied. However, the Boggarts also induce children to misbehave and pull pranks on their own, such that Boggart-infested homes often have to deal with the child's small friends. These are cases where the Boggart introduces itself as a member in good standing with the Seelie Court, and only when the children become unruly themselves does it become clear what kind of viper they have let into their midst.



Bogle

Boggarts are best identified, by their long, slender noses, which they use to poke into everything they can. In many ways, they act as the advance scouts of the Adversary, in that whenever his activities are on the upswing in the area, his agents will be seen talking to the local Boggart population.

Bogles

Bogles are the least offensive of the Bogey class, which is to say they are a mere cold where the others are influenza. The Bogles are long and lean, all elbows and knees, and walk with a long, loping gape.

Bogles are as mischievous as Boggarts, but they tend to adopt humans of all ages and classes, and will honestly help them against others. In this way they see their role as righting the balance of the universe, freelance operatives of the level on Messers. Holmes and Challenger. They will work tirelessly to help a young waif or old widow escape poverty, then pull the rug out from under them when they forget their humble beginnings.

Bogles enjoy their shape-changing abilities, and will often masquerade as Brownies or other Faerie in order to get their way, often aping a more powerful cousin in order to frighten their opponents.

A classic Bogle tale involves one named Groom-Goblin, who moved into the house of an old widow. He worked his mischief and hid the scissors and spilled the cream, but she was old and tired and assumed it to be her faulty memory and failing facilities that were the cause. The Bogle at that point adopted the woman, and sought to protect her from harm.

Now the old woman's house was rented from a petty old man, who was himself thought to be half-boggart, as he was malicious and shunned even the slightest contact with any faith or church. He charged her an usurious rent, and charged additional for any small repairs. Worst of all, whenever he visited her for repairs or to collect the rent, he would steal her candles from the hallway cupboard. This was more than Groom-Goblin could bear, and he set about revenging himself on the landlord.

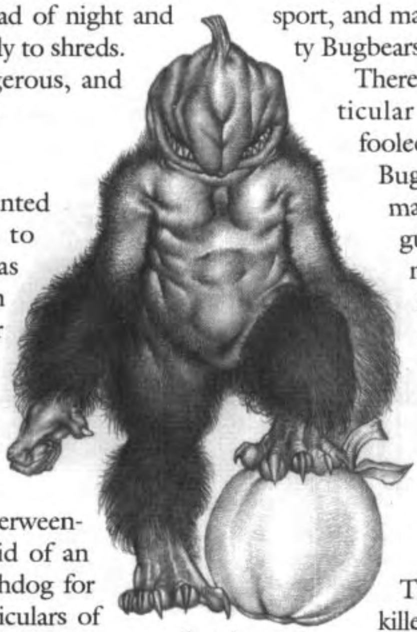
First, of course, was to place the evil eye upon him, and it surprised him little to find that another Bogey had already done so. So he followed the landlord to each of his houses, talking to the Boggarts at each. On the appointed day they all gathered at the landlord's house.

Groom-Goblin appeared to the landlord in a pillar of fire, his compatriot bogles gathered around, their features twisted evilly. "I am He-who-you-shall-not-name," said Groom-Goblin, looking like the Adversary himself, all shadows and antlers, "And I am here to exact payment for the candles you have stolen."

The human, being human, was duly cowed and fell to his knees and promised he would behave in the future. And then he signed over the properties he held to the present tenants, which the bogles said was fair payment for the candles and other sundries he stole.

And a week later, after the papers had passed through the court, and the old widow owned her home, they came back in the dead of night and killed the landlord, tearing his body to shreds.

And these are the least dangerous, and most kind-hearted, of their breed.



Bugbear

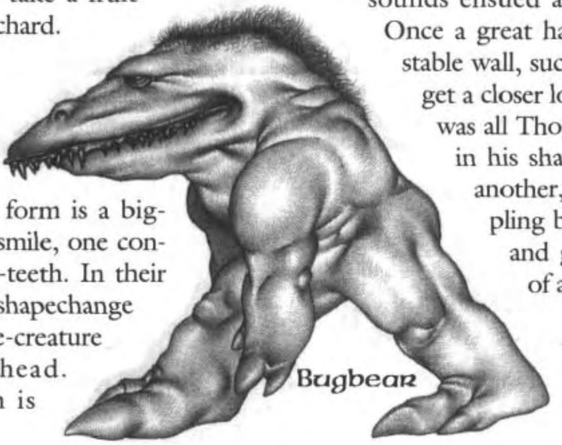
Awd Goggies

Awd Goggies are nature-oriented Bogeys in that they lay claim to orchards, fields, and vineyards as their domain, and protect them from any who seek to steal their produce (including the original tenders of the field). They must be bribed or tricked in order to use "their" plants. Neither is horribly difficult, since their needs are small and their egos overweening. A farmer who enlists the aid of an Awd Goggie has a personal watchdog for his crops, provided that the particulars of the deal are met. Such particulars can be a share of the crops (usually left to rot), or something as simple as singing a song to the Goggie's greatness before entering the plot of land. Most farmers tire of such nonsense, and hire a priest to bless the fields before planting.

Awd Goggies in their "natural" form look typical of their breed, but they have extremely worn and wrinkled faces, such that they look like withered and dried fruit. In addition, they use their shapeshift ability in a special manner, to transform themselves into monstrous (5-foot long) caterpillars. These caterpillars attack as large animals, and move with the natural speed of the Goggie. It is an act of bravery for young boys in Brittany to take a fruit from a Goggie-protected orchard.

Bugbears

Bugbears are similar to Awd Goggies in that they have a natural and a monstrous form. Their natural form is a big-headed Bogey with a wide smile, one containing about 12-too-many-teeth. In their monstrous form, they can shapechange into a huge, lumbering ape-creature with a pumpkin for a head. Sometimes the pumpkin is bathed in blue or red flame-like glow, particularly if at night.



Bugbear

Bugbears prefer rural communities, as opposed to the more urbanized Boggarts and Bogles. In the wide places they pursue hunters and travelers for sport, and many tales of the Brown Men are in reality Bugbears having their fun.

There is a tale out of Prussia regarding a particular enterprising Bugbear and how he fooled a village. Moving into the area, the Bugbear, named Thog, hit upon a plan to make himself the town hero, and thereby guarantee a steady form of tribute. In his monstrous form, he terrorized the area, killing a stray sheep or two, knocking over the odd outbuilding, and generally snuffling loudly beneath the mayor's window. The townsfolk mobilized, but could not find the beast that left such huge footprints, as Thog was resting in his normal size in a jug in the stables.

Once the town was in an uproar, Thog presented himself as a monster-killer. The townspeople were leery but desperate and hired the Bogey to protect the town from the monster. Indeed, for the first few nights after hiring Thog, the monster apparently shied away from the town.

The third night after Thog was hired the townsfolk were awakened by a horrible noise in the square. They roused themselves, and, wrapped in nightshirts, they streamed out into the streets. They found Thog, scratches (self-inflicted) on his face and arms. "I found the beast!" he shouted, "And I've chased it into the stables. Stand back, while I drive it back to the Faerie Veil from which it came!"

With that Thog the monster-hunter plunged into the darkness of the stables, from which horrible sounds ensued as the two apparently battled. Once a great hairy arm pounded through the stable wall, such that no townsman wanted to get a closer look at the battle. Of course, this was all Thog's doing, and he was masterful in his shapechanging from one form to another, rattling the horse rigs and toppling barrels, thundering on the walls, and generally giving the impression of a titanic struggle within.

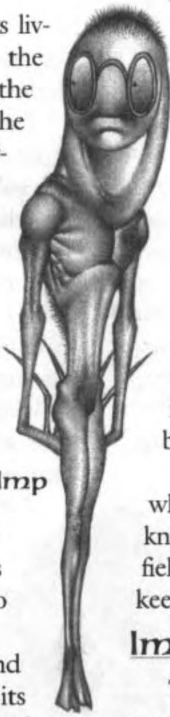
At length the battle ended with a horrible howl, and the townspeople entered the stable. They found Thog battered but triumphant, and the monster gone, never to return.

Of course, Thog spent the next two weeks living off the appreciation of the townsfolk — the best meals, the finest wines, the attention of the loveliest cow-maidens. He was living high off the hog, and word of his "heroism" spread to surrounding towns, who sent their own gifts to Thog the Monster-slayer.

Word reached another Bugbear, who quickly figured out what was up, and was jealous (as Bugbears are) of Thog's triumph. So about a week later, Thog was laying in a bowl of fruit on the Mayor's dinner table, gorging himself on grapes, when there was a horrid, thundering noise.

Thog sat bolt-erect as the house shook and the front door burst off its hinges. In strode a huge Bugbear, its pumpkin head blazing in crimson and azure flames. "Where is the fool," shouted the new Bugbear, "who killed my little brother!?!!"

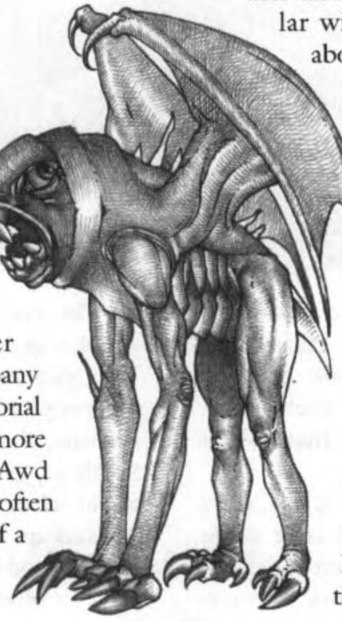
That was enough for Thog, of course, and by the time the other Bugbear had finished its sentence Thog was out the back door and halfway to the French border. The other Bugbear did a little terrorizing of his own before returning home, just to remind people not to put their trust in Bogeys of any stripe, and they remember that to this day.


Imp

Goblins

Goblins are the wildest of the Bogeys, and are known primarily for their bat-wings which sprout from beneath their rags at the shoulder blades. They are comfortable in the company of bats, and share their cavern lairs, and their leaders ride large bats into combat.

Goblins are more social that other Bogeys, in that they can stand the company of other Goblins. Most Bogeys are territorial in their claims, such that there is rarely more than one Boggart per farmstead, or Awd Goggie per orchard. Goblins band, and often their raw density accounts for the core of a Wild Hunt. Their rude sociability makes them excellent minions for larger creatures such as vampires and giants


Goblin

Goblins have a raw form of civilization in which the strong bully the weak. Occasionally one of their number, through strength and guile, grows powerful enough to crown himself king. Such is normally bad news for the surrounding farms and villages, since the first thing the Goblin King usually does is launch an attack on anyone it thinks is a threat (and when you're 5 inches high, EVERYONE is a potential threat). The worst situation appeared in Crimea about two hundred years ago. Not one but THREE Goblin Kings all declared their hegemony within two days of each other. The resulting devastation destroyed five towns and burned several hundred acres of land before a combined force of Pixies, Lake Ladies, and Daoine Sidhe restored order and local heroes killed two of the Kings with Cold iron. The third Goblin King, Muscara, fled the battlefield and was never seen again.

[At this point I asked Auberon if he knew where Muscara was. "Of course," he said, "And he knows that if he ever claims more than a farmer's field again, I'll tell someone where he is. It seems to keep him peaceful.]

Imps

To say that the Imp is the smartest Bogey is to say the Border Collie is the smartest dog — it is only applicable by comparison to others of its species. Say instead that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and imps are a little knowledge personified.

Imps are lean and tend to wear dusty but fashionable clothes, usually aping those of the particular wizard or scientist they are hanging about. In the past hundred years many of them have taken to wearing spectacles, bifocals, and pinze-nez glasses to underscore their apparent intelligence. They are bald-headed and smooth of features, their heads akin to doorknobs that have been ground smooth through use.

Imps, like most of the other lesser Faerie, know no magick as it is currently understood, but are fascinated by it, and are smart enough to realize that the ability to tie spell-knots is a great power. They are no more likely to be able to use that power than the aforementioned Border Collie, but that does not stem the fascination.

As a result, imps often inhabit places of magickal power, and act as familiars for spell-casters. And indeed, if the relationship between man and Faerie is good, the imp will tote and fetch, mix and pulverize, and even clean on behalf of its "master". For this, of course, all it asks is to be present as the mage discovers his or her spells.

Of course, the unspoken part of the agreement is the imp's own connection with the Unseelie Court. Every move of the mage is passed through a network of Bogles and Boggarts back to the dark giants of that domain and their ultimate master, the Adversary. All progress, or lack of same, reaches his ear, and what spells are known and the degree of their mastery are also regular information. Should a imp-using caster run afoul of the Adversary, or research in spells that might inconvenience their lord, that magician may suddenly find himself the target of a Wild Hunt, with his former servant letting the goblins in the front door! Solomon, who succeeded in imprisoning the djinn, did not have an imp familiar. If he had, he would likely have not succeeded.

No man is ever truly the master of an Imp, regardless of what they may say. Their ultimate loyalty is to power, and in particular the power of the Adversary himself. Its said that the dark power has promised that once it triumphs, the imps will be rewarded with true magickal ability. Like all other matters involving the Adversary, this is a cruel lie.

Falchans

[This writer breached the matter of the Falchan with His Majesty, but the King of the Faeries seemed reticent at first to comment. I pointed out that in most of the bestiaries and grimoires, the Falchans are mentioned alongside the Spriggans and Bogles and Redcaps, and are normally considered Bogey-kind. Yet these same tomes make no mention of the particular Falchans themselves. Auberon's response was a brief silence. Then he interlocked his fingers, raised them to his chin, and made the following statement:]

Falchans do not exist. In any classifications, there will be errors, small and large. A small error is the regarding of Fauns and Pans as separate creatures due to a few regional differences. A larger error is to create a Faerie out of whole cloth. That is the case of the Falchan.

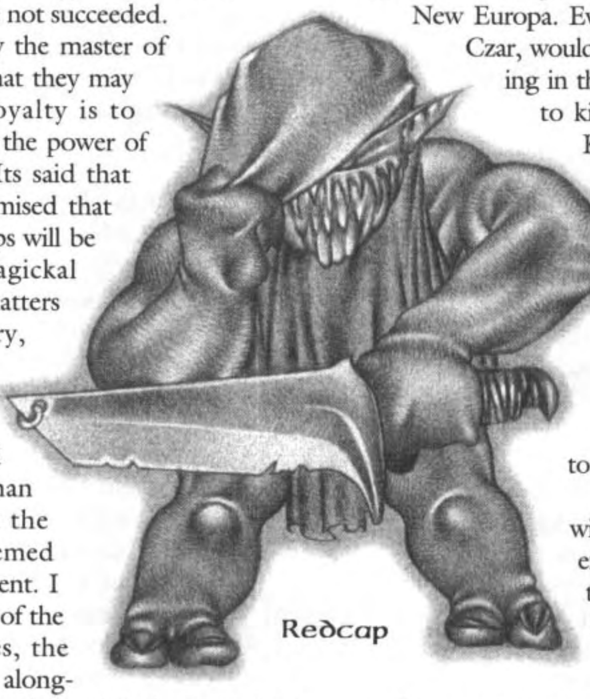
The Falchan, if it did exist, would be the most dangerous of its breed. Little more than a Bogey's head, lean and skeletal, cradled by a pool of blackness, it would be the most malicious and cruel of its breed. It would have claws growing out of the blackness as well, long boney fingers ending in needles. However, they do not exist.

The Falchan would be the assassin Bogeys, much as the redcaps are their warriors and the goblins their foot soldiers. They would thrive in the darkness, and only claim the oldest ruins and most forlorn places as their own. They would be roused by more powerful creatures, and sent on missions to kill particular individuals, or entire families. They would tear through an entire household sparing not a single servant or the smallest child.

Would such creatures exist, they would be called upon in the most dire of emergencies. Their very existence would be speculated upon by the crown heads of New Europa. Every ruler, be he Steam Lord or Czar, would worry about such a creature living in the shadows waiting for the order to kill quickly and silently. Even a King of the Faerie would hesitate before invoking their name.

It is fortunate for all involved — Steam Lord and Czar, Faerie-King and faithful biographer, that these creatures do not exist after all, and instead are only beings of mortal imagination. The alternative is too horrible to consider.

[As did Auberon, this writer will neither confirm nor deny the existence of Falchans, and hopes to commit them to the ranks of forgotten Faerie tales]



Redcap

Redcaps

The warrior race among the Bogeys, the Redcaps are the strongest and most resolute of their race. They prefer to live on the borders between nations and peoples in conflict. The boot of Italy, the Balkan nations, the border lands between England and Scotland, and between Prussia and the rest of the world, all are their homelands.

Redcaps take their name from dying their berets in the blood of the innocent. Preferably that is blood shed by other, mortal agencies, but the Redcaps are not above ambushing lone individuals in order to gain their brownish red dye.

Redcaps are the broadest and strongest of the Bogey-folk. They dress in hides and fur, and in more civilized regions, in the tatters of military finery from years past. They make their homes in old ruins and peel towers (guard towers, their bells long-since stripped out). Reports from the Bavarian borders are that many have taken up homes in the burned-out remnants of old landfortresses destroyed in the most recent war.

The Redcaps have long, claw-tipped arms and carry small glaives, which they use to harry individuals at a distance. A recent fashion among them is to wear iron-shod boots. While uncomfortable, the boots make the Bogeys all the more dangerous to other Faeries. A Redcap, if badly pressed in combat, will flee the battlefield. Often, but not always, it will leave one of its fang-like teeth behind, and these are sometimes used as a good-luck charm to prevent the Bogey's return.

Most Redcaps are hostile to all mortals, regardless of purpose, but there is one exception. In Grantully Castle, in Perthshire, the local Redcap was wrecking great havoc. A number of Daoine Sidhe adventurers halted its predations in a series of battles. In each battle the Redcap had to flee, leaving a tooth behind. Now Redcaps have more teeth than a mortal, but after pulling a number of its fangs it felt it could lose no more. Finally the local castle owners approached the Redcap under a flag of truce, and offered it its own apartment, high atop the castle, if it would promise not to harm any of the local populace. The Redcap, nearly toothless at this point, readily agreed and has since acted as the protector of the castle. This is the closest incident to a "good" Redcap, and travellers are still advised not to go about alone near the castle, for they are not included in the truce. I told this tale to young Tom, who responded with a laugh and said, "That may be the first time a Bogey has sold out its heritage for a Dental Plan." Indeed, but the Grantully Redcap is the only one, and is not well thought of by his kinsmen as a result.

Kabboutermannikens along the coast of the Inner Sea are also called Redcaps for their head gear, but they are a different breed entirely, and are discussed under Brownies.

Spriggans

The last of the major classifications of Bogey is the Spriggan, also called the Korred and the Dolmen Elf. They are covered with a shaggy fur beneath the rags, and their feet end with goat-like hooves. As a result, they are often confused with Pucks, but lack both the demeanor and the goat-horns of these more playful spirits. When checking a Spriggan, look at the eyes — these will look like red coals set deeply beneath heavy, shaggy brows.

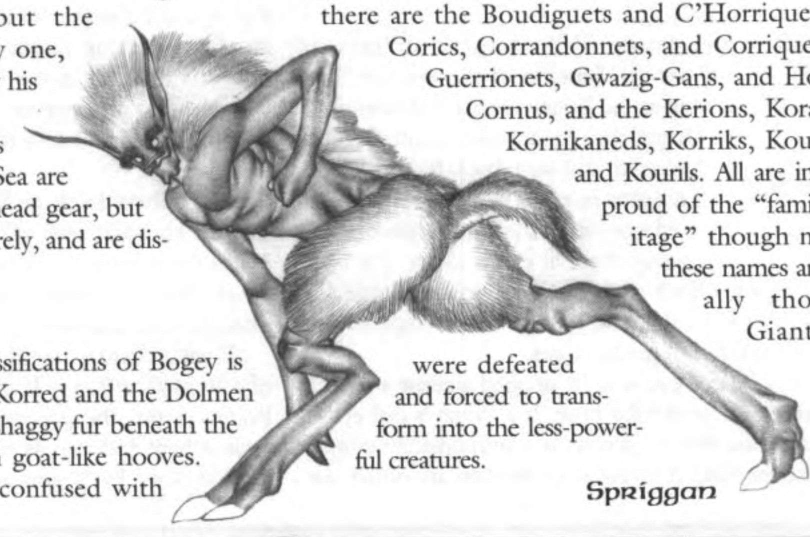
Spriggans have an interesting heritage in that most of them were Giants before the Nightfall War. One of the Faerie changing shape is a rare occasion, and this mass conversion was in part payment by the Giants for their loss to the Daoine Sidhe. It was traumatic for the Spriggans across the board. While no longer the murderous Giants that stalked the land before the war, they are still dangerous.

Spriggans retain their ability to change their size through shapechange, growing as they charge an opponent until they reflect the monstrous appearance of old. The damage they inflict reflects their size at the time.

The Spriggans and Korreds are also tireless dancers, and the crop circles across New Europa are the results of their wheeling and cavorting. They are more social than the rest of their lot (save perhaps the Goblins), and gather in large convocations. Heavens aid the mortal who breaks in on a Spriggan gathering, for they gain power in numbers. They force the interloper to dance until he drops.

There is a story which states that young women who dance with the Spriggans will bear a child of a man they never slept with. This last is an untruth, but it is a lie created by the mortal men as opposed to any Bogey. There is no shortage of humans with elven blood in them, mind you, but you don't get that way from dancing.

Spriggans have ornate family trees. These are mostly fictitious, since they are Giants reformed, but they cling to these falsehoods as their "true" heritage. The Crions are a large family, as are the Jetins and Vihans. The Carikines claim to be Phoenician in origin, and then there are the Boudiguets and C'Horriquets, the Corics, Corrandonnets, and Corriquets, the Guerrionets, Gwazig-Gans, and Hommes Cornus, and the Kerions, Korandon, Kornikaneds, Korriks, Kouricans, and Kourils. All are intensely proud of the "family heritage" though most of these names are actually those of Giants that were defeated and forced to transform into the less-powerful creatures.



Spriggan

Bogeys in The Great Game

BOGEY ABILITIES

Ability	Boggart	Bogle	Awd Goggie	Goblin	Bugbear	Imp
Fisticuffs	GR	GD	GD	GD	GR	GD
Perception	AV	GD	GD	AV	AV	GR
Athletics	GD	GR	GD	GD	GR	AV
Physique	GD	GD	GR	GD	GR	AV
Stealth	GR	GR	GR	GR	AV	GR
Evil Eye	AV	AV	PR	AV	AV	GD
Etherealness	AV	GD	PR	GR	GD	AV
Glamour	AV	PR	GD	AV	AV	GD
Shape Shifting	AV	GD	GR	AV	GR	AV
Poor Skills	+2	+1	+1	+1	+3	+1

BOGEY ABILITIES (cont.)

Ability	Spriggan	Redcap	Falchan
Fisticuffs	GR	GR	GR
Perception	AV	AV	GD
Athletics	GR	GD	GD
Physique	GR	GR	GR
Stealth	PR	AV	GR
Evil Eye	GD	GD	AV
Etherealness	PR	PR	GR
Glamour	GR	AV	AV
Shape Shifting	GR	AV	AV
Poor Skills	+2	+1Com	+3

NOTES:

Goblins: If a Goblin gains 100 goblins beneath him which will swear him fealty, then he may be crowned a Goblin King. All abilities increase by +1 level

Spriggans: If there are more than 10 Spriggans present, each may choose to increase one ability by one rank. This increase is for the duration of a single day. Each additional 10 Spriggans calls for another one rank increase in one chosen ability, but the duration is still for only one day.

Falchans: Falchans do not exist. Therefore they cannot be player characters.

The Evil Eye

This is the Bogey ability to place bad fortune upon a mortal. The target mortal must be within clear and unassisted sight of the Bogey — it cannot use this ability on a picture or photograph of the individual involved, nor through a telescope. Others of the Faerie, their pets, and animals are unaffected by the evil eye. Further, the target must be unprotected by holy symbols, prayer, inverted clothes, or a large amount of iron, and cannot be under the effect of another evil eye. Such targets are immune to the evil eye.

The evil eye causes all the target's abilities to decrease by one for the duration of the evil eye. The evil eye lasts as long as the Bogey casting it desires, and dissipates if the Bogey chooses another target. Should the Bogey be disrupted and sent back to the Faerie Veil, the evil eye remains in effect, but if the Bogey is forever slain (by cold iron) then the effect is lifted.

The Bogey casting the evil eye is aware if it succeeds or not. Check against the target's Courage for success. If the Bogey fails, it may not attempt to use the evil eye for another 24 hours.

Only one evil eye may be applied against a particular target at a particular time. If a Bogey's evil eye is applied to another target, then it immediately evaporates on the first. A target is aware they are under the evil eye the first time they are called upon to use a reduced ability. They may not be aware of which Bogey was responsible for the casting. Similarly, once an evil eye is broken or removed, then the target is aware of the change in status the next time he or she attempts to use an ability.

The evil eye may be removed voluntarily by the Bogey who places it, or fade when the Bogey places an evil eye on a new target (given the pettiness of the Bogeys this is not unusual — a Bogey who places an Evil Eye on a target for a casual slight will likely find another deserving target within a week). Prayers or religious rites will not release one from the evil eye, though they may prevent future occurrences. Killing the Bogey will not end the effect unless the Bogey is slain forever.

The Grant Luck ability of the Leprechauns will negate the evil eye of the Bogey, but a willing Leprechaun must be found. Bogeys and Leprechauns do no like each other, and most of the hatred stems from the fact that one can undo the other's work.

Finally, there is a spell which can negate the effects of a Bogey's evil eye. It is known to the Order of St. Boniface, but the precise individual who knows the spell is kept hidden, as such an individual is usually hunted down by Bogeys and tormented to death.

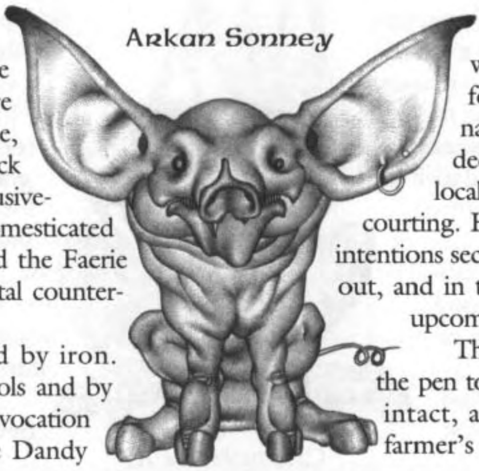
FAERIE ANIMALS

Arkan Sonney, Black Dogs, Church Grims, Boobries, Cait Siths, Faerie Cattle, Cu Siths and Padfoots

"Not all the fair folk chose to imitate humanity when they first formed," said Auberon, "Some misunderstood what they saw and adapted themselves accordingly, some mixed and matched with several models, and some chose animals as their models. All can shapeshift into other forms, of course — I am speaking of their base, native forms. Those who chose the animal form fall into the category of Faerie Animals".

A great distinction must be made between Faerie animals and Faerie pets or creatures. The former are full members of the Courts in every way, but in the shape of hounds, cats, and cattle. They are rational beings, can communicate with others, and, should they choose to, shapeshift into a human form. The latter are creations of the Faerie, often but not always the Unseelie Court, in which traditional animal stock is manipulated at a fundamental level. An Austrian monk named Gregor Johann Mendel is just now starting to unlock the secrets the Faeries use to create their basilisks and giant frogs, their unicorns and riding bats.

The key to remember is that these Faerie Creatures are the result of powerful Glamours, but still no more than they once were. They may follow simple orders, acting under the control of their creators, but they are no more sentient than they were intelligent. Faerie Animals, on the other hand, are full-fledged Folk, and should be treated accordingly.



Arkan Sonney

Given their animal shapes, the Fair Animals tend to favor more rural and wilderness homes. Some, such as the Boobrie and the Black Dogs, prefer the wild places exclusively, while others which mimic domesticated beasts like the Arkan Sonney and the Faerie Cattle, often mix with their mortal counterparts.

Faerie Animals are repelled by iron. Most are repulsed by holy symbols and by prayers. A fervent and heartfelt invocation will ward off the pursuit of the Dandy Dogs, and such creatures will not enter holy ground. The exceptions to this are the Church Grim and the Cait Sith, who are unaffected by holy symbols and prayers, and often serve as holy guardians.

While Brownies are generally members in good stead in the Seelie Court, and Bogeys the denizens of the Unseelie, the distinctions break down in other tribes of the Folk, and the Faerie Animals are a good case in point. It would suffice to say that Church Grims, Arkan Sonneys, and Cu Sith tend to be Seelie, while Black Dogs and Boobrie Unseelie. Padfoots, Cait Sith and Faerie Cattle vary from individual to individual, and members can be found in both courts.

All Faerie Animals have two special abilities, but usually one is more powerful than the other. Most of those with domesticated forms are masters of animal control, capable of bending the will of true animals to their bidding. Those with wilder shapes specialize in warping sound itself, displacing their footfalls so they move silently, while causing their footfalls to sound directly behind their victim.

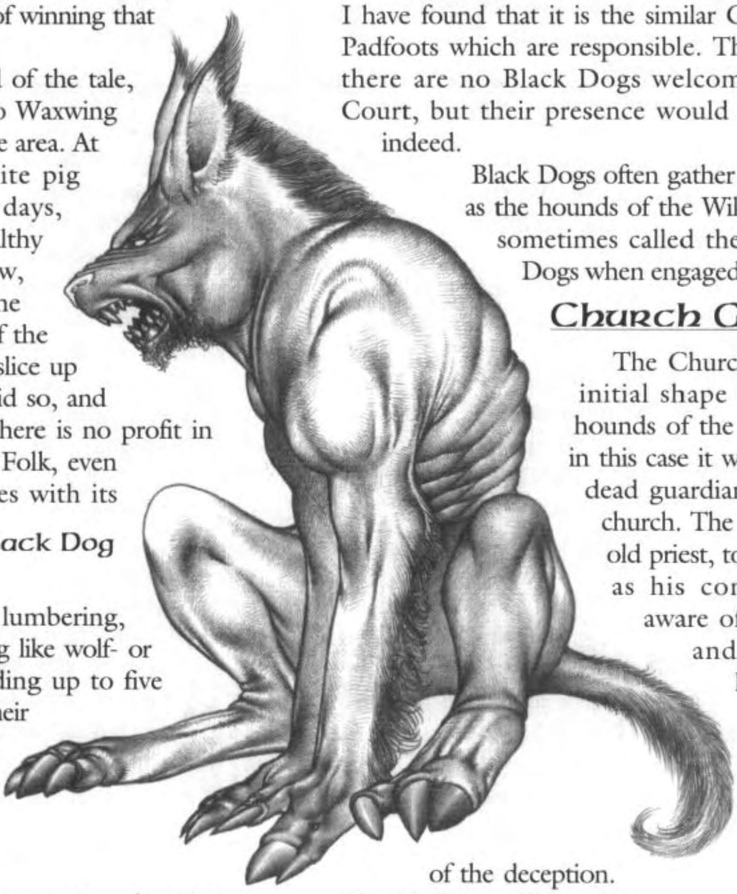
Arkan Sonney

The Arkan Sonney is a minor Faerie that takes the form of a small white pig with red-limned ears. It will join a farmer's sty for a few days, mingle with the stock, then move on. Unlike the farm-based Brownies, the Arkan Sonney does no work, but its presence does cause the hogs to settle, and as such the creature is regarded as a sign of good fortune.

When dealing with any of the "domesticated" Faerie animals, care should be taken by mortals. While a Brownie will move away when mistreated, the Arkan Sonney (and the Faerie Cattle as well), will take the herd with them. One old fool in Sussex found an Arkan Sonney, whose name was Waxwing, in his pen, and decided to kill it and roast it for the local minister, whose daughter he was courting. He was smart enough to keep his intentions secret, but the household hob found out, and in turn warned the Faerie pig of its upcoming demise.

The next morning the farmer went to the pen to find it empty. The fence was still intact, and the gate locked, but of the farmer's twenty prize hogs there was no sign. Far from impressing the minister, the farmer scuttled all chances of winning that young lady's hand.

This would be the end of the tale, but for the next year or so Waxwing appeared at the farms in the area. At each appearance the white pig would remain for a few days, then vanish, leaving a healthy prize hog in its place. Now, if these farmers realized the new hogs were property of the original fool who tried to slice up an Arkan Sonney, none said so, and none returned the pigs. There is no profit in offending one of the Fair Folk, even one rooting for vegetables with its nose.



Black Dog

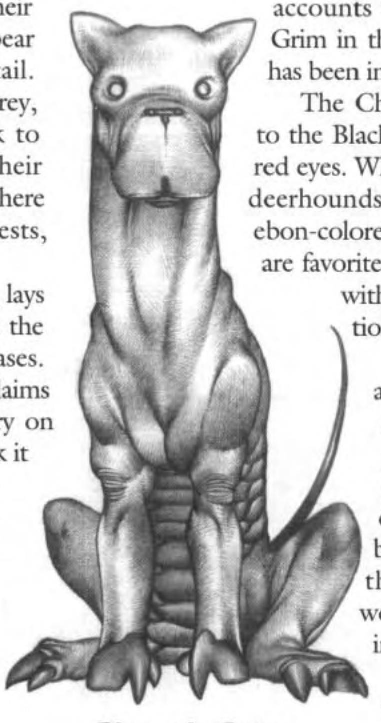
Black Dogs

Black Dogs are great, lumbering, hunting dogs, often looking like wolf- or deerhounds, though standing up to five foot tall at the shoulder. Their fur is black and shaggy, and they have large, hell-red eyes that glow in the dark.

The latter is a definite advantage in their favorite sport — hunting lone travelers on the road. They use their sound-throwing ability to make it appear that they are right on their victims tail. They may use this ability to herd their prey, often causing victims to double back to where the Black Dog lays in wait. Their favorite domains are those wild places where they rarely find humans — deep forests, haunted swamps, and lonely moors.

One Black Dog, the Mauthe Doog, lays its claim on the Isle of Man, and even the Fennoderee there let it hunt as it pleases. This is one of the ancient Dogs, and it claims to have hunted alongside the Adversary on his first Wild Hunts. One additional trick it uses is to use its Glamour to appear to fire bolts of flame from its eyes. These Faerie-flames can catch mortal substances ablaze. The Mauthe Doog only uses these abilities if struck or spoken to by mortals.

There are tales of Black Dogs who have helped travelers, rescued lost children, and protected the elderly. In all these cases I have found that it is the similar Church Grims or Padfoots which are responsible. That is not to say there are no Black Dogs welcome at the Seelie Court, but their presence would be a rare thing indeed.



Church Grim

Black Dogs often gather in packs, serving as the hounds of the Wild Hunt, and are sometimes called the Devil's Dandy Dogs when engaged in the chase.

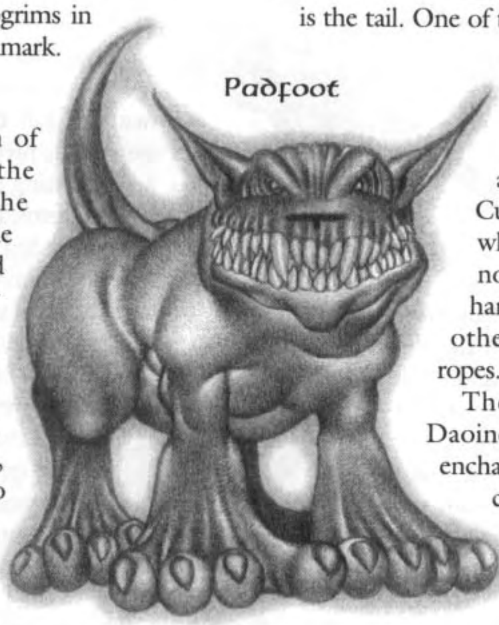
Church Grims

The Church Grim took its initial shape from the great hounds of the First Earth, but in this case it was to replace the dead guardian dog of an old church. The dog's master, an old priest, took the imitation as his companion, fully aware of the deception, and treated the hound well. Only on his deathbed did the priest admit to the dog he knew of the deception. The kindness of the priest accounts for the fearlessness of the Church Grim in the face of faith, and that fearlessness has been imitated by other Grims.

The Church Grim is similar in appearance to the Black Dogs — a great black canine with red eyes. While the Black Dogs resemble shaggy deerhounds, Church Grims tend to resemble ebon-colored great danes. Indeed, those animals are favorites among many parish priests to start with, possibly a result of that first relationship of priest and Church Grim.

Church Grims tend to be territorial loners, their territory usually centered on a particular church or graveyard where they have served for generations. It is possible to drive a Church Grim from its home, but that is usually a bad idea — all the legions of the Unseelie Host would take the opportunity to move into the formerly-protected area.

Church Grims are found through New Europa, but favor the north. They are called Kirkkogrims in Finland and Kirkegrims in Denmark.


Padfoot

Padfoots

The Padfoots are a form of Faerie Hound that haunt the wild places preferred by the Black Dogs. They are capable of great acts of sacrifice and kindness, but have the ability and occasional desire to haunt the lone traveler.

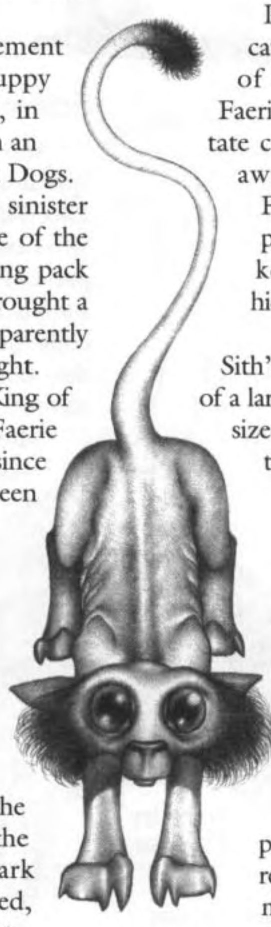
Padfoots are narrower and leaner than the Black Dogs, and their coat, while shaggy, ranges from red to brown to black. The hall-mark of the Padfoot is their paws — they are huge, the size of dinner plates. When the Padfoot walks, it sounds like it is pulling its feet from mud or muck. That is the sound that it uses to haunt on the roads.

A Padfoot haunting is more for amusement than harm — the rough-housing of a puppy rather than the hunt of the wolf. Indeed, in Bavaria once a Faerie Hound stood between an expectant noblewoman and a pack of Black Dogs. The Black Dogs had orders from a more sinister source, and would not back off in the face of the Padfoot. The Padfoot stood off the attacking pack for two hours, until the howling of battle brought a group of townsmen. Then the Padfoot, apparently critically wounded, wandered off into the night.

That is the reason, by the way, that the King of Bavaria keeps a room empty, in case the Faerie that rescued his mother ever returns, but since that evening not a single Padfoot has been seen in Bayern.

Cu Sith

Pronounced Coo-Shee, these are the Faerie Hounds of the Daoine Sidhe, subordinate to their command but still full-fledged Faeries (unlike the Rainbow Hounds of the Fennoderee, for example, which are enGlamoured hunting dogs).


Cu Sith

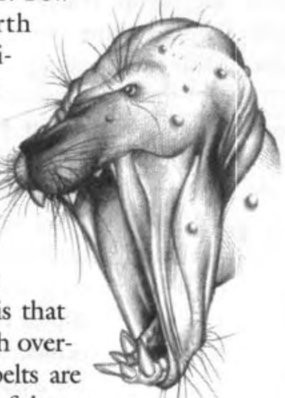
The Cu Sith are smaller than most of the wild dogs, standing a mere three-feet at the shoulder. Their coats are shaggy and dark green in color, and their paws, while oversized, do not approach the great feet of the Padfoot.

The most interesting feature of the Cu Sith is the tail. One of the disadvantages of having an animal form is the lack of opposable thumbs. Most of the Faerie Animals eschew the need to handle tools, shapechanging into a humanoid form if need be. The Cu Sith have a long, prehensile tail, which they coil on their backs when not in use. They use their tails to handle simple tools, to reach items otherwise unavailable, and as trip-ropes. If lost, the tail will be regrown.

The Cu Sith are valuable to the Daoine Sidhe in that the hounds can enchant animals much as Faerie Lords can enchant humans. Often a Faerie-noble's hunting dog is more than merely a hound, and often serves as advisor and friend.

Cait Sith

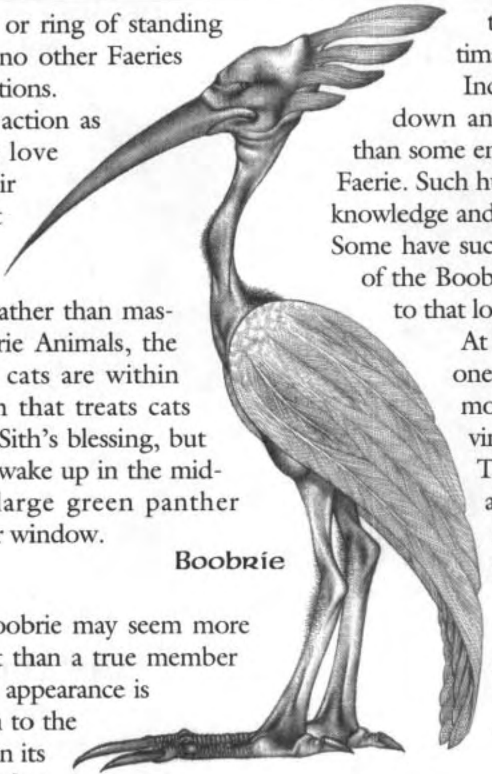
Pronounced Kat-Shee, these are the mystic cats of the Faerie. Few of the First Earth Faerie chose to imitate cats, who were aware of the Fair Folk's presence and kept well-hidden.



The Cait Sith's native form is that of a large panther with oversized ears. Their pelts are the dark green of the sea, and their eyes are the color of jade. They can take on the size and coloring of a common house cat, but when on the prowl, they revert to their natural appearance. There have been many sitings of Big Cats throughout England and Northern New Europa in the past few decades, the result of more mortals claiming the native woods prowled by these creatures.

The Cait Sith have no fear of prayers or holy ground, but for another reason entirely than Church Grims. In this matter, they are similar to their original cat models — curious, playful, and completely without fear. Often a Cait Sith will "adopt" a temple, church, or ring of standing stones, but this is because no other Faeries will want to claim these locations.

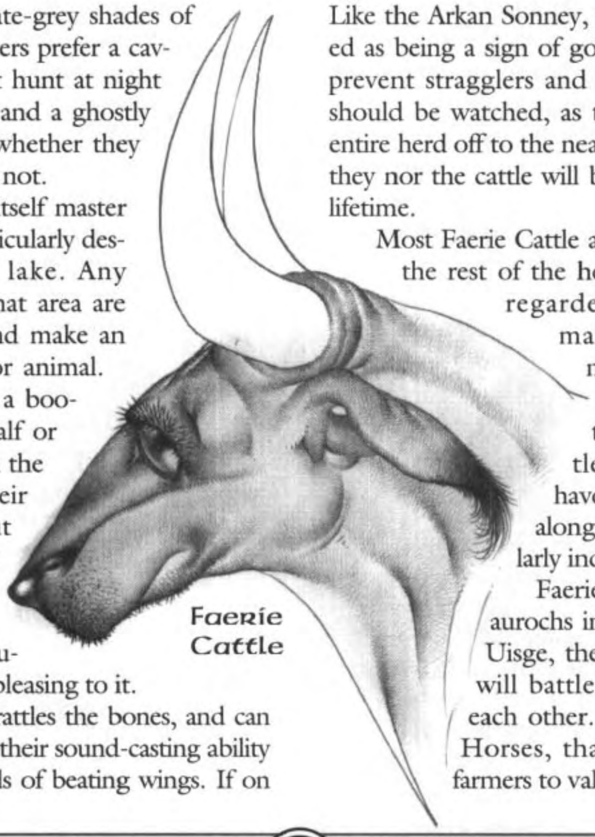
Cait Sith are catlike in action as well as appearance. They love attention, but only on their own terms. They will not stand being caged or enclosed, and think of mortals as food-providers rather than masters. Unlike the other Faerie Animals, the Cait Sith believes that all cats are within their protection. A human that treats cats well may be sure of a Cait Sith's blessing, but one who is inhumane may wake up in the middle of the night with a large green panther watching through his or her window.



Boobrie

Boobrie

To the outsider, the Boobrie may seem more like a monstrous Faerie Pet than a true member of the Fair Folk. Its natural appearance is that of great water bird, kin to the stork and heron. It stands on its stilt-like legs some twenty feet above the surroundings, and its spread wings can block out the sun. Plumage varies both with the individual Boobrie and that Boobrie's current emotions. Some take on the slate-grey shades of other water birds, while others prefer a cavalcade of colors. Those that hunt at night vary between a ebon black and a ghostly pale shade, depending on whether they choose to move stealthily or not.



Faerie Cattle

The Boobrie considers itself master of its territory, usually a particularly desolate swamp or isolated lake. Any beings that come within that area are expected to swear fealty and make an offering, whether human or animal. Indeed humans living near a boobrie often leave a young calf or goat out for the Boobrie, in the hopes that it will spare their cattle or sheep throughout the coming year. The Boobrie does have a physical need to eat, but the act of consumption, particularly an offering or bribe, is pleasing to it.

The cry of the Boobrie rattles the bones, and can be heard for miles. They use their sound-casting ability to fill the air with the sounds of beating wings. If on the hunt, they will terrorize their victims before closing in for the kill.

Industrious humans have sought to hunt down and kill Boobrie, thinking it no more than some enchanted creation as opposed to a true Faerie. Such hunting parties, under-prepared both in knowledge and arms, have generally met with defeat. Some have succeeded in destroying the mortal form of the Boobrie, only to discover that it will return to that location years later.

At a dinner about a year ago I spoke of one such hunt, where the townsmen, so mortal and sure of themselves were convinced they could drive off the creature. They ignored all Faerie aid or advice, and went tromping into the swamp, never to return. A mathematician at the party transcribed the adventure, with a few facts changed to protect the guilty. He showed it to me, and I suggested one minor change, to prevent retribution from the beast in question.

The snark was a Boobrie, you see.

Faerie Cattle

Also called the Crodh Mara or Water Bulls, these appear as dun-colored cows with small, rounded ears. Like the Arkan Sonney, the Faerie Cattle are regarded as being a sign of good luck in the herd, as they prevent stragglers and stampedes. However, they should be watched, as they will otherwise lead the entire herd off to the nearest gate to the Veil. Neither they nor the cattle will be seen again in the farmer's lifetime.

Most Faerie Cattle appear (save for the ears) like the rest of the herd. Most are bulls and are regarded, even by other mortal males, as the leader of their mortal herd. Some Faerie Cattle prefer to resemble the Auroch, extinct wild cattle of ancient times. These have huge horns, shaggy manes along their backs, and are particularly independent.

Faerie Cattle in general, and the aurochs in particular, have a hatred of Uisge, the water horses, and the two will battle whenever they encounter each other. Given the nature of Water Horses, that doubles the reasons for farmers to value the Faerie Cattle.

Faerie Animals in The Great Game

FAERIE ANIMAL ABILITIES

Ability	Arkan Sonney	Black Dog	Church Grim	Padfoot	Cu Sith	Cait Sith
Fisticuffs	PR	GD	AV	AV	PR	PR
Perception	AV	AV	AV	AV	GD	AV
Athletics	AV	AV	AV	GD	AV	AV
Physique	AV	AV	GD	AV	AV	AV
Stealth	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD
Stealthy Tread	AV	GR	GR	EXC	GR	GR
Rule the Animals	GD	PR	AV	AV	GD	GD
Etherealness	GR	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV
Glamour	AV	GD	AV	AV	AV	AV
Shapeshift	AV	AV	AV	GD	GD	GD
Poor Skills	0	0	+1	+1	0	0

FAERIE ANIMAL ABILITIES (CONT.)

Ability	Faerie Cattle	Boobrie
Fisticuffs	PR	GD
Perception	AV	AV
Athletics	AV	AV
Physique	AV	AV
Stealth	GD	GD
Stealth Tread	AV	GR
Rule the Animals	EXC	AV
Etherealness	AV	EXC
Glamour	AV	AV
Shapechange	AV	PR
Poor Skills	+1	+2

Stealthy Tread

This is in reality a form of sound-shifting - moving the sound of movement from where one is to another location, usually directly behind a particular victim. The result is intended to frighten the target, causing him to flee away (or sometimes toward) the Faerie.

Only one victim at a time may be affected. The victim must be within sight of the Faerie Animal when the effect starts. The effect erodes after five minutes or so unless the Faerie Animal remains in visual range. The target may have companions who will hear sounds as normal. This makes the Faerie animal's ability checks one level more difficult.

The victim of this form of attack must make a check using his or her Courage against the strength of the Faerie's power. Failure indicates that the victim has fallen prey to the horrible sounds and is fleeing in the other direction. Alternately, women of society may be considered to have received a constitutional attack of 3 wounds.

Rule The Animals

This is the ability to communicate with and bend the wills of animals to your bidding. Most (non-enchanted) animals are simple creatures, their minds concerned mainly with their next meal, but they may be able to pass on limited information and follow simple commands.

Poor — You can slightly modify the emotions of animals. Dogs will howl at your command or remain asleep. Cattle and other animals may become restless at your approach. No communication is possible.

Average — You can calm wild beasts, and they treat you with trust. You can cause spooked or frightened animals to flee. You can make your questions understandable to them, but cannot directly understand their answers.

Good — You can give simple orders to a single animal- one or two words, which they will follow as long as you are present. Communication is two-way, and you can understand their responses. Most animals can remember up to a day in the past what they have encountered.

Great — As for Good, but you can affect a number of animals, up to about ten in number.

Exceptional — As Great, plus you can make an animal think and remember up to a week in the past. You are not limited in number of animals you can affect. You can attempt to overrule someone else's magickal control over an animal of they are using this ability.

Extraordinary — As Great, but you no longer have to be present for them to follow your orders.

In addition, certain Faerie Animals gain ability when commanding a particular type of animal. Black Dogs, Church Grims, Padfoots, and Cu Sith gain an additional level against canines. Cait Sith gain an additional level against the cat family. Arkan Sonney gain a benefit against swine, and Faerie Cattle against cows. The Boobrie does not gain this ability against birds, however.

Enchanted, enlarged, or otherwise Glamoured creatures are immune to this ability, as are other Faerie animals and the monstrous, unnatural "pets" of the Faerie.

FETCHES

Co-Walkers, Dopplegangen and Fylgiar.

"All of the Faerie imitate," said the King in response to a query about original models, "It is our nature. Most of the forms we imitate are rough or inexact, or, if we imitate truly, the mortal model eventually dies and we live on. There are exceptions, as with all things involving the Fair Folk. The most notable of those exceptions is the family of Fetches."

The Fetches are the greatest shape-shifters of Faerie, capable of duplicating an individual's appearance and nature exactly after a few day's study. However, they duplicate only one individual at a time, a "favored person", and remain until that favored person dies or they are driven off.

They remain near that favored person in an invisible state, their Glamours shielding them from being seen. If need be, and the original is unavailable, they can step in and masquerade as that person.

[At this point I made the comparison between the Fetch and the United States office of Vice President. His Majesty was amused at the aptness of the comparison].

That means that as a Fetch, you could choose your President Grant as your favored one. You would then duplicate Grant, but remain unseen near him, invisible to all but those with the presence of mind to specifically look for you, and sufficient perception to overcome the Fetch power to muddle minds. And should Grant suddenly take ill, or be required to be somewhere else, you could go in his stead.

Of course, it is often too much temptation to reveal yourself if you are charged with tending to the powerful and famous. Good Queen Bess met her Fetch, as did Shelly and Goethe. All died within the year of those reported meetings, re-enforcing a common superstition that meeting your Fetch is bad luck. Actually what usually happens is that the "favored one" realizes he or she has a guardian, and takes more risks as a result.

Humans react to Fetches according to their own natures. The Virgin Queen was horrified by the fact that she had a Fetch, but the two literary lights treated the Faerie as just one more drinking companion. Catherine the Great of Russia had a unique method of dealing with her Fetch — she had the guards open fire on it. I don't think it stopped running until it had reached the Alaskan territories. Catherine herself lived another decade after the encounter.

The Fetch can act as a bodyguard, taking damage to protect its favored one, provided that it can act and react quickly enough. It has no more particular powers in this area than any other Faerie, though it is usually on guard at all times.

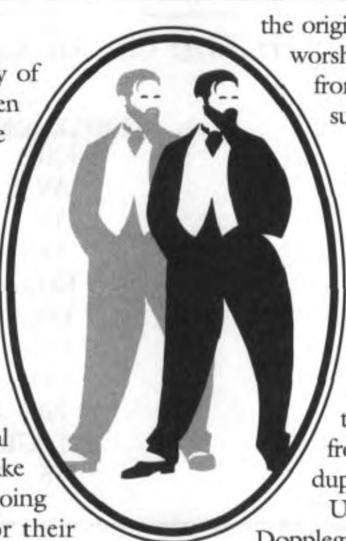
The death of a favored one is a traumatic experience for the Fetch, as serious as the Translation of one type of Faerie into another. When William II, son of William the Conqueror, was slain in a hunting accident in the New Forest, his Fetch was seen in Cornwall, howling and riding a black goat westward. It is much less traumatic if the Fetch is caught by the "favored one" and defeated, particularly if the Fetch has not been long in place. A period of mourning ensues, when the Fetch may flit between several favored ones before settling on one that meets its fancy.

As a result, Fetches tend to be a little imbalanced. Their former lives are still in their minds, but shut away by the trauma of the death of the previous favored ones. As a result their decision-making process is a bit addled, and while their intentions are good, their actions may place their chosen one in greater trouble than before.

Fetches are repulsed by clothing turned inside out, iron, holy symbols and prayers. If their favored one wears an inverted vest or spends a week in a religious retreat in fervent prayer, the Fetch normally gets the idea and finds another mortal to favor. Due to their duplicating ability, many lawyers and bureaucrats keep a slab of iron in their office to authenticate the origins of their clients. Further, I understand, the bible that your US President swears on is shod in iron just to insure that a mortal becomes president.

Not all Fetches are attracted to the famous, though many are. A Fetch may attach itself to one of the Faerie, though the Faerie involved usually realizes it quickly and dispatches it to find a new master. I have had my own Fetches who thought it marvelous to be the constant companion of the King of the Elves. In each case, I had to gently (for they are my subjects) dissuade the individual from following me around, perhaps find a couple "secret missions" they could aid me with, then found them a new home. I understand that powerful sorcerers like Grey Morrolan have had similar dealings with Fetches, though less gentle.

Co-Walkers



Most Fetches belong in this category of Faerie, that imitate an individual and then stay close to him, though invisible. The various Fetches mentioned above, for Elizabeth and Catherine and Shelly and Goethe were all Co-Walkers.

Co-Walkers hold themselves to the idea of not communicating with their "favored one" as long experience has shown them that the favored one does not always appreciate being favored. However, long companionship and potential threats may cause them to reveal themselves to their favored one, or to take extreme actions. Such actions include going on information-gathering missions for their "favored one" or appearing where the mortal would rather be.

A good example is a young man who gained a Co-Walker early in life, then shipped out to work with the Dutch East Indies Company. His father threatened to disinherit him if he did not return at once, and set a date with his solicitor to write the lad out of the will. Of course, by the time the lad got the news that date was a week away and there was nothing to be done about it. His Co-Walker flew day and night to return to London, and, in the lawyer's office the morning of the meeting, appeared with a thunderous noise, shouting for the father to reconsider. Recovering from the shock, the father did just that, and the son was kept in the will. Neither father nor solicitor mentioned this to the lad, and the youth had to wonder about his father's change of heart.

You'll notice throughout that I call the Faeries "The Co-walker" or "Goethe's Fetch" as if they do not have a name of their own. Indeed, they eschew names as that gets in the way of their total bonding with their favored one. A Co-Walker has a hundred previous lives, though painful to remember. I understand that some modern biographers are actively searching for the Co-Walkers of various important people, in the hopes that they will shed light on their decisions and actions. I wish them the best of luck.

Dopplegangen

The Dopplegang is similar to the Co-Walker, in that they are both invisible and duplicate a target individual. The Dopplegang originally was a German variant of the Co-Walker, but has developed into a slightly different breed of creature.

The unique feature of Dopplegangen is their willingness to take the place of their master at the drop of a hat. If you think of the Co-Walker as the perfect watchman, the Dopplegang is the all-too-perfect servant, so much so that the danger exists that the duplicate may supplant the original. The Dopplegang still holds an almost worshipful respect for its original, and if confronted by its favored one, will return to its subordinate role.

One of the best known Dopplegang in Faerie circles, if not to mortals, is Napoleon's Dopplegang. When the Little Corporal was first on the rise, there was continual havoc in his headquarters as French Co-Walkers brawled in the halls for the honor of serving His Majesty. Napoleon, being perceptive in such matters, commanded his duplicates to appear, then selected a Dopplegang from those gathered to serve as his "official" duplicate.

Unlike many, Napoleon did not expect the Dopplegang to act as his personal guardian, instead dispatching it to gather information and sow confusion among his enemies. He kept as firm a hand on the Dopplegang as he did his armies. Napoleon came to trust his duplicate as a valuable ally.

In Russia, when the Leshiye raised their winter storms against the invading French, a special detachment of Russian Faerie kidnapped Napoleon's Dopplegang. The loss of a trusted advisor alongside the bitter defeat in Russia forced Napoleon's eventual abdication. The Dopplegang escaped the Russian authorities, and return to its favored one three years later. Napoleon returned to power, but he was not the man he had been — he was already affected by the cancer that would take his life. On the night of a critical battle, the Dopplegang convinced the Emperor to let him, the duplicate, lead the troops. Napoleon, in a rare moment of folly, allowed it. The result was Waterloo and Napoleon's final exile.

Napoleon died of cancer in 1821, six years after his last defeat, on the island of St. Helena. The Dopplegang, completely rattled and haunted by his earlier defeat, did not abandon Napoleon's form after death, and now is said to stalk the shores of that barren island, muttering his plans for a new reconquest under his breath. I have myself talked to the Fetch, but he refuses even my entreaties. I can only take solace in the fact that his madness puts him beyond the Unseelie Court's power as well.

Fylgiar

The Fylgiar are similar to the Co-Walkers in terms of what they do and why. The only difference is that when they are in the presence of the favored one they take the form of an animal, so as not to distress their chosen mortal. Fylgiars (the name means "Follower") tend to be the most pacifistic and uninvolved of the Co-walkers, and will only duplicate their favored one in the most dire of circumstances.

Fetches in The Great Game

FETCH ABILITIES

Ability	Co-Walkers	Dopplegangen	Fylgiar
Fisticuffs	GD	EXC	GD
Perception	AV	AV	AV
Athletics	AV	AV	AV
Physique	AV	AV	AV
Stealth	EXC	EXC	EXC
Be Unseen	GR	GR	EXC
Watchful Follower	GD	GR	GD
Etherealness	GD	GD	GD
Glamour	PR	PR	PR
Shapeshift	EXT/GR	EXT/GR	EXT/GR
Poor Skills	+2	+5	+3

Be Unseen

This Fetch ability represent the Fetch's natural ability to be overlooked. It is a muddling of minds (sentient or otherwise), causing the Fetch to be effectively invisible to unaware mortals, animals, and even other Faeries. It is a continual field surrounding the Fetch, and does not require any concentration to maintain.

The field is in place as long as the Fetch does not perform any actions which would cause it to suddenly be noticed. Speaking out, attacking, or measurably affecting the physical world around them would cause the Fetch to immediately appear. For small actions, a check against the Be Unseen ability would be required. For example, if a knife was dropped from the table and the Fetch caught it and replaced it, it would call for such a check. Failure would mean that the individual Fetch was suddenly noticed in the room, catching the knife.

Detection spells have no effect on the Fetch. Only a Perception check against the Fetch's Be Unseen will pierce the deception. Professional bodyguards and police in New Europa have been trained to look for Fetches in suspicious circumstances.

The Be Unseen ability has a major problem in that it cannot foil mechanical devices, such as cameras. The Fetch in unseen state appears as a milky blob of energy on the film if so caught. It was Matthew Brady who first "caught" them when photographing Union soldiers in the Civil War. Right now it is only a problem for Fetches so foolish as to stand in place long enough to be recorded. This will continue to be a problem as shutter speeds and film emollients improve. This limitation does not apply to Fetches actively duplicating their "Favored One."

Watchful Follower

The Fetch has the ability to know where its "Favored One" is by using this ability. The link between Fetch and chosen mortal is strong, and pain or damage to the mortal will be communicated to the Fetch wherever it is in the world (no damage is passed on, but the Fetch feels the pain).

When a Fetch character is created, it is considered to be "newly freed" of a previous favored one, and in search of a new target. The Fetch chooses a favored one, subject to the Host's approval. This favored one may be another player character, or an NPC, though unless that NPC is in regular contact with the other player characters, the Fetch character's interaction in the Game may be limited. The Fetch has no immediate memory of his previous incarnation, but the Host may choose to fill in the details later.

The level listed for Watchful Follower applies only to forging and maintaining the link between Fetch and favored one. As part of the Fetch's exceptional Shape Changing abilities, the Fetch has a EXT skill for imitating the form of their chosen one. All other shape-changing would be at the GR level.

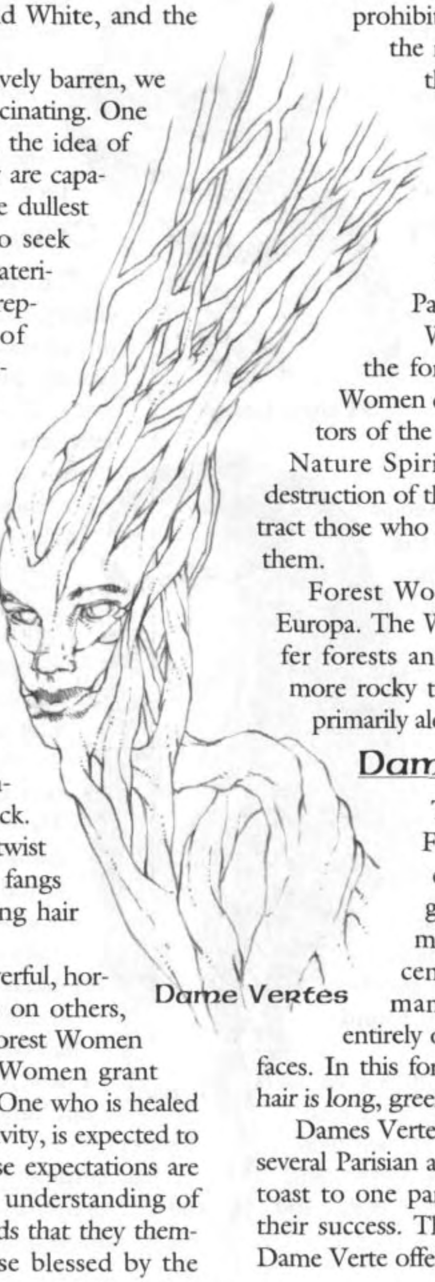
FOREST WOMEN

Dames Vertes, White Ladies, Gianes.

"There was a Pixie named Triscalia, who I'll talk about later, who was called the Muse of Montmart" said the King of the Faeries, "But she is not a true muse. The muses of old come from the stories of the Forest Women — The Ladies Green and White, and the Gianes."

While the Faerie folk are creatively barren, we find the human ability to create fascinating. One branch of the folk have embraced the idea of creativity, both good and ill. They are capable of generating inspiration in the dullest of mortals, and causing others to seek beauty from the most lifeless of materials. By the same token, they also represent the destructive nature of uncontrolled creativity and imagination, burning up the mortals they choose to inspire.

Most Forest Women are slightly taller than human mortals, with elongated arms and legs, delicate fingers, and long, prehensile toes. Their features are sharp and narrow, almost fragile looking, and their eyes outsized and as bright as a mountain stream. They are extremely strong, and that strength is enhanced by a mad frenzy they enter into when they attack. When in this frenzy their features twist — their nails become like spikes, fangs grow from their mouths, their long hair becomes as harsh as a wire whip.


Dame Vertes

The stories of the furies — powerful, horrid women who enact vengeance on others, come from the Wild Hunts the Forest Women sometimes lead. For the Forest Women grant their aid, but on their own terms. One who is healed by their touch, or gifted with creativity, is expected to live up to their expectations. These expectations are set by the Forest Women's own understanding of humanity, reinforced by the legends that they themselves have been a part of. Those blessed by the Forest Women are expected to make the best of their gifts, and live in peace with nature, and with kindness to others (particularly women and children). If they do not, the Forest women will hunt them down and kill them.

Even being on the good side of a Forest Woman is dangerous, as they often take human mates, then destroy them with the passion of consummating their marriage. Indeed, this is the "marriage prohibition" of the Forest Women, and if the male mortal survives the experience, the Forest Woman vanishes back to the Faerie Veil, and will not return to this plane until the married mortal is dead. Forest Women can and do mate with other Faeries without incident. Dwarfs and Nature Spirits such as Pans and Fauns are preferred mates.

While they are thought of as spirits of the forests, fields, and coasts, the Forest Women do not think of themselves as protectors of the wild places, leaving that role to the Nature Spirits. They do object to wholesale destruction of their territory, and will act to first distract those who seek to dislodge them, then destroy them.

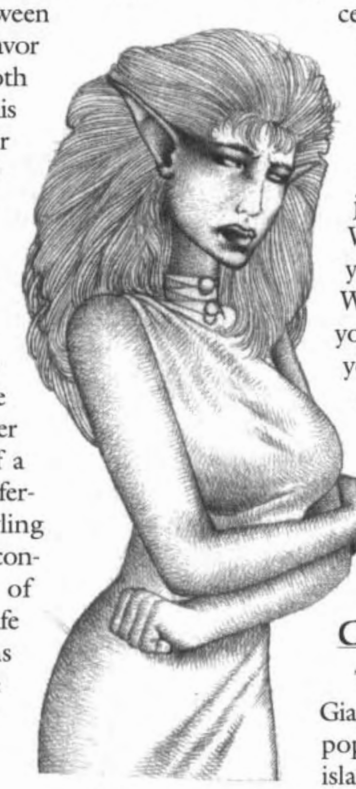
Forest Women are found throughout New Europa. The White Ladies and Dames Vertes prefer forests and woods, while the Gianes prefer more rocky terrain and seacoasts, and are found primarily along the Mediterranean coast.

Dames Vertes

The Green Ladies are typical of Forest Ladies found throughout the continent. They appear as greenish ghosts, using their Ethereality to make themselves practically translucent and wraith-like. Often they will manifest themselves as beings made entirely of woven ivy, with impassive, human faces. In this form they are called Ivy Ladies. Their hair is long, green, and woven into elaborate braids.

Dames Vertes are most numerous in France, and several Parisian artists and poets have raised a glass in toast to one particular Green Lady or another for their success. Those who have truly encountered a Dame Verte offer their thanks in a quieter fashion.

I was in a cafe along the Left Bank once when a vociferous argument broke out between two poets, both trying to gain the favor of a comely young waitress, and both claiming the same Dame Verte as his inspiration, one that lived near Giverny. Their exchanges and taunts became more heated, and the pair almost came to blows. The waitress sought to intervene between them, and was shoved aside roughly.

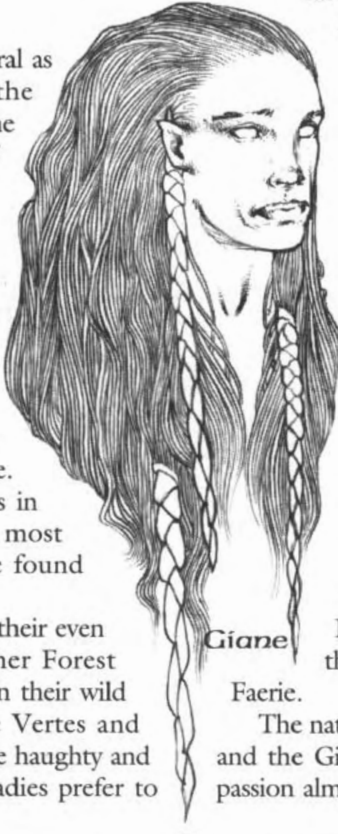

White Lady

That was a mistake, for the young woman began to change her shape before she even struck the floor. Her features lengthened and her skin became the luminous green of a Dame Verte, her eyes beaming an infernal jade. Both poets stopped brawling and realized at once that they were confronted with the true Green Lady of Giverny. The two hared out of the cafe by different doors, and neither has been seen in France since. As for the Dame Verte, I bought her several strong drinks to convince her not to lead a Wild Hunt through the streets of the City of Lights. I believe she still visits Paris, and is on good terms with Triscalia.

Dames Vertes are neither as cerebral as the White Ladies, nor as wild as the Gianes, and in temperament exhibit the middle ground of the family. If offended, spurned, or attacked, they will raise up a Wild Hunt against the mortal who has harmed them. Unlike the White Ladies, they will settle for the death of the offender.

White Ladies

These Faeries carry a lot of names, most of them local variations — Fainen, Weisse Frauen, and Sibille. They appear as flaxen-haired maidens in shimmering white shifts. They are most plentiful in the Germanies, but are found throughout the continent.


Giane

White Ladies pride themselves on their even temperament, and think of the other Forest Women as less mature and cultured in their wild abandon. For their part, the Dame Vertes and Gianes consider the White Ladies to be haughty and badly stuck on themselves. White Ladies prefer to guide and hint as opposed to directly interceding in the lives of mortals, and enjoy their tangential connections with humanity.

That is not to say that White Ladies are not without their petty feelings, or that they will spare a mortal they have judged unworthy. Once you offend a White Lady, it will hunt you down and kill you no less dead than any other Forest Woman. Then it will punish those who you hurt (for being so foolish as to trust you). And then, if still offended, it will starting hunting down your relatives and killing them as well.

Fortunately, White Ladies are the rarest of the Forest Women, but I would recommend that all but the most virtuous mortals steer clear of them.

Gianes

The last of the Forest Women groups, Gianes, are also called Aguane, and are most populous in Italy and the Mediterranean islands, but can be found throughout the south. They are tall, statuesque women with raven-dark hair. Without being indelicate, I should note that their bosoms are large enough that they may sometimes sling them over their opposite shoulders to carry them easily.

One mortal, the Italian poet Dante Alighieri, fell in love with a Giane named Beatrice and courted her. Later authors would connect this Beatrice with a Florentine of the same name of the Portinari family, but I can tell you that the original Beatrice was a Giane. He would visit her in the woods near his home, and the two became close. A friend of his knew that Dante pulled his inspiration from this beauty, but that if they grew too close, the poet would likely be destroyed. To that end this friend gave Dante a small cudgel that had been wrought from cold iron. While Forest Women are not repulsed by iron, they can be damaged by it like any other Faerie.

The nature of Faeries and mortals took its course, and the Giane seduced Dante, the intensity of her passion almost driving the life from him. Indeed, the poet, would have perished, if he had not used the cold iron cudgel to strike the Giane. The blow was intended only to drive her back, but she fled entirely from this plane, returning to the Faerie Veil.

Dante was devastated, and sought to pursue her. He found me in Padua, and after much discussion, I opened a doorway into the Faerie Veil and allowed him to search out his beloved. He found her after much searching, and his fictionalized version became the *Divine Comedy*.

Mortals say the Faerie are without true mortal feeling, but I know that in the many years since Dante's death, the Giane Beatrice returned to his tomb, and watered the plants there with her tears.

Forest Women in The Great Game

FOREST WOMEN ABILITIES

Ability	Dame Vertes	White Ladies	Giane
Fisticuffs	PR	PR	PR
Perception	GD	GD	GD
Athletics	GD	GD	GR
Physique	GD	GR	GD
Stealth	AV	AV	AV
Comliness	EXT	EXT	EXT
Charisma	EXC	EXC	EXC
Healing Touch	GD	GD	GD
Grant Creativity	GD	GD	GD
Etherealness	GD	GD	GD
Glamour	AV	AV	AV
Shapeshift	PR	PR	PR
Poor Skills	+3	+4	+4

Healing Touch

The Forest Women can heal any wound inflicted on a mortal or Faerie, including wounds that they themselves have placed on the individual. The healing is instantaneous, but can be used only for a single wound or act of damage. In addition, they may do this only three times for any individual during that individual's life. After the third time, that individual is proof against that Forest Woman's touch — his body having built up a resistance to the manipulations of the Forest Woman's Glamour.

While any mortal wound is healed immediately, the ability level listed in the table is given for the healing of wounds which have been inflicted through Sorcery or Faerie Glamours. These are more difficult to heal, and call for an ability challenge matching the healing level of the Forest Woman against the skill of the Sorcerer or Faerie that inflicted the wound. Should the Forest Woman fail in the healing attempt, it still counts against the three healings.

The Forest Women will use this ability to bring back their mortal lovers from the brink of death. Following the Battle of Königsieg, Auberon had all the Forest Women of Bayern on the battlefield, rescuing dying men of both sides, removing bullets with but a kiss.

Grant Creativity

This ability is the reason that Forest Women are sought by poets, authors, and artists, regardless of the personal danger to themselves. The Forest Women have the ability to bestow creativity on mortals, by mystically penetrating their thick skulls and re-wiring their minds in a more efficient pattern. A mortal under the effects of this Glamour gains two levels of ability in Performance or Tinkering abilities.

As for Evil Eye and Grant Luck abilities of other Faerie families, the Forest Woman must see the individual to be granted the gift with the naked eye. The Grant lasts as long as the Forest Woman so chooses, and is rescinded when she grants it to another. Should the Forest Woman be slain or return to the Faerie Veil, the gift remains.

GIANTS

Fomorians, Firbolg, Trolls and Ogres.

"I have not killed a True Giant for years," said Auberon reflectively, his hand clenching and unclenching as if in memory of the deed, "Centuries. They are rare now, and those that survived the Nightfall Wars are careful to hide themselves well, and keep their depredations to a minimum. Their descendants are the Spriggans, the races collectively known as Trolls and Ogres, and the foul creatures known as the Dark Lords."

The original Giants, the Fomorians and Firbolg, were more powerful than the Daoine Sidhe, and almost as powerful as the Tuatha De Danu. They were giants in every sense of the word, such that one wading across the Channel would look like an island that had broken loose of its moorings.

They were powerful, but the Tuatha were their betters. Danu slayed a hundred of them in a single day, so that even now the Giants hate loud noises, as they reminds them of Danu's great cudgel. That was in the Second Earth, when we all were mightier, and when I first realized that the physical world needed to be protected. In those days the hearts of the giants were already corrupt, and they saw mortals as nothing more than toys to be broken and discarded.

Many of these great Giants survived the destruction of the Second Earth, only to perish in the Nightfall Wars — Ymir, Surtur, Holstagg, and the Brothers Gog and Magog. Goliath outlasted the Nightfall Wars, only to fall many years later to a youth armed with a star metal projectile in his sling.

The present-day giantkin are lesser beings. Some are called Trolls, some Ogres, some change depending on the day and time. In the manner of their forbearers they stalk and kill and hunt and terrorize. Though terrifying, these are the merest echoes of the greatness, power, and evil of the original true giants.

Giants are diverse in their appearance. In their heyday, the true giants would be a hundred feet tall, but you'll rarely see one over forty feet these days. Ogres and Trolls lumber along at about ten to fifteen feet in height. If need be, they can shapeshift down to smaller sizes, even passing for humans. But there is always a reddish tint to their eyes that gives them away — that and a taste for human flesh.

Beyond the basics — big, hairy, and basically humanoid, the giants are as different as individuals can be. Hair, skin, and eye color varies as it does among mortals, and more so — there were Fomorians with bright red skin, pebbled like a lizard's, and there were those with hair as deep purple as a summer dusk. Many had horns, or kept fields of flame burning around their temples. The Minotaur of King Minos was a bull-headed Fomorian, though the runt of its litter.

Giants can wrap themselves with fear, as if fifty feet of muscular flesh using a spruce tree as a club is not terrifying enough. Their lesser cousins have that ability as well.

The most dangerous thing about Giants, owing to their great age and power, is their repulsions.

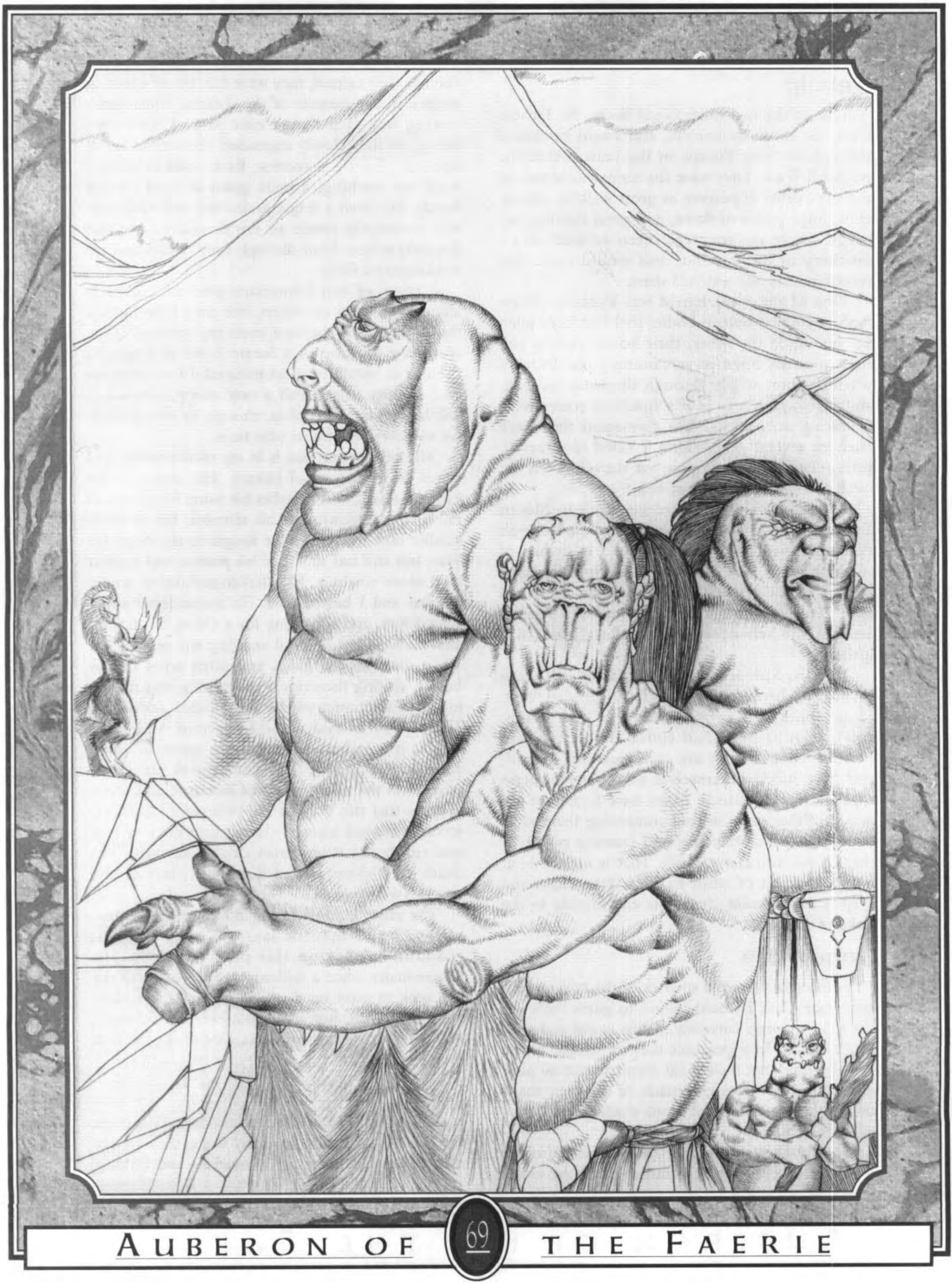
They have none.

Oh, they can be killed with cold iron as any other Faerie, or by weapons unknown to this Earth, like the monoblade Excalibur. But they are not repelled by things as other Faerie are. Inverted clothes give them no bother, nor are they harmed by salt or holy symbols. Bells bother them only because they are noisy, and iron irritates them, but they will be driven off by neither. And a shapeshifted Giant may sit in the church choir, crying hosannas and smiling to itself about its deception without any ill effect.

The Giants are almost exclusively Unseelie. The surviving Fomorians and Firbolg act as the Adversary's captains, while the Ogres and Trolls guard, murder, and do the heavy lifting. There have been "Seelie" giants, but most don't get much of a chance to prove themselves.

Occasionally a giant tries to turn over a new leaf, but its appearance, and the great damage it can cause, makes it a target for reprisals and attacks.

Giants are found primarily in the wild lands, far from humans and their elvish allies. They tend to be a shadowy people, now, as their true appearance causes the militias to turn out and the sorcerers to be summoned



Firbolg

One of the two Elder Giant Races, the Firbolg were the more numerous, and could be found throughout New Europa in the years before the Nightfall Wars. They were the more monstrous of the two, often appearing as great walking mountains, huge pillars of flame, and great floating icebergs. Their visages were often twisted into a mockery of humankind, and would ooze and reconfigure as one watched them.

One of the most horrid was Typhon, whose flesh resembled human bodies that had been piled up, one upon the other, their bodies twisted and their mouths open in screaming pain. Indeed, when Typhon strode through the land, he sang, and his singing was as if a hundred voices were bellowing in torment. He dominated the Greek Isles for several generations. I killed him myself, with a Third Earth weapon, yet the effort left me weak and spent for the next hundred years.

Typhon's children carved his tomb in Mount Etna, and his massive form, preserved through Fomorian spells, still lays there on a great bier of solid obsidian. The Trolls and Ogres tell themselves that the Nightfall War is not yet over, and that Typhon will rise again to lead his people. Such is the self-deception of these lesser-day giants.

Dagon, Surtur, Gog and Magog, all were Firbolg, who perished in the Nightfall War. Smaller ones, such as the Minotaur of King Minos, survived into historical times. There are still Firbolg, though they are rare creatures indeed, and have hidden themselves away on mountain tops and far-off islands. Many have forgotten the power of their past, instead contenting themselves with frightening travelers and feasting on those that do not run fast enough. That is for the best, for the amount of effort to kill a True Giant and keep it dead would churn the countryside in the wake of the battle.

Fomorians

Fomorians were the smarter of the two ancient giant races, and I would hazard to guess there are less than a dozen currently in this world and they are in hiding. In appearance they are similar to the Firbolg, save that their giant-forms would be pure and uniform — a golem made of obsidian shadows, a huge mannikin of flame-shaded agate, or a pillar of light.

Fomorians were once the most powerful of the Adversary's allies, for in addition to all the other abilities they carried, they were capable of wielding magick in the manner of the Tuatha. Their spell-casting was such that it cost part of their own being, so they slowly expended themselves in all manner of petty sorceries. Each spell in and of itself was nothing, a mere grain of sand on the beach. But even a single grain removed each year will eventually erode an entire island, and the Fomorians have lived through four Earths and are working on a Fifth.

I know of two Fomorians who are currently alive. There may be others, but they have hidden themselves away beyond even my scryings. One wears the disguise of a Steam Lord of England, though he would be most irritated if I revealed his true identity in so small a task as my memoirs. I will leave him to his plots, though he should realize by now that I know who he is.

The other Fomorian is in my own employ, and tends to my personal library. His name is the Horned Giant, and he takes his name from a set of rams' horns growing at his temples. He is much smaller now than when we fought in the Nightfall War, but still has much of his power, and a great deal more wisdom. He challenged me to single combat and I bested him. He surrendered and I spared him, and surprising for a Giant, he did not later turn on me, instead entering my service. He was a most literate giant, and often acted on my behalf, visiting the centers of learning and returning with memories of the great bards and poets. The pair of us raided the Library of Alexandria before it was burned, and have most of those ancient texts hidden away, along with first drafts of most of the major works of literature and several items that the Vatican still believes it holds. He serves well, and loves nothing more than to read and relish the discoveries of the mortals. The death of Dickens rattled him badly, but he still enjoys Twain's work.

The other Fomorians are in hiding, either masquerading as men or laying asleep in great redoubts, either on this plane or in Faerie. Occasionally, once a millennia or so, one will rise and seek to carry on the wars it lost eleven thousand years ago, but their numbers are so small, and their power has so waned, that they pose little threat today.

Ogres and Trolls

The most common of the modern Giants are the Ogres and Trolls. In many ways, they are the true children of the slain Fomorians and Firbolg, in that they, and the smaller Spriggans, were originally formed from the energies of the slain original Giants. When defeated, the more dangerous Fomorians and Firbolg were broken up and scattered, their energies forming new creatures. Most of the reason, it could be said, went into the Spriggans, leaving the brute strength for the Ogres and Trolls.

Ogre and Troll can be used interchangeably, and often are by these giant cousins. In general, Ogres are thought of as being stronger, dumber, heavier, flat-browed, and hairy, and Trolls as weaker, smarter, lankier, point-headed, and scaly. Both breeds, regardless of what they think of themselves, tend to be a few notches below your average Bogey, and are easier to confound, confuse, and escape.

Ogres and Trolls tend to be solitary, and favor lonely places far away from other Faerie where they may prey on lone mortals at their leisure. With the evolution of large cities, many of them have moved from the wilds into the basements and sewers beneath human metropoli. The sewers of Paris and Constantinople have entire communities of these creatures, who have driven out (or eaten) most of the human poor who made it their home. And I have heard most recently that poor Britons digging for oysters have been attacked by Trolls who haunt the banks of the Thames.

Occasionally one rouses itself to suitably imitate a human, and mingles with mortal society. Usually the charade ends the first moment the Troll loses its temper (and its identity with it). On a few occasions, the Ogres have forgotten they were truly Faerie, and gone on with the masquerade for a few years before returning to normal. One of the brighter Trolls ended up running an export company in Frankfurt for a dozen years, before a series of business reversals brought about a temper tantrum that resulted in both his exposure and the deaths of three of his competitors.

Giants in The Great Game

GIANT ABILITIES

Ability	Firbolg	Fomorians	Ogres and Trolls
Fisticuffs	GR	GR	GR
Perception	PR	GD	PR
Athletics	AV	AV	AV
Physique	EXT	EXT	EXT
Stealth	PR	PR	PR
Terrifying Apparition	GR	GR	GR
Etherealness	PR	PR	PR
Glamour	AV	AV	PR
Shapeshift	AV	GD	AV
Poor Skills	+2	+3	COM +0

Terrifying Apparition

Giants have the ability to wrap themselves in an aura of fear. This aura is targeted against one particular mortal of the Giant's choosing. Only that mortal will be affected by the Terrifying Apparition. The Mortal must be in sight of the Giant, similar to the evil eye ability of the Bogeys.

The affected mortal must make a Courage Check against the Giant's level of ability with this power. Success means that the mortal is unaffected by the attempt, though may be affected by a later attempt (no sooner than a day after the success). Failure indicates that the individual is struck with terror, and will try to flee the location immediately. Those mortals prone to swooning may do so as a result of failing this check.

The Giant may use this ability at any time, and unlike the Haunts is not limited by day or night. The ability lasts for only one hour, and is draining for the Faerie. The Giant must refrain from using this ability for an hour after a successful Terrify, or after an unsuccessful attempt to terrify. Some of the cleverer ones have learned to Terrify an individual mortal in a crowd to create a spreading effect.

HAUNTS

Will-O-Wisps, Jack-In-Irons, Haunt Trolls, Fachan.

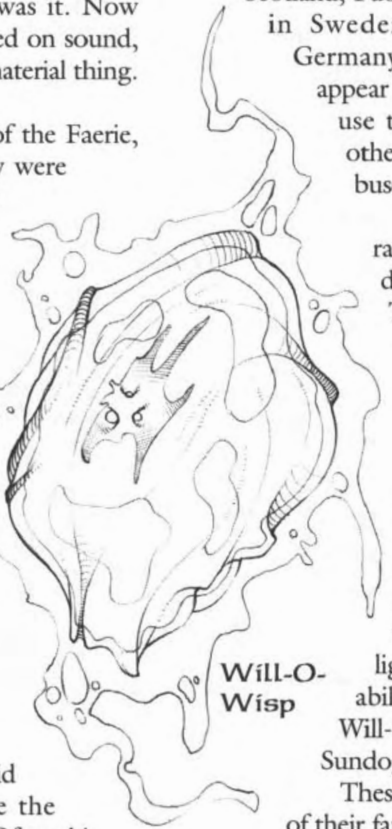
"You may have noticed," said Auberon late one evening in his drawing room, "that all of the Faerie we have discussed have taken on the form of living things — whether human or animal. Even the Fetches, with their ability to remain unseen, are built off a human template. The Faeries don't always get it right, as monsters like the Nuckalevee attest, but once they had chosen their original form, that was it. Now imagine those who took their form based on sound, or a flashing of light, or some other immaterial thing. These are the Haunts."

The Haunts are among the oldest of the Faerie, as humans would think of them. They were the first explorers to appear in the first world, and the other families learned from their mistakes. They took on the forms of natural light-shows, like St. Elmo's Fire, or sounds, or partially understood human figures. The Will-O-Wisps chose lights, the Jack-In-Irons and Haunt Trolls chose sounds, and the Fachan have their own odd genesis.

Haunts carry around the most repulsions, again a heritage of their early appearance on the First Earth. Iron, of course, prayers, holy symbols, salt, and inverted clothing all repel them. Bells also frighten Haunts, as the jangling operates on the same wavelength as the Haunt.

The Haunts are aware of their horrid appearance (or lack thereof) and like the Giants have the ability to terrify others. Often this takes the form of a nameless, unseen dread that forces the breath from the body and causes the heart to trip. Many horrors of the imagination have their origins in the Haunts.

Haunts are first and firmly in the Unseelie Court, their minds as warped as their bodies. Several have been useful to me over the years, and some have switched allegiances. But they remain untrustworthy and cunning, and have a deep, abiding hatred of the living things which they have imperfectly aped.



Will-O-Wisp

Will-O-Wisps

The most common of the Haunts, these Faerie first arrived in darkness, and took their appearance from distant lights, luminescent fungus, even the moon itself. As a result they appear as bobbing balls of light. Mortal legends say that these are the lanterns carried by the Haunts, but in reality the light is their bodies. They are not St. Elmo's Fire, which is a natural phenomenon.

The Will-O-Wisps have as many names as there are languages in New Europa. They are Spunkies in Scotland, Fuochi Fatui in Italy, The Lygte Men in Sweden, the Luchtenmannikens in Germany and Tan Noz in France. They appear as spheres of light, though many use their shapeshifting ability to take other solid forms, including halos, nimbuses of fire, platonic solids, and disks.

Will-O-Wisps can increase their radiance to that of a full moon, or dim it to the dull glow of an ember. They often use this ability to lure mortals into dangerous situations, such as swamps or the Limehouse district of London, then abandon them.

Will-O-Wisps lack hands, but can extrude glowing strands of radiant matter from their spherical bodies that allow them to perform fine manipulations and lift small weights. They can appear in sunlight, but do not do so because their ability to terrorize is denied them. A Will-O-Wisp in the daylight is called a Sundog.

These Haunts are the most communal of their family, and many will gather in desolate places. A gaggle of Will-O-Wisps is a dangerous thing, for they are very competitive, and will keep score by the number of mortals they lead to their deaths. They are not choosy about their prey, either, often selecting small children as their victims.

A pair of Will-O-Wisps terrorized Bayern in the 14th Century through a clever trick. They combined their abilities to make themselves appear as an invisible giant with red, glowing eyes. The eyes were their bodies, kept at an equal distance as they chased their prey through the forests. Traditional repulsions kept them at bay, but no one knew what they were dealing with, which merely added to their terror. Finally, a clever Faerie Lord figured out what they were up to, and meeting with each Will-O-Wisp separately, convinced each that the other was taking advantage of their partnership. The next evening, the pair fell into squabbling, and eventually attacked each other. The mortal natives of Bayern were treated to a light show that outshone the northern lights, after which the Ghost-Beast that terrorized them was no more.

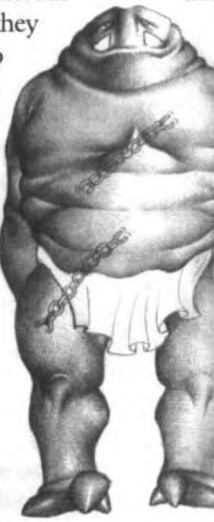
Jack In Irons

The Jack in Irons was originally a sound as opposed to a presence, and only in recent times (as the Faeries would measure time) did it take on mortal trappings. It sounds like the continual scrape of metal on metal, as if a great collection of chains are being dragged over rough ground. In the day, the sound is easily discounted, overwhelmed by the noise of daily life. But at night, the rough clink of metal sliding over metal is enough to cause brave hearts to quail.

Originally there was one Jack, an explorer who regretted the form he had taken. Though a member of the Unseelie Court, he sought out the help of Barbarossa, one of our great lords. Old Redbeard worked with Jack, and allowed him to form a body of sorts.

The body was well-suited to the original Jack, for it was a ghostly Giant, armed with sharp-toothed weapons and with human heads slung around its belt. That suited Barbarossa as well, and for his services he received a promise from the Jack — the Jack would not harm other members of the Seelie Court, nor those under their protection, and further, it would be available whenever one of the Elf-Kings needed some terrorizing done. Jack made the promise, and held other Faeries who chose to take that form to the promise as well.

As a result, the Jacks are considered allies of the Seelie Courts, though not trustworthy members. I have used Jacks to my own ends, most recently in a small matter involving a miserly old man and his views on Christmas. Dickens recorded the tale, with his own elaborations, of course. But the Jack involved was so pleased with his efforts (he imitated the miser's business partner) that he kept both the accoutrements and the name of his role. Now Marley stalks the financial districts of London, rattling the metal payboxes attached to his chains he forged in life, and delights in threatening the minions of the Steam Lords.

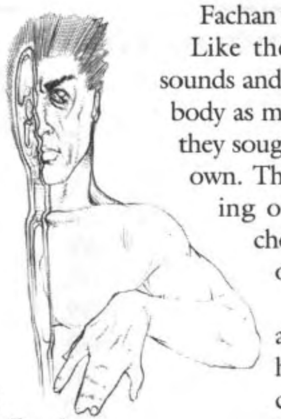

Jack In Irons

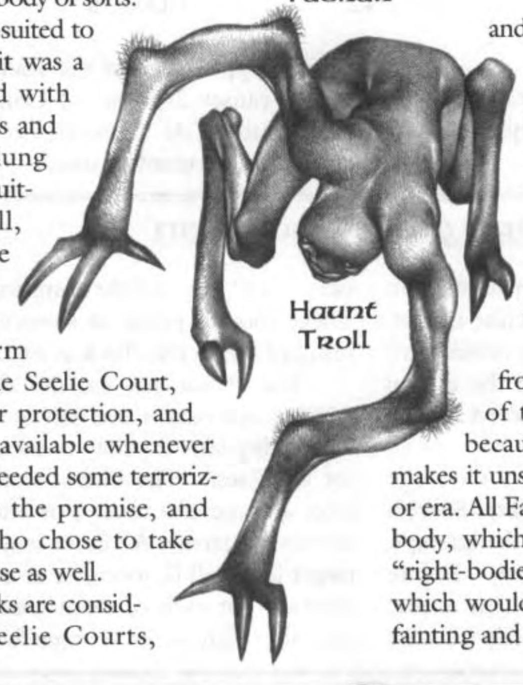
Fachans

The Fachan (fah-CHAN) is not to be confused with the Falchan (FALL-chan), an imaginary bogey that does not exist. The Fachan is in many ways much more horrid. Like the Jack, the original Fachans were sounds and shimmering lights, lacking a physical body as mortals understand it. Unlike the Jack, they sought to correct their deficiency on their own. The fachans found a mortal corpse laying on its side in a shallow river. They chose that shape, and the result is one of the most horrid of Faerie-kind.

A Fachan has a single leg, a single arm, and a single eye. Artists who have not encountered the horror have cobbled together a fantasy beast, a hopping horror with a cyclopean eye and single arm reaching from its chest. The true Fachan is much more terrifying in appearance. Imagine a human bisected lengthwise, its brain and other organs glistening wetly like a freshly-killed corpse in an anatomy lab. It walks as it it was a whole being, creating a twisted mockery of mortals. The sight of this has driven men mad as it haunts lone travelers.

The Fachan is a loner, and stays away from populated areas. This may be because of the limits of its abilities, or perhaps because of its grotesque appearance, which makes it unsuitable for human company in any place or era. All Fachan duplicate the right-hand side of the body, which is a pity. Were there "left-bodied" and "right-bodied" Fachan, they could join temporarily which would allow them to be seen without women fainting and men growing ill.


Fachan


Haunt Troll

Haunt Trolls

The Haunt Trolls are the Things That Go Bump In The Night, the Monsters Under The Bed. They are the weakest of the Haunts, and are distant kin in part to the Giantish Trolls (who will tell you in no uncertain terms that the Haunt Trolls are upstarts, and that only Giantish Trolls are the "True" Trolls).

Haunt Trolls are small and amorphous, usually being roughly humanoid in form. They have too many joints in their arms and legs or limbs which are plastic and similar to tentacles. They were formed from the first descriptions of mortals, and not very accurate descriptions at that. They often look clownish and humorous, which is an insult to any creature which prides itself on its ability to terrorize.

The Haunt Trolls are very aware that their appearance is often less effective than the noises they make, and as such stay out of sight. Instead they use their terrifying abilities to summon ghosts of the mind, causing the target to imagine a huge beast with dripping, slavering jaws, rending the living flesh from its victim's bones, and snapping those bones between its grinding back teeth.

Haunt Trolls are also among the most cowardly of the Haunts, and often choose children as victims. They are also easily dispatched — a heartfelt prayer is sufficient to send it screaming into the night, away from the house it had infested. Other Haunts regard the Trolls as poor relations, and they are not welcome in the swamps and lonely roads claimed by the more powerful Haunts.

Haunt Trolls are not as numerous as Will-O-Wisps, though their frequent changes of home cause them to seem more common. Many of the evil deeds attributed to smaller Faeries, such as Bogeys, are, in fact, the actions of Haunt Trolls.

Haunts in The Great Game

HAUNT ABILITIES

Ability	Will-O-Wisps	Jack in Irons	Fachans	Haunt Trolls
Fisticuffs	PR	AV	PR	PR
Perception	AV	AV	AV	AV
Athletics	PR	PR	PR	PR
Physique	AV	AV	AV	AV
Stealth	GR	GR	GR	GR
Terrifying Apparition	GR	GR	EXC	AV
Etherealness	GR	GR	GD	EXC
Glamour	PR	PR	PR	AV
Shapeshift	GD	GD	GD	GR
Poor Skills	+1	+2	COM +0	+1

Notes:

1) Haunt Trolls also have Courage of PR. This may count as one of the required Poor Skills for the type.

2) The appearance of the Fachan is so horrid that it causes 2 points of Constitution Shock immediately. As a result, Fachans are rarely invited to debutante parties.

Terrifying Apparition

The Haunt has the ability to wrap itself in an aura of fear, targeted against one particular mortal. The mortal does not have to be in sight (unlike Evil Eye), but the Haunt has to have seen the mortal before. Only that mortal will be affected by the Terrifying Apparition.

The affected mortal must make a Courage Check against the Haunt's level of ability. Success means that the mortal is unaffected by the attempt, though it may be affected by a later attempt. Failure indicates that the individual is struck with terror, and will try to flee the location immediately (seeking better-lit places, and the company of other mortals). Those mortals prone to swooning may do so as a result of failing this check as well.

The Haunt may use this ability only at night, which is one reason that they are usually active then. The ability lasts for only one hour, and is draining for the Faerie. The Haunt must rest for an hour after a successful terrify, or after an unsuccessful attempt to terrify. A Haunt may choose to haunt a target in a well-lit room, or at a party among other mortals, but each of these special cases allows the mortal to increase his courage for that check by one.

KOBOLDS

Knockers, Blue Caps, Witchtlein, and Coblyneas.

"So far, " said Auberon, "All our discussions have been of general families, the members of which share certain concerns and special abilities, but who have a wide variety of appearances and natures. The case of the Kobolds is slightly different. In this case, the various names are regional subclasses of effectively the same group of individuals. A Kobold is a Knocker is a Blue Cap is so on and so on."

Kobolds are mine Faeries, kin to the brownies, but lacking their ability to do great works. Indeed, the ability of various Kobolds seems to depend on the miners' opinions themselves. The Kobolds of Bayern and the Knockers of Cornwall are noted for their industry, as are the Blue-Caps of the north of England, who gain their name from the soft blue luminescence of their hats. The Coblyneas of Wales, and the Austrian Witchtlein, according to the miners at least, put on a great show of work but produce little in the way of actual results.

Kobolds are from one to three feet in height, with wide faces and heavy features. They are more slender than muscular, but can wield a human-sized pick as if it were a feather, or maneuver a push-cart filled with rocks. They have their own kobold-sized tools to do their work, and the Knockers take their name from the sound of their tools at work.

While relatives of the Brownie, the Kobold do require payment, and many mortals have learned the first ideas of union-management relations when dealing with Kobolds. Their demands are not great, but they are usually exact. Failure to live up to a Kobold contract will result in a sick-out by the Faerie, while outright cheating the elves may result in a cave-in destroying the mine itself.

Kobolds use their ethereal ability to pass through solid rock, allowing them to find new beds of ore and to reach trapped miners. They do not fly, normally, but can if pressed.

Kobolds are communal creatures with a sense of place. If humans abandon a mine shaft they will often maintain it long afterwards, and ward off travelers who might stumble into their shaft. There have been occasions where Knockers have found new veins of ore in abandoned shafts, and notified the human owners (in exchange for a chunk of the profits).

Kobolds have a loyalty to their mine and to their home name. Each insists that the other "sub-families" should be named after them. Their loyalty is akin to that of fans of teams in the Rugby Union, brooking no argument or discussion. Keep this in mind when you're talking to any of them. Calling a Knocker a Kobold to his face, while accurate, is inviting a rain of stones from the darkness of the mine.

Kobolds in The Great Game

KOBOLD ABILITIES

ABILITY	KOBOLDS		
Fisticuffs	GD	Portend Danger	GR
Perception	GD	Smell Rare Earth	GD
Athletics	AV	Etherealness	GR
Physique	GD	Glamour	PR
Stealth	AV	Shapeshift	PR
		Poor Skills	0

Portend Danger

The Kobolds have the ability to sense potential danger, as determined by the Host. The Host gives the danger a value, and the Kobold uses his ability against that value to determine success:

Obvious, Deadly	PR	Hidden, Minor	GR
Obvious, Damaging	AV	Concealed, Deadly	GR
Obvious, Minor	GD	Concealed, Damaging	EXC
Hidden, Deadly	AV		
Hidden, Damaging	GD	Concealed, Minor	EXT

Obvious — the source of the danger is readily apparent — for example weakened mine timbers.

Hidden — the source of the danger is not readily apparent — for example, shifts deep within the earth.

Concealed — the source of the danger has be purposefully hidden — blasting caps set to cause a cave-in.

Deadly— The damage, in the Hosts' opinion (before any determination is made) would result in a mortal death.

Damaging — The damage from the danger would harm humans but not kill them (In the Host's opinion — this does not negate the chance that someone might die anyway when matters are resolved)

Minor — Only 1 point of damage should be taken by those affected by the danger.

These values are for damage within mines. Raise all levels by one if the Kobold is attempting to use this ability in a non-mine situation (say, on the streets of Paris).

Smell Rare Earth

Kobolds have a nose for minerals, in particular gold, silver, and platinum, as well as precious gems. This ability reflects their likelihood of finding these materials underground, if present in the first place (Host's determination). The ability can also be used to find other metals, such as lead or copper, at a one-level penalty. They may also locate gold, silver, and platinum above ground, again, at a one-level penalty. In Essen, a mysterious cat-burglar was revealed to be working in cahoots with a Knocker with a taste for precious items.

LAKE LADIES

River Women, Undines, Russalki, Gwagged Annwns, Nixies, and Sirens.

"Most of the Faerie families are one sex or the other," mused The King, "and the great predominance are male. That makes fair sense, since the first mortals which most of the Faerie encountered were hunters, warriors, and farmers. However, the Lake Ladies, like their kin the Nymphs, first encountered women washing clothes and preparing meals by the side of the water. As a result, they are almost exclusively female, and often take mortal men as their lovers, and the fathers of their children."

Lake Ladies are not confined to merely lakes — any large body of water can be their home. Unlike the Nymphs, they lack the ability to put their homes away in a personal space, so they often prefer large, slow rivers, wide lakes, or large bays, where they can build their mansions.

There is a second great difference between the Lake Ladies and the Nymphs. While certain of the Nymphs (Neriedes and Niaads, who are sometimes categorized as Lake Ladies as well) make their homes in and around water, the Lake Ladies are part of the water that they inhabit. As a result, they can merge with it, as well as drawing sustenance and strength from it. Separating a Lake Lady from the water is akin to starving a mortal — eventually the Lake Lady will whither and die.

Lake Ladies, regardless of type, are extremely beautiful, though that beauty ranges from the earthy to the alien. They are extremely vain about their looks, and not above using their Glamour to make themselves even more enticing. Nor are they too ethical to resist using their powers of magickal allure on others. Young men are particularly vulnerable to such allures, but the Lake Ladies are not above snaring young women as well, to serve as nursemaids for their children. Those kidnapped in this fashion are brought beneath the waves, and as a result of the Faerie's allure ability, suffer no damage from breathing water, as long as the Lake Lady so wishes it. Should the captive rebel, or the Lake Lady grow tired of her new mortal, with a wave of the hand the allure (and the protection from drowning) evaporates. Usually, but not always, this is done at a great depth, ensuring the death of the mortal.

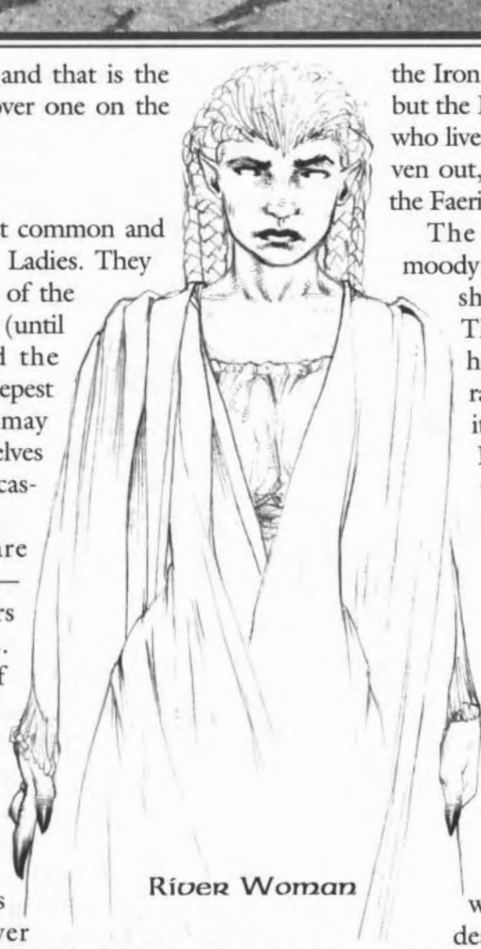
With the exception of the Phookas, the Lake Ladies are the best Shapeshifters of the Faerie, capable of moving between one form and another quickly. They can often appear as hybrids, such as fish- or bird-women, with the result that they are sometimes mistaken for Mermaids or Selkies. Their "natural" appearance is that of a "normal" mortal female. Often their emotional state accounts for rapid shifts in appearance, and an angry Lake Lady often is indistinguishable from a Hag or other Water Demon.

The idea of human procreation holds a fascination for the Lake Ladies, and they are willing to carry a mortal child to term. Usually this child is pure human, receiving all material substance from the father. There have been cases of Lake Ladies passing along some of their own energies to children. Such children are often blessed with second sight, or the ability to breath water naturally.

Lake Ladies are repulsed by iron, and by prayers and holy symbols of every faith. When they marry, it is with vows of their own writing, for they will flee a minister or priest. They also set at this time a marriage restriction, which is made known to their groom. These are usually more ordinary restrictions than those set by Nymphs, but the lover of a Lake Lady must pay careful heed to avoid violating the terms of their union. Often the restriction is something as simple as never striking the bride, or never raising one's voice or yelling at their children.

Should the wedding prohibition be broken, the Lake Lady will disappear into the nearest pool of water, never to be seen again by the mortal. Even then, the mortal is not off the hook, for the Lake Lady still considers the two to be married, and if the mortal marries again, both the husband and the new bride will be hunted for a year and a day by the Lake Lady and whatever allies she can gather. Wild Hunts have been called and led by Lake Ladies before, and even travelling over the sea is no protection from their vengeance.

Lake Ladies are found throughout New Europa though different varieties have different local distributions. They may travel, but must return to their home once a year. In areas where the lakes and rivers freeze over, the Lake Ladies hibernate for the winter, along with any mortals in their personal court. When they are awakened in the spring, they are particularly hungry for new experiences, and that is the most dangerous time to discover one on the riverside.



River Woman

River Women

River Women are the most common and the most volatile of the Lake Ladies. They are found in the larger rivers of the north — The Seine, the Oder (until recently), the Donau, and the Rhine. Their lairs are in the deepest parts of the river, but they may often be seen sunning themselves on rocks and playing in the cascades of tributaries.

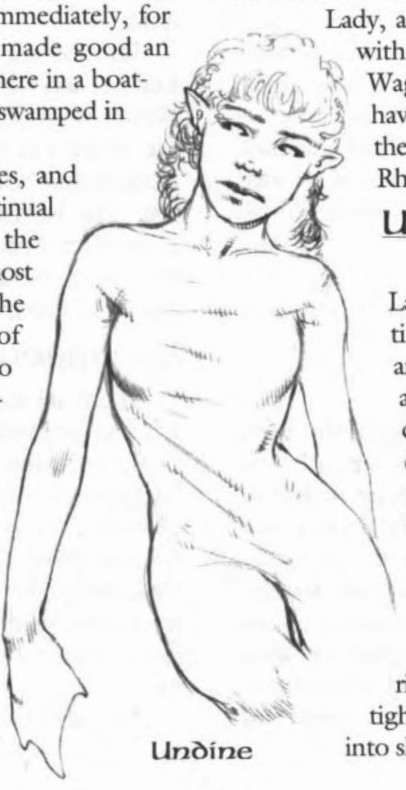
The River Women are paragons of German beauty — ample hips, broad shoulders and statuesque proportions. They have hair the color of golden wheat, and comb and recomb it into elaborate braids, They are extremely vain about their looks. One young man shook off the effect of their enchantment used that vanity to manage his escape. He cut off the River Woman's locks as she slept before fleeing, ensuring that the Faerie would not pursue immediately, for shame of her appearance. And he made good an escape to Canada, but, alas, he died there in a boating accident when his small craft was swamped in what mortals call a "freak storm".

River Women are social creatures, and like other female Faeries, are in continual competition with each other as to the prized nature of their mates. The most notorious of these collectors are the Rhine Maidens just downstream of Strasbourg, who have been known to make pirate-style raids on passing vessels looking for suitable young men. Most of the major shipping lines find it easier to bribe the Rhine Maidens than to put up with their predations, and these particular Lake Ladies have grown rich on mortal gold.

Less fortunate were those River Women who lived on the banks of the Oder, which is in Prussian Territory. The actions of the Iron Chancellor is noted under Nymphs, but the River Women and other Lake Ladies who lived along this waterway have been driven out, either to other streams, or back to the Faerie Veil itself.

The River Women are volatile and moody. One day they may be playful and shy, the next angry and powerful. Their moods take no mind of the height of the river, the amount of rainfall, or any celestial event. Rather, it is in their capricious nature itself. However, when they have pledged their troth to a particular mortal, they remain loyal until that mortal betrays them or perishes. A few mortals kidnapped have been released after a while, but this is an exception as opposed to a rule.

Wagner, before his death, was a confidante of the Rhine Maidens, and supplemented his income by negotiating on the behalf of the trading lines. His temperament matched those of the Rhine Maidens, such that he was never taken as a mate, but could deal with them. The Rhine Maidens claimed that one of Wagner's forbearers was a Lake Lady, and when he died the river ran high with their weeping for days. Also since Wagner's death, the trading companies have been laying railroad tracks along the river in preparation for the day the Rhine Maidens go raiding again.



Undine

Undines

Undines are the most alien of the Lake Ladies, taking the form of beautiful women, but being made purely and visibly of water. Their flesh is pure and unpolluted by silt, but translucent from front to back, and either clear, or blue or green, depending on their mood and the situation. Often air bubbles will be floating within them, or fish swimming through them. I may speak with experience that dallying with an Undine, while disquieting at first, is a unique experience. Their hair is usually white and tightly curled, like the combers coming into shore.

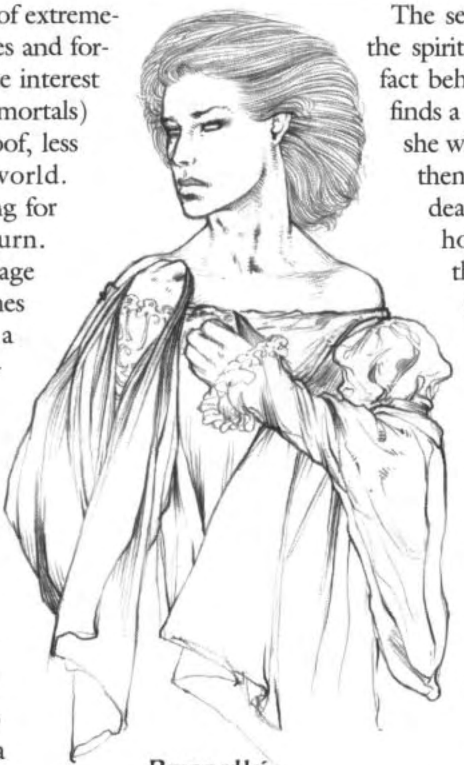
Undines are found in locations of extremely pure water, such as highland lakes and forgotten streams. While they have the interest in mortals (and particularly male mortals) of their sisters, they seem more aloof, less connected with their physical world. They lead tranquil existences, asking for little and expecting little in return. Indeed, one of the common marriage prohibitions in matings with Undines is that the husband never speak a harsh word to her, else she will disappear.

During the late Middle Ages, a mage, traveler and con man names Paracelsus encountered Undines (rare even then) and declared them to be the physical embodiment of water. To fill out his cosmological menagerie, he assigned Gnomes the role of embodying Earth, and recruited the Salamander, a Faerie Pet, to symbolize fire. Finally he created a new creature of whole cloth, the Sylph, to stand for air. Paracelsus thought it to be a bit of light fantasy, and wrote a romance about an Undine, fictionalizing his own dealings.

Of course he didn't expect to be taken seriously, but as with most Mortal things, that is exactly what has happened. To this day would-be Alchemists searching for the Philosopher's Stone troop up to remote Swiss lakes (and elsewhere) to seek out their wisdom. The Undines are amused, and consider such scholars an "offering" from the mortal community to their beauty. As such they may be kept on under Allure indefinitely. Paracelsus would be amused, since that keeps the number of foolish wizards down to a minimum.

Russalki

The Russalki are the most beautiful of the River Women in my considered opinion, though you would find those who disagree. They are natives of Eastern New Europa, particularly Russia and Romania. They are slender and gentle things, graceful as fawns, and can be seen playing in their translucent gowns among the icepack as it breaks up on the Russian rivers in spring. Their flesh is pale, and their hair wavy and dark. Their eyes are wild, the color of clouds before the storm. Their attitude is proud and their manner haughty.


Russalki

The serfs of Russia believe Russalki are the spirits of young suicides, and there is fact behind the legend. When a Russalki finds a dead woman's body in the water, she will often shapeshift into that form, then seek out the reason for the girl's death. If accidental, she retires to her home after a month. If she finds that the girl killed herself because of some evil act by others, she hunts down those responsible and kills them (usually by drowning).

The Russalki differ from the rest of the Lake Ladies in that they already have mates, the grotesque Vodyany (See under Water Demons). This does not slow the Russalki down for a moment in romancing younger, better-looking mortals. The Vodyany are fiercely jealous, and kill any of these interlopers that they catch. The fact that the poor mortal may have been snared by the Russalki's own Glamours has nothing to do with its reaction. Even Faerie Lords have been known to dash out the back of a Russalki lair when the Vodyany charges in the front.

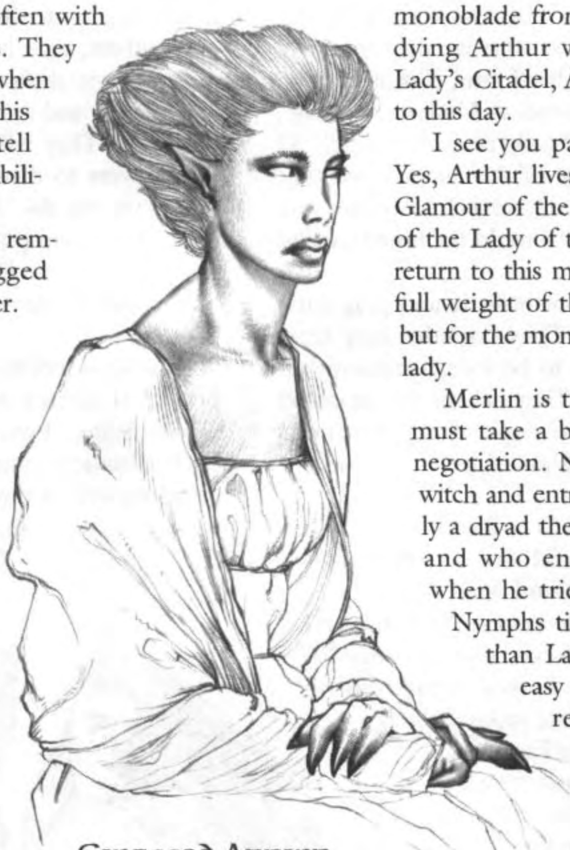
Russalki are on extremely good terms with the Leshiye, and were instrumental in helping those great Nature Spirits foil Napoleon's attack on Russia. They are more nationalist and monarchist than the Leshiye, and believe that a Russia ruled by a superior elite (that is, czars) is superior to any other form of government. Given that the other governments they have seen have consisted of invaders (Vikings, Mongols, Frenchmen), they may be right.

Gwagged Annwn

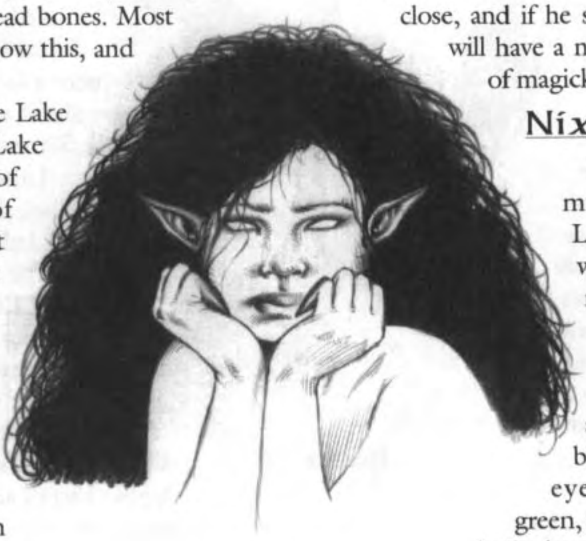
These are the most social of the River Women, and and are most likely to let their mates live. Indeed, those who live within the communities of the Gwagged Annwn (gwra-geth Anoon) have their lives extended for as long at they remain within. The Annwn mostly concentrate in the western British Isles, particularly in Wales. There, on clear and windless nights, sharp eyes can pierce the crystal lake surfaces to reveal their great underwater citadels by moonlight.

The Gwagged Annwn are tall and pale, with blonde hair and crystal blue eyes. They are often dressed in diaphanous robes, often with thin veils, bedecked with gems. They may wear less scandalous garb when moving among human cities. In this later case they are difficult to tell apart from humans, save their inability to count beyond "five".

This numerical restriction is a remnant from when the first Gwagged Annwn took her first mortal lover. He agreed to stay with her for six days, needing to be home by the Sabbath. She agreed, but immediately wiped any number above "six" from her mind, such that they would be together forever for "five" days. After two years (for her company was very pleasant), the mortal caught on to the deception and forced his release. Hurt, the Gwagged Annwn released the human from her spell, and from the protection that allowed him to breath water, causing him to drown. As a result, the Annwn will not count to six.


Gwagged Annwn

The Annwn's homes are Matriarchies, of course, and though men are present they are usually the ancient mortals that have been taken from the mortal world long ago, and kept until they think of themselves more as Fair Folk than as human. Should they leave the protection of their lady's homes, however, they will return to time as we know it, and collapse into a pile of ancient, dead bones. Most of the mortals so ensnared know this, and are happy with their fate.


Nixie

The most famous of these Lake Ladies is the Lady of the Lake herself, from the old tales of Arthur. I will not speak of Arthur's exploits himself, but I will say that everything that connects him with the Faerie is pure, unvarnished truth. She did give Arthur Excaliber (The Sword in the Stone was later Public Relations), and reclaimed it from Sir Bedevere after the last battle with Mordred. In exchange for the blade (a monoblade from the Third Earth), the dying Arthur was taken below to the Lady's Citadel, Avalon, where he remains to this day.

I see you pause in your shorthand. Yes, Arthur lives, kept alive through the Glamour of the Faerie and the devotion of the Lady of the Lake. Should he ever return to this mortal coil he will feel the full weight of the intervening centuries, but for the moment he lives alongside his lady.

Merlin is there, as well, though I must take a bow for that little bit of negotiation. Nimue, who was called a witch and entrapped Merlin, was merely a dryad the wizard had dallied with, and who enraptured the magician when he tried to rabbit. Of course, Nymphs tire of their prizes sooner than Lake Ladies, and it was an easy matter to secure Merlin's release. I then "traded" Merlin to the Lady of the Lake for Excaliber itself, which I am keeping in a safe location for future use.

Merlin was glad to be a part of the plot, of course, since his eventual goal is to break both himself and Arthur away from the control of the Ladies of the Lake. He figured out how to do that only five hundred years ago, and has been working on a method to avoid suddenly aging a millennium-plus all at once. Last time I checked, he was very, very close, and if he succeeds, I think Morrolan will have a new competitor on the field of magick.

Nixies

Nixies are the smallest and most playful of the Lake Ladies, meaning that they will likely enthrall a young man for a week-long tryst as opposed to a ten-year enslavement. They are the most pixie-like in appearance, having cherubic faces, wide, intelligent eyes, and smooth skin of green, gold, or blue. They are typically three to four feet tall.

Some supposed sages claim Nixies to be the young of the Lake Ladies, who would eventually evolve into one of the higher forms. This is because Nixies are found in the homes of Undines, Russalki, and Gwagged Annwn. Actually they are a family all to themselves, but because of their unprepossessing size and merry temperament, are welcomed into the homes of their larger cousins to do the housekeeping work.

Nixies tend to be more realistic and pragmatic than other Lake Ladies. They consider long-term relationships with mortals to be foolish romanticism on the part of the Faerie. They believe that mankind will never evolve past the stage where they need physical bodies at all times and thus are doomed to be forever mortal.

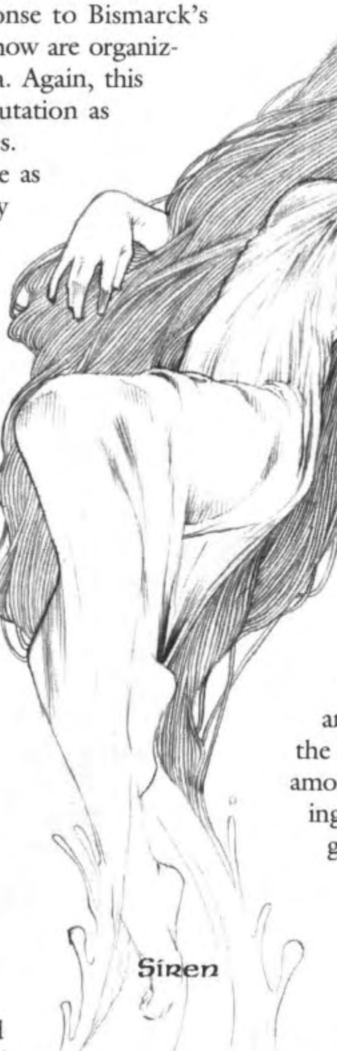
Nixies are often used as ambassadors between various sea-bred Faeries, and deal equally well with Nymphs, Water Demons, and Merfolk. They were instrumental in the Faerie response to Bismarck's pogrom on the Oder, and even now are organizing resistance cells within Prussia. Again, this tends to reinforce the Nixie reputation as scrappy, tough, little female Faeries.

This tough realism is nowhere as apparent as in one of the early leaders of the Prussian resistance, now relocated to England. Her name is Mikopola, and she is noted for her dark hair and fiery eyes, and for a quote that has become the battle-cry of the Nixies. "I'm shorter than you. Ergo, I'm meaner." That could sum up the entire way of Nixie thinking.

Sirens

The only type of Lake Lady that lives in salt waters, the Sirens are often confused with Merfolk, though these Faeries prefer to spend much of the time out of the water, sunning themselves on rocky outcroppings and luring passing sailors to their doom. They are the cruelest of the Lake Ladies, and most likely to ally with the forces of the Unseelie Court.

Sirens are human-sized, and dress in luminous gowns knitted from the seawater itself. Their eyes are pale and their faces radiant, their hair a rainbow of shades. They are expert shape-shifters, taking the form of an eagle when flying and a dolphin when swimming through the water. They will often use their nature-controlling powers to drive ships on the rocks, and then move among the drowning men, choosing their lovers from among the drowning and leaving the rest to perish. Like the Oceanides, the Sirens are an excellent reason for ships leaving port to carry a priest on board.



Siren

The Queen of the Sirens is Lamia, who is equal in power, if not more powerful than most of the Daoine Sidhe. Even I would hesitate to confront her on her home grounds. She lives in her underwater kingdom west of the Azores, though she considers all the sea her domain, and all the coasts her borders. There are a number of individuals who might argue with that statement, but none would choose to do it to her face.

Lamia is the most beautiful of her race, with eyes that could enrapture a Faerie Lord himself. She may change size such that one moment she comes to the bottom of your chin, and the next tower over a clipper ship in full rigging. Her hair and eyes are as she sees fit, becoming brighter as she grows more agitated. She loves challenges, in particular when it may prove her opponent a fool.

She is a powerful individual, and the other Sirens pay her obeisance. The remaining Lake Ladies provide lip service and stay to their fresh-water haunts, counting the Lady of the Lake as their leader — a "first among equals". The Adversary has been romancing the Lamia of late, waylaying boats of immigrants to America for her court to feed on. I, in return, dispatched Mikopola to her court with a simple news item — Bismarck, the Adversary's human pawn, is building ships with iron hulls, and equipping them with depth charges and mines. It will be interesting to see what her response will be to this news.

Lake Ladies in The Great Game

LAKE LADY ABILITIES

Ability	River Women	Undines	Russalki	Gwagged Annwn	Nixies	Sirens
Fisticuffs	PR	PR	PR	PR	PR	PR
Perception	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD
Athletics	GD	AV	PR	GD	AV	AV
Physique	AV	AV	AV	GD	GD	AV
Stealth	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD
Comliness	EXT	EXT	EXT	EXT	EXT	EXT
Charisma	GR	GR	GR	GR	GR	GR
Raise Nature	GD	GD	GD	GR	PR	GR
Allure	GD	GD	GD	GR	AV	GR
Etherealness	PR	GD	PR	AV	AV	AV
Glamour	GD	AV	GD	GD	PR	PR
Shapeshift	GR	GR	GR	GR	GD	GR
Poor Skills	+4	+4	+2	+6	+1	+5

Raise Nature

This is the ability to alter the surrounding forces of Nature to the Faerie's own whim- usually in the form of sudden storms, winds, and earth tremors. The various groups of the Kindred may have this ability to different degrees, or affecting different aspects of Nature. Lake Ladies have full effect provided it is near a body of water (up to a half-mile distant). Different skill levels at full effect would create conditions of a similar intensity to the levels below:

When confronted with some of the visible results of a Raise Nature, make a Courage check against the Faerie's power level. Failing that check will mean that all future checks against the Nature effects of that particular Faerie are at an increased difficulty (+1).

Poor — Cause a sudden chill or dew to appear
Average — Create a pleasant, scented breeze, or by the same token a foul (but not overpowering) stench.
Good — Cause a sudden fog to appear, or an overcast, grey sky to brew up out of nowhere. Cause a cold drizzle or a refreshing summer storm. Cause the earth to grumble and reverberate, but no real apparent damage.
Great — Create a thick fog, generate stiff winds that half movement against them (and double movement with them), or call a brief rainstorm into being. Create small tremors, enough to knock over men and horses, but cause no real structural damage.
Exceptional — Create extremely high winds, capable of carrying off a human opponent or overturning a cart or hut. Call a thunderstorm into being, though lightning cannot be controlled by this ability. Create severe tremors, sufficient to open a sinkhole beneath a building.
Extraordinary — Bring about tornado-force winds, cause torrential downpours and floods, create blizzards in the middle of spring. Cause a full-fledged earthquake.

Allure

Allure is the ability to capture the attention, and the heart, of a target mortal.

The Lake Lady must make eye contact with the mortal. The mortal must make a Courage check against the Faerie's level of power to avoid the Allure. If the mortal succeeds, he is immune to the effects of that particular Lake Lady until the next sunset.

If the mortal fails, he is enraptured by the Lake Lady, and will move towards the Lake Lady, regardless of personal danger.

An Allured individual becomes totally enthralled on touching the Lake Lady (no further check is made). The mortal will then willingly accompany the Lake Lady beneath the waves. The Lake Lady's form of Allure also grants the target the ability to breath water as if it were air.

The victim of the Allure is only allowed additional Courage checks if away from the Lake Lady for three days. As long as the victim is kept away from the Lake Lady a new Courage check is allowed after each additional day following.

LEPRECHAUNS

Clurichans.

"The Kobold 'families' are no more than different names on the same creature," said the King, "but Leprechauns are different. They are a variant of Kobold which IS a different family. Tom once noted that the Leprechauns were Kobolds who found Eire unsuitable for mining. He was correct, as far as it went — but the change from Kobold to Leprechaun came in an Ireland far away from the Emerald Isle you are familiar with."

The Kobolds settling in the Ireland of the Second Earth did so with the intention of pursuing the same crafts as their brethren — namely mining. But the land that wasn't swamp and sod was a hard shale and granite, and that shale was not only poor in the rare earths, but high in shards of true iron.

The mining Faeries could not mine, and in their frustration were transformed. They took to other crafts, particularly cobbling, and the tales of shoemaking Brownies are, in reality, Leprechauns. They also took to the mortal habit of alcohol with a passion. The Clurichan is nothing more than a drunk Leprechaun. The duality between the two personalities causes them to have different names. The Leprechauns are, as a rule, cheerful, amusing, and industrious, continually at work on their shoes. The Clurichan side of their personality is morose, bitter, and spiteful.

Note that both sides of the personality will torment mortals, but for different reasons. The Clurichans usually have some petty reason, perhaps the mortal asked too many questions, or too few, or looked at them funny. The Leprechaun side of the personality will not hesitate to torment Mortals, but only in the spirit of fun. In either incarnation they see themselves as expert conmen, and the claim is not far off. Leprechauns are masters of letting human nature play against itself. I believe that in your country, there is one Leprechaun immigrant named O'Shaunessy, who has made a killing in real estate, selling the land for new bridges from New York to Brooklyn. He's used the money in along with other human backers to help establish Central Park.

Leprechauns play both sides of the fence, and are considered disreputable Seelie and soft-hearted Unseelie at the same time. Often they are used as messengers between the courts, as any statements that may offend may then be blamed on the elaborations, exaggerations, and damned lies of the Leprechaun.

Leprechaun/Clurichans are normally 1-2 feet tall, dressed in leather breeches and vests, with tricorn hats. Their skin is the color of polished oak, and they usually sport short, shaggy beards the color of rust. They are almost exclusively male, and speak with a brogue that would make me sound like an Oxford Don. They tend to be solitary, unlike their Kobold forbearers

Other than iron, Leprechauns have no repulsions, making them more capable of dealing with everyday mortal life. Regardless of their sobriety, they retain their special abilities - cobbling and granting luck, having lost their Kobold abilities in their transformation. Their ability to grant luck is the polar opposite of the Bogey evil eye, and as such they have earned the ire of the Bogey population. Indeed, the Great Irish Potato Famine of the ‘40s was in actuality a Bogey invasion seeking to despoil the landscape, harry the mortal populace. and drive the Leprechauns out. All they succeeded in doing was causing mass emigration of the Irish people, many of whom took Leprechauns with them. This is yet one more example of a Bogey plan exploding in their pointy-nosed faces.

* * *

Leprechauns in The Great Game

LEPRECHAUN ABILITIES

Ability	Leprechauns
Fisticuffs	AV
Perception	GD
Athletics	AV
Physique	AV
Stealth	GD
Cobble Shoes	GR
Grant Luck	GR
Etherealness	AV
Glamour	GD
Shapeshift	PR
Poor Skills	+1

Leprechauns and Clurichans — An inebriated Leprechaun (one or two beers, at the Host's option) has his abilities modified. All physical abilities which rely on strength (Including Fisticuffs, Athletics, and Physique) are increased by one level. All others are reduced by one level. It is easier to catch a drunken Leprechaun but harder to get it to do anything worthwhile.

Cobble Shoes

A Leprechaun has the ability to cobble normal shoes of high quality, and several have found employment in the salons of Paris, helping set new fashion trends in ridiculous women's footwear. This is something they do automatically. The level of their ability applies to creating special shoes with magickal powers. The level applies both to their ability to make these shoes, and the effect of the enchantment itself on the wearer of the shoes.

The Shoes of the Leprechaun appear as normal shoes, but when Irish music is played, will cause the individual wearing them to dance uncontrollably (and excellently) as long as the music is played. The shoes cannot be removed once the enchantment has been activated, except by another leprechaun or a man of the cloth. Once the shoes are removed, the enchantment remains, and can be activated again. Most religious men insist on destroying the shoes after removing them.

With the diaspora of Leprechauns throughout the world, these Faeries have learned to make their magickal shoes in many styles, and shoes affected by many types of music, though this is a difficult task for them. Therefore it is possible to find ballroom slippers that glide to Strauss and workboots that polka.

Grant Luck

This is the Leprechaun ability to give lasting good fortune to a mortal. The target mortal must be within clear and unassisted sight of the Faerie - the Leprechaun cannot use this ability on a picture or photograph of the individual involved, nor through a telescope. Others of the Faerie, their pets, and animals are unaffected by this ability.

The Leprechaun's Luck causes all the target's abilities to increase by one for the duration of the enchantment. The Luck lasts as long as the Leprechaun casting it so desires, and dissipates if the Faerie chooses another target. Should the Leprechaun be disrupted and sent back to the Faerie Veil, the luck remains in effect, but if the Faerie is forever slain (by cold iron) then the effect is lifted.

The Leprechaun granting the luck is aware if that grant succeeds or not. Attempting to Grant Luck to a Mortal is a EXC task. Targets which are carrying a large amount of iron on their personages (about five pounds total) may be affected, but it is considered an EXT task, as it is for targets in churches. Should the Leprechaun fail in granting luck to a target, it may not try again with that target for 24 hours.

Only one luck may be applied against a particular target at a particular time. If a Leprechaun's luck is applied to another target, it immediately evaporates from the first. A target is aware they are under the effects of this enchantment the first time they are called upon to use an increased ability, and are aware that the luck has faded when they discover they no longer have that increase. They may not be aware of which Leprechaun was responsible for the casting.

The Luck may be removed voluntarily by the Leprechaun who places it, or fades when the Leprechaun bestows luck to a new target, or is forever slain. There are tales of evil individuals who tried to slay a Leprechaun after getting its luck, thus guaranteeing its benefits, but to a man, these individuals have met messy ends.

Note: Leprechauns are of Kobold stock, and as such, a Dramatic Character Leprechaun may choose to take Smell Rare Earths as an ability. This will always be at the PR level, and can count as the PR ability required in generating a Leprechaun. The existence of this ability, even at such a low level, is one reason that Leprechauns are noted for having secret stores of gold throughout the world.

MERFOLK

Merrows, The Folk, and the Blue Men.

"You may notice that I dwell on a large number of sea-dwellers among the Faerie," said Auberon, "While that may be an inconvenience to your typical land-native, but it is necessary for a complete understanding of the Faerie. When we arrived at the First Earth, and took our initial shapes, many saw the expanses of ocean, and figured that would be their domain.

The Merfolk — Mermaids, Mermen, Blue Men, Merrows, Daoine Mara, Seafolk — are of one people and innumerable local tribes. They are easily identified in that their natural form is a hybrid of human and sea-creature. From the waist up they are fully human, while from the waist down, they are usually piscine, with shiny scales of green, white, and gold, and a fish-shaped tail. There are some tribes in the open ocean that have a dolphin-tail instead, and certain northern varieties which are black and white like puffins or orcas, but they are all the same family.

The Merfolk women are stunning to look at, a trait further enhanced by their powers of allure. Merfolk men are broad-shouldered and strong, but tend to carry more of their fish-like nature in their wide mouths and large, glassy eyes. These Mermen are often referred to as Merrows, and treated as a separate species, but like the women, they have their own powers, and can lure the unsuspecting to their dooms.

The sexes share a number of common traits. Their hair is usually green or blue when they are immersed in water, turning blonde or white when exposed to air. It is normally worn long and unadorned, though some Merfolk tribes near the British Isles decorate theirs with loot brought from the ocean bed. Many buttons and medals from the Spanish Armada are now worn in the hair of the Merfolk there, and some of the Folk have Spanish blood in their veins from rescued sailors.

Merfolk are communal, and live in cavern-towns along the continental shelf. They prefer salt water to the fresh, and the northern climes to the southern. The largest communities are in the Inner Sea. Merfolk are in part responsible for the mercantile power of the Dutch in the 1600s as the natives of Amsterdam made treaties with the various tribes, ensuring safe passage. In return, Dutch ships have carried Inner Sea Mer Folk (Called the Neckers by other Merfolk) throughout the world, and there are now colonies of these people in the warm waters of the Dutch East Indies and in the New World. A particularly large community emigrated with Dutch Traders to New Amsterdam, and most particularly to a thriving colony off the coast of Massachusetts, at the mouth of the Manuxet River.

Merfolk attitudes towards humanity vary from tribe to tribe and from individual to individual. Most live in relative peace, though the fact that many of the younger merwomen prefer the company of mortals and the surface world creates no end of troubles. The worst are the Blue Men of the Minch Strait off the coast of Ireland. This lot got into an argument with the surface fishermen over their use of nets. The humans (this was about the 11th Century) put barbs in their nets to further wound the Merfolk, and clubbed any that they caught in the nets. The Merfolk started sinking ships, and that plus the fact that the grounds were overfished drove those humans to other grounds. Unfortunately, while the humans have forgotten the cause of the feud, the Blue Men have not, and continue to persecute any ship that sails in those waters. The captains who regularly sail that strait know that they can satisfy the Blue Men with riddles, and by refusing to let them get the last word. There are Captains who have sailed the strait safely, talking all the way, keeping the Blue Men thinking instead of attacking.

Merfolk are terrible shapeshifters, as they thought that ability foolish and unnecessary when they first took to the sea. They have developed one crucial shapeshift in that they can take human form for up to twelve hours. This allows them to deal with humans on dry land. An example of this was the first meeting of the Neckers and the Dutch (Many of Rembrandt's portraits were of important Merfolk, done in oils and sealed against the incursions of the sea). Mermaids also use this shapeshifting to hunt for husbands. Children of Merfolk and human are human if the mother is human, merfolk if the mother is of the sea.

Merfolk are harmed by iron as all Faerie, but suffer no repulsion from it. Instead, they carry a marriage prohibition — they may marry and mate with mortals, but cannot allow their mate to see them in their "true" forms. Also the Merrows (Mermen) often take a dim view of their daughters, sisters, and girlfriends hanging about with delicate, short-lived mortals, and sometimes seek to chase off or kill humans that are spending too much time among the Folk.

Merfolk in The Great Game

MERFOLK ABILITIES

Ability	Mermaids	Merrows
Fisticuffs	GD	GR
Perception	AV	AV
Athletics	AV	AV
Physique	GD	GD
Stealth	PR	PR
Take Human Form	GR	GD
Allure	GR	GR
Etherealness	GD	GD
Glamour	AV	AV
Shapeshift	PR	PR
Poor Skills	+0	+0

Take Human Form

This is a specialized form of shapeshifting used by the Merfolk. They can change into a human form once per day for up to twelve hours. The form is similar to their Mer-form, but with human limbs instead of the fish (or dolphin) tail. When in this form Mermaids are virtually indistinguishable from beautiful mortal women, while Merrows (mermen) will tend to look a little frog-like in their facial features.

The shift lasts only for twelve hours, and after this the Merfolk must return to the water in his or her true form for a full day before transforming again. If married, seeing the Merperson in this state will annul the marriage, and cause the Mermaid or Merrow to flee to the sea. Such restrictions make for short marriages in the Merfolk communities, or require extremely understanding spouses (many Dutch and Danish sailors have Mermaid mates just because they can only see their wives every other day, allowing the husbands to enjoy the other pleasures of life in their home ports).

The level of the ability determines the Merfolk's skill at holding its form under stress, such as in the 11th hour before the transformation must be made, as well as the ability to make the transformation quickly.

Allure

Allure is the ability to capture the attention, and the heart, of a target mortal. The mortal must hear the song of one of the the merfolk, and must be of the opposite sex (Mermen take mortal women as lovers, Mermaids take men). The mortal must make a Courage check against the Faerie's level of power to avoid the allure. If the mortal succeeds, he or she is immune to the effects of that particular Mermaid until noon of the next day. If the mortal fails, he or she is enraptured by the Merfolk, and seeks to join the singer regardless of personal danger.

An Allured individual becomes totally enthralled by the Mermaid on touch. (no further check is made). The mortal will then willingly accompany the Merperson, usually to a hidden grotto. Usually the Allure does not grant the Mermaid's target the ability to breath water, so they either must find sufficient air, or allow the mortal to drown. Merfolk communities usually have enclosed buildings filled with air for use by mortals, kept fresh by plants and magickal relics. Often Mermaids will choose to live on dry land to be with their mates, provided that the marriage prohibition is observed. (See Take Human Form)

The victim of the Allure is only allowed additional Courage checks if away from the Mermaid for three days. After the victim is separate from the Merperson for three days, a new Courage check is allowed on each additional day the two are separated.

NATURE SPIRITS

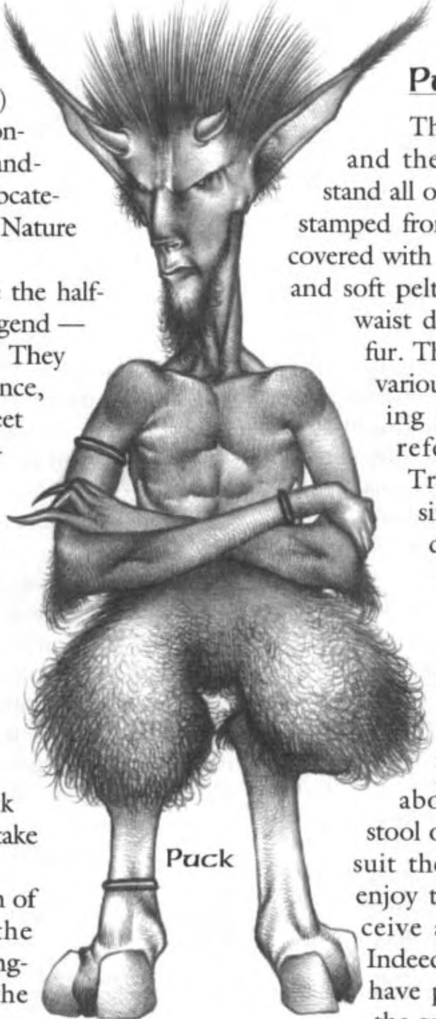
Satyrs, Pans and Fauns, Pucks, Brown Men, Green Men, Leshiye.

[I made a comment when discussing Lake Ladies about the fact that so many of the "natural" embodiments in Faerie were female in nature. At the time, Auberon chuckled, but now he reminded me of the comment to preface the following discussion]

"The class of Faeries known as Nature Spirits is the embodiment of the male aspects of nature - strong, violent, and forceful." said the King, "They share in common a desire for the wild places (though this is changing slowly over time) along with certain basic abilities to control animals and the surrounding landscape. They fall into two general subcategories — The Goat People and the Nature Men."

The Goat People, or Sileni, are the half-man, half-goats of mythology and legend — the Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Pucks. They are similar to each other in appearance, having the lower torsos and cloven feet of goats, humanoid upper extremities, and horns sprouting from their brows. They differ primarily in size, with Pucks being the smallest, then Fauns and Pans, and lastly the human-sized Satyrs. They are extremely taken with the physical nature of the world; but not so much as dwarfs, who have renounced their elfin heritage. Indeed, unlike many Faeries, the entire subclass of Goat People lack wings, and their form of flight is to take great, bounding leaps.

The Nature Men are a collection of masculine woodland spirits — the Brown Men who rule the animal kingdom, the Green Men who rule the plants, and the Leshiye, the monstrous satyr-like figures who brawl in the deep woods. Each have their different natures, appearances, and interactions with humans.



Puck

As with most others of the Folk, Nature Spirits are found throughout New Europa, but large communities are located in particular nations. The Pucks are primarily Northern New Europan, while their larger brethren prefer more Mediterranean climes. The Brown and Green Men are found in forests throughout the continent, but the largest collection of Leshiye are in the ancient and untamed forests of Russia.

Nature Spirits as a class have a large number of repulsions — iron, of course, and holy symbols, prayers, and bells, as well as clothes worn inside out. In addition the Brown Men have a taboo against crossing running water.

Pucks

The smallest of the nature spirits and the most mischievous, the Pucks stand all of three feet tall, though otherwise stamped from the goat-man frame. They are covered with hair, from the waist up a smooth and soft pelt similar to a cats, and from the waist down a tangled mat of brownish fur. This combination of furs makes the various goat people appear to be wearing pants, and one wag at Oxford referred to them as the "Heavy Trouser Brigade". The name has since stuck, though its originator disappeared soon after, never to be heard from again.

Pucks are expert shape-changers, the best of the breed, and often will transform into inanimate objects to harass or tease others. They revel in the physical, and see nothing odd about taking the appearance of a stool or a crab-apple or a horse if it will suit their purposes. They particularly enjoy tormenting those who they perceive as pretentious or overstuffed. Indeed, I hear the houses of Parliament have permanently banned them from the grounds.

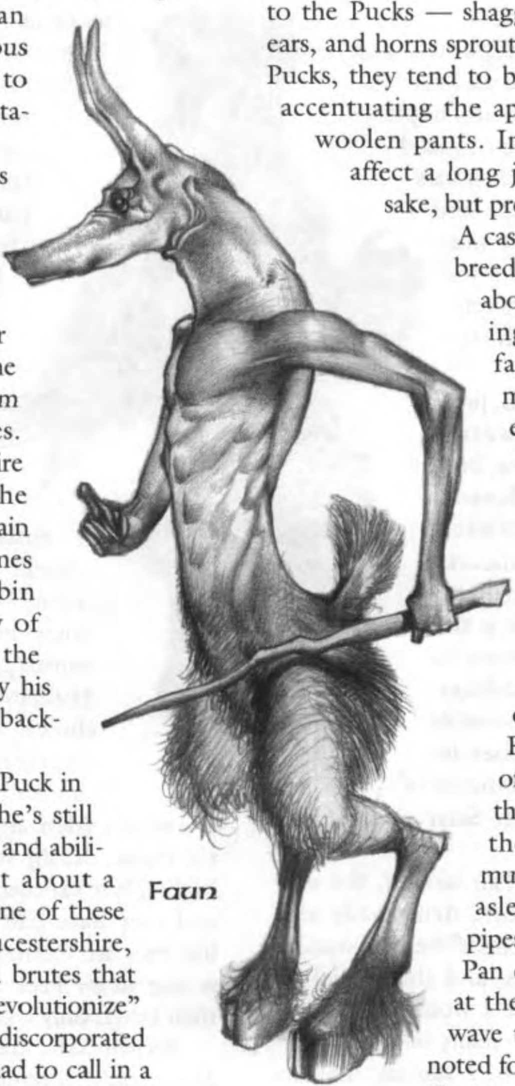
By the same token, Pucks have a warm spot in their hearts for the innocent and the lost. While the Nature Spirits as a class have few qualms about getting a merchant lost in the forest, the Pucks have a greater tendency to rescue lost children, or star-crossed lovers. Of the Goat Men, they are the most romantic, and often involve themselves with mortals, trying to play matchmaker or Faerie godfather. If, in the course of helping one deserving soul they may vex a stuffed-shirt, so much the better.

Pucks are found throughout New Europa, but most of them are in the northern nations —- the British Isles, France, Germany, and the Scandinavian and Baltic Countries. They are generally solitaries, and are inveterate travelers, constantly moving from place to place in search of new experiences. One Puck may enter an area, hear the tales of a previous Puck, and become determined to live up to (or exceed) the reputation of its predecessor.

The best known of the Pucks is THE Puck, Robin Goodfellow. You met him at the door — Shakespeare got that much right when he made him my manservant, whatever the bards' other faults. He is the original Puck, the model from which all others take their cues. He has been witness to the entire travail of our people across the worlds, and more than once a main player. He's gathered many names in his long life, including Robin Hood and the Halfling. Many of the stories about Loki, at least the mischievous ones, were originally his deeds put into a Scandinavian background.

He doesn't seem much of a Puck in his staid butler's uniform, but he's still recovering, still gathering his wits and abilities together from an incident about a decade ago. He got caught in one of these automatic threshers up in Gloucestershire, one of these great, hulking iron brutes that the Steam Lords are using to "revolutionize" planting and harvesting. It nearly discorporated him completely, poor elf, and I had to call in a few favors to save his immaterial soul. He's been resting comfortably in a common day-to-day as my assistant, though of late I've seen the sparkle in his eye that shows some mischief being planned. While I cannot prove it, I think Old Puck is responsible for the rising number of gremlins appearing across England, since that would be a suitable revenge for the crimes committed against him.

In another year, maybe two, he'll be back to normal, with a sly wink in his eye and a sharp tongue lodged in his cheek. We of the Folk are patient people, but I for one am looking forward to his familiar commentaries. He keeps me in line, you know, from getting too serious and sensible and human about things.



Faun

Pans and Fauns

The mid-sized Sileni are similar in appearance, both standing about four feet in height, and similar to the Pucks — shaggy legs, cloven feet, pointed ears, and horns sprouting from the temples. Unlike Pucks, they tend to be hairless from the waist up, accentuating the appearance of wearing heavy woolen pants. In polite company they may affect a long jacket or kilt for decorum's sake, but prefer their wild nakedness.

A case could be made that the two breeds are really one. The old story about the pan horns corkscrewing in one direction and the faun's horns the other is a myth, since they do both, even among close relatives. However, there are sufficient differences between the two to merit separate discussion.

The chief difference between the two medium-sized goat people is in how they control animals. Pans use the reed-pipes of the same name, while Fauns enter into the dreams of animals in order to control them. Both have limitations to their abilities, in that Fauns must wait for their targets to fall asleep, and a Pan without his pipes is ineffective (of course, the Pan can create a new set of pipes at the wave of his hand, but that wave takes time, and Pans are not noted for thinking ahead).

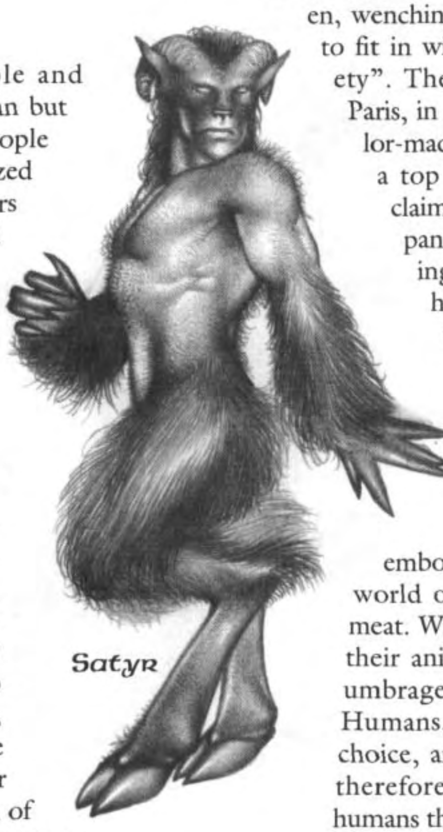
Faun are found primarily in Italy and the western Mediterranean, and Pans in Greece and the East. The two groups split over a war with the Centaurs in another world, with the Pans fighting the creatures (led by Nestus), and the

Fauns retreating. Indeed, to this day most Pans regard their Faun cousins as cowards, while the Fauns see their Pan brethren as overly aggressive blowhards. Indeed, in the past few centuries, many Italian Pans have left the forests and now settle in farmer's fields and meadows, aiding in herding the animals (and occasionally claiming a few for themselves). These Fauns are called Silvani, and this is the worst insult a Pan can think of to describe his decadent cousins.

The most famous of the Pans is THE Pan of legend, though he is properly a Satyr and is discussed under Satyrs.

Satyrs

The largest of the goat people and strongest, the Satyrs are as tall as man but otherwise conform to the Goat People mold. Their features tend to be outsized in gross parody of humanity. Their ears are larger, and their nose wide and flat like a boxer's. And let me choose my words carefully here in order to avoid offense, and merely say they are quite popular with the ladies, if you catch my drift.



Satyr

Satyrs prefer the wild lands, primarily in Greece, the warm Mediterranean, and the Balkans, but can be lured out of their wilderness fastness by the sounds of festive music. They are fantastic dancers, using their Ethereality to manage tremendous, spinning leaps. It is the custom in the Greek provinces to allow Satyrs to dance at weddings, and the groom's family is responsible for providing breeches or robes for the Satyr in order to keep a modicum of decorum. (Also for keeping the Satyr away from the bride.)

The greatest of Satyrs is Pan himself, the ultimate party creature. Dancer, drunkard, and debauch, Pan is the embodiment of the wild masculine nature of the woodlands, and the model all other Satyrs seek to live up to. I would add liar to his resume, but I have seen too many of his achievements to deny him his powers. I can say that his voice is a hellish rasp. When he offered his singing abilities to the Greeks at Marathon, his bellowing frightened and routed the Persians. Many of the other tales ascribed to Pan are really the deeds of other Satyrs, but Pan has no qualms in accepting the credit for their actions. "After all," he would say, playing on his name, "I AM all."

Pan is an embodiment of the Faerie spirit of carousing and pleasure. He is not as powerful as I, but he is more powerful than many of the Daoine Sidhe, and the knowledgeable give him a wide berth. He is not as twisted as the Adversary, and has no plots or plans on his mind beyond his next bottle of wine and his next evening-companion. He remains in that great grey ground between myself and the Adversary, and I have called him both ally and foe over the years.

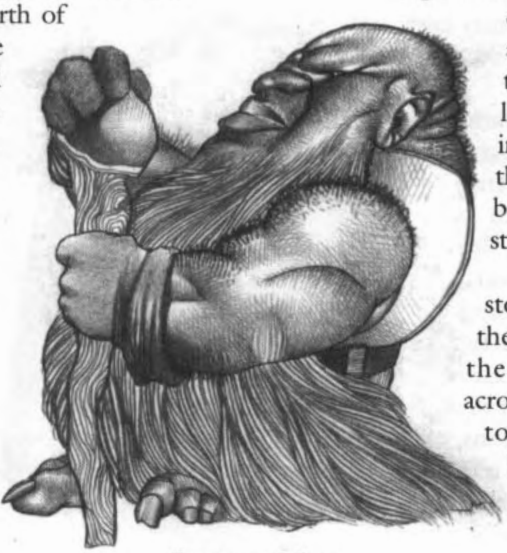
In recent years Pan has maintained his drunken, wenching ways, changing only slightly to fit in with what is called "polite society". The last time I met him was in Paris, in 1850. He was dressed in a tailor-made suit from Seville, and carried a top hat and silver-handled cane, claiming to be an artist and a companion of Magritte. He was cajoling young women into posing for him, with typical success. Only the outer garments change with Pan, in his heart he remains a forest-goat.

The Brown Men

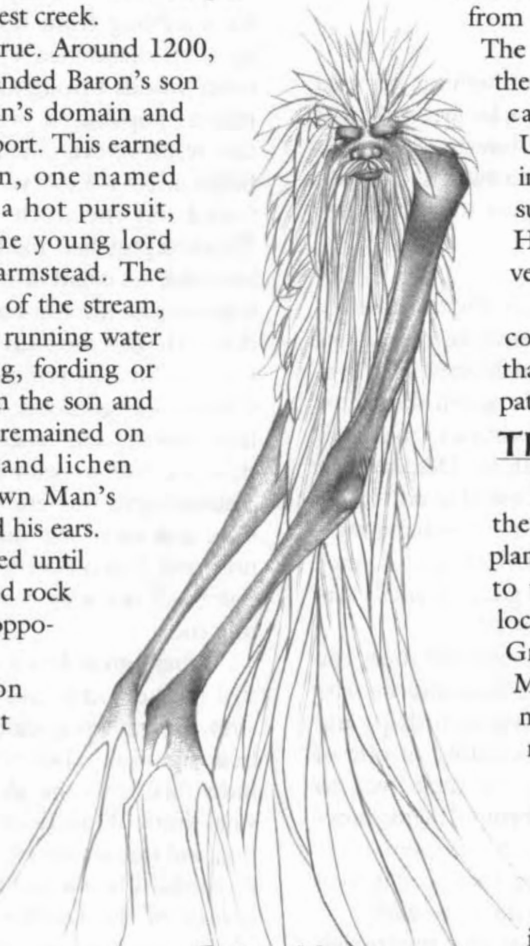
The Brown Men are the embodiment of wild animals, of the world of tooth and claw, blood and meat. While they recognize the need of their animal charges to kill, they take umbrage at human mortals doing so. Humans, they argue, are creatures of choice, and may choose not to kill, so therefore killing is a worse crime for humans than for animals.

Brown Men appear as red-haired wild men of the forest, usually stocky dwarves as wide as they are high. Their exposed skin is the color of dried meat, and they have hair the color of blood. They look like they are wearing pants and vests of fur, but this is one more Faerie illusion — that is the hair of their body, only a shade lighter than their flesh.

Brown Men are the most active of the Nature Men, ready to punish humans who they perceive as killing their wild charges. A man who hunts for food or clothing is spared, as are those who raise domesticated animals for slaughter, but one who hunts for sport or already has a full larder is a target of their vengeance. They usually attack in the company of a number of their kindred — wolves, wild hounds, and sometimes stags in England, boars and bears on the continent. In the north of England, beaters during the grouse hunts carry bells and crosses, and their duty is to protect the hunters from any Brown Men in the area. Established lords in that region and the wild country of France and Germany engage in lengthy negotiations in order to appease any Brown Men living on their favorite hunting ground.


Brown Man

Brown Men have an additional taboo as well — they cannot cross over open water, whether by swimming, by leaping or flying, by fording, by boat, or by crossing a frozen stream that still has water beneath it. This is an extremely literal taboo, and a number of hunters have escaped death by running for the nearest creek.


Green Man

This tale I know to be true. Around 1200, in the heart of Germany, a landed Baron's son wandered into a Brown Man's domain and bagged a brace of hares for sport. This earned the ire of the Brown Man, one named Gaganuch, and there was a hot pursuit, which ended only when the young lord crossed the stream to his farmstead. The Gaganuch stayed on his side of the stream, for he was forbidden to cross running water by swimming, leaping, flying, fording or boat. He swore vengeance on the son and his heirs and followers, but remained on his side, immobile. Moss and lichen began to grow on the Brown Man's sides, and birds nested behind his ears. His features became weathered until he looked like a trollish-shaped rock jutting from the side of the opposite bank.

The young Baron's son boasted of his escape, but never crossed the stream again. He had a son, and that son had a son, and that son had a son. The farmstead grew into a village, then a small town. The warning of the young Baron's son (later the Baron) about Gaganuch's rock was regards as a fanciful tale. Picnickers crossed the stream by boat and lounged in the shade of the odd outcropping. At length the town fathers, including the descendent of the young Baron, decided to build a bridge across the stream.

The day after the final stone was laid in the bridge the wolves came down from the mountains, and spilled across the bridge and into the town. They were aided by bears, who broke down the doors. The townspeople, to a man and child, were slain in a brutal massacre.

The town's wreckage is still there, the foundations jutting from the weeds like snarling teeth. The mortals in the area remember the Night of the Beasts, and they call it a Wild Hunt of the Unseelie Court. That is ironic, in that it was not an impetuous, sudden burst of energy from the Hunt, but rather a case of vengeance, long-denied.

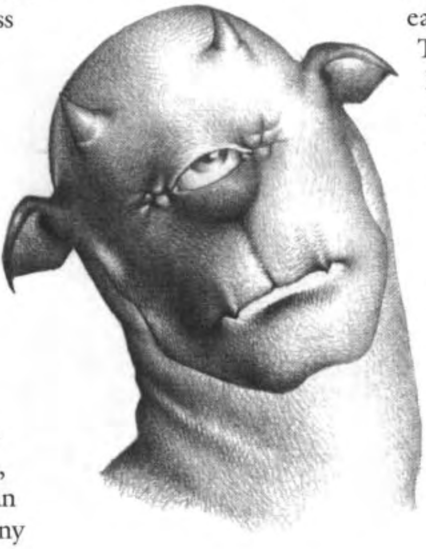
Of Gaganuch's rock, of course, there was no sign after that night. The Nature Men are patient creatures indeed.

The Green Men

The Green Men consider themselves the guardians of the plants just as the Brown Men tend to the wild animals. They have local names such as Jack-in-The-Green, The Forester, and the Maypole King, and these normally refer to one particular member of the breed.

The Green Men tend to appear as one of two extremes, either as a giant or a foot-high dwarf. Their flesh is of a greenish hue, and is covered in a drape of brambles that trails after them like a cape. They are never lost within their own domain, nor tangled in the underbrush. Those who befriend a Green Man may pass with it through the scrub without incident.

The Green Men also control animals, though to a lesser degree. They have a preference for smaller creatures such as squirrels, birds, and insects. That is no small power, as a woodsmen set upon by a hive of bees soon discovers. I know for a fact that Green Men can also control plants, though the process is slower, and it takes many seasons to show the results. For that reason, ceremonies for the local Green Man have been held for centuries in many towns across Central New Europa, and the fields (which have not been expanded during that same time) bring in bumper harvests.



Leshiye

Leshiye

The Leshiye may be found throughout the wild lands of New Europa, but are best known and most populous in Russia, in the great forests which start at its western borders and rush eastwards, petering out as the wooded land finally gives way to endless steppes.

Leshiye are the most monstrous of the Nature Men, and in their appearance show their relation to the Goat People as well. Their native form is that of titanic satyrs, cloven of hoof and horned of brow. In addition, they have a single unblinking eye square in the center of their forehead, and their hands end in monstrous black talons. Despite their appearance, they are as good-humored as any of the Pucks, and while they enjoy leading conniving merchants and armies of Teutonic knights astray, they repay any kindness, often with gold or small services, for the rest of the mortal's life.

Leshiye are massive, but move through the forests effortlessly, using their ethereality to pass through the trees while maintaining their shape and form. Many a hunter who has ran afoul of one of these creatures reported running for their lives, to find the creature still mere feet behind them, moving effortlessly. I can note here that these were mortals that the Leshiye was playing with, for if they wished to catch a human they could do so easily.

Leshiye are both communal and territorial, their personal territories ebbing and flowing across the woods. They are continually challenging each other, seeking to outdo each other's deeds, or gambling. They are particularly fond of the latter. Just as Satyrs enjoy the dance, Leshiye enjoys a bet, and a quick-witted mortal can outfox a Leshiye (but should only do so if the Leshiye does not realize he has been had). In addition to the company of other Leshiye, these Faerie enjoy the company of bears, who serve them as hounds would serve a mortal man, out of love and loyalty and for a share of the kill. Like the bears, the Leshiye hibernate in huts and caves deep in the wood through the winter months.

Here is an example of Leshiye power and their penchant for gambling from thirty years ago. In 1843, the squirrels abandoned Vyatka forest, spreading out to other woods throughout Russia. Scholars spoke of natural population pressures, and priests spoke in dire terms of evil omens. A man whose grandfather befriended a Leshiye went into the Vyatka and found out the truth. The local Leshiye, named Thumblegrig had made a bet with one of his fellows that he could drink an entire lake and carry the water across the continent to Japan without losing a drop. He had seriously underestimated the distance (and claims, in typical Leshiye fashion, that the Chinese Dragonlords had built a wall just to slow him down), and failed in the task. In paying the debt, he had to send his squirrels to his brethren. Thumblegrig was embarrassed by the entire situation, and asked the man not to pass it on. He did not, and I mention that only so that the Nature Spirit will not seek vengeance. One of the squirrels told me.

These great forest spirits have the greatest control of the winds and storms. Their abilities outstrip the gathering clouds and stiff breezes of their lesser cousins. Their winds may lift a human-sized individual into the air, and storms may overturn small huts. Whirlwinds in Russia are Leshiye dancing, and hurricanes are the result of two of the Folk in battle. The Genies in the far south started as a branch of the Leshiye, and while not part of the Nature Spirits in the official books, are regarded as distant cousins.

Nature Spirits in The Great Game

NATURE SPIRIT ABILITIES

Ability	Puck	Faun, Pan	Satyr	Green Man	Brown Man	Leshiye
Fisticuffs	AV	GD	GR	GD	GR	GD
Perception	GD	AV	GR	GD	GD	AV
Athletics	GD	GD	GR	GD	GD	GD
Rule Animals	AV	EXC	GD	GD	GR	GR
Raise Nature	AV	AV	GD	GR	GD	EXC
Etherealness	GR	AV	PR	GD	GD	EXC
Glamour	GR	GD	PR	GR	GD	GR
Shapeshift	EXC	GD	PR	PR	PR	GD
Poor Skills	+4	+2	+0	COM+1	COM+1	COM+5

Rule the Animals

This is the ability to communicate with and bend the wills of animals to do the Nature Spirit's bidding. Most (non-enchanted) animals are simple creatures, their minds concerned mainly with their next meal, but they may be able to pass on limited information (within the past day), and if ordered, follow simple commands.

Poor — Modify slightly the emotions of animals. Dogs will howl on command or remain asleep. Cattle and other animals may become restless. No direct communication is possible.

Average — Calm wild beasts, and have them treat you with trust. Cause spooked or frightened animals to flee. You can make your questions understandable to them, but cannot directly understand their answers.

Good — Give simple orders to a single animal — one or two words, which they will follow as long as you are present. Communication is two-way, and you can understand their responses. Most animals can remember up to a day in the past what they have encountered.

Great — As for Good, but can affect a number of animals, up to about ten in number.

Exceptional — As Great, plus make an animal think and remember up to a week in the past. You can attempt to overrule the magickal control of someone else with this ability over an animal. (Skill to skill test.)

Extraordinary — As Great, but you no longer have to be present for them to follow your orders. The Squirrels of Vyatka were under an effect of this strength.

Enchanted, enlarged, or otherwise Glamoured creatures are immune to this ability, as are Faerie animals and the monstrous, unnatural "pets" of the Faerie.

Raise Nature

This is the ability to alter the surrounding atmosphere and land to the Faerie's own desires- in the case of Nature Spirits this may result in sudden storms, fogs and winds. Nature Spirits often use their Raise Nature ability to confound, confuse, and frighten mortals, or to underscore a point. The effects of a successful test are of an intensity similar to the examples that follow:

Poor — Cause a sudden chill or dew to appear

Average — Create a pleasant, scented breeze, or by the same token a foul (but not overpowering) stench.

Good — Cause a sudden fog to appear, or an overcast, grey sky to brew up out of nowhere. Cause a cold drizzle or a refreshing summer storm.

Great — Create a pea-souper that would make London proud, generate stiff winds that half movement against them (and double movement with them), call a brief rainstorm into being.

Exceptional — Create extremely high winds, capable of carrying off a human opponent or overturning a cart or hut. Call a thunderstorm into being, though the lightning cannot be controlled by this ability.

Extraordinary — Bring about hurricane or tornado-force winds, cause torrential downpours and floods, create blizzards in the middle of spring.

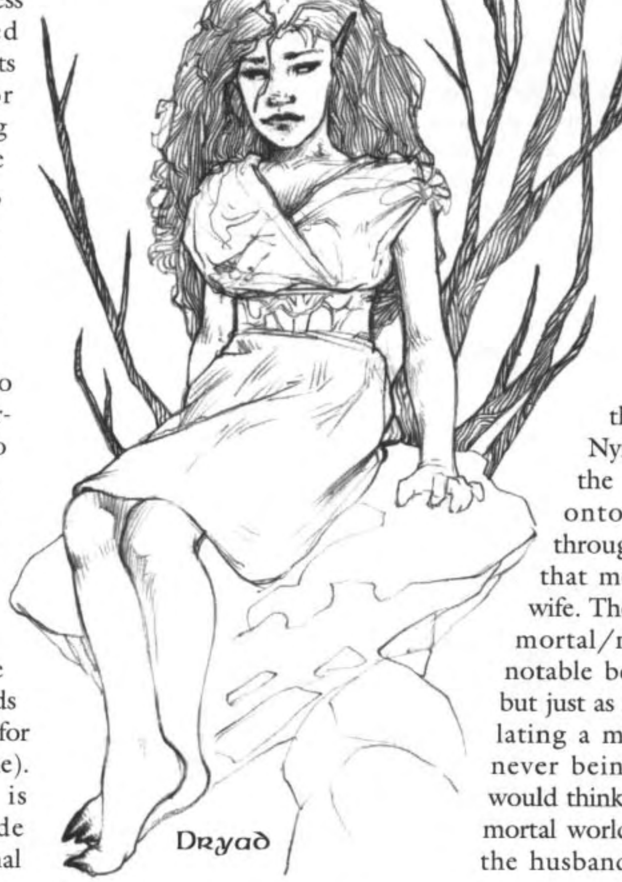
NYMPHS

Niaads, Dryads, and Nereides, Oceanides and Oreads.

"Most of the Faerie kindred discussed so far have been predominantly male," said Auberon, during one of the many times he refreshed his brandy snifter. "The Nymph family is exclusively female, and have all the qualities, good and ill, of what are called 'Faerie Lovers'."

All the members of the Nymph family are nature spirits tied to a particular item or location. Dryads are connected to particular trees, Oreads to particular rock formations high in the mountains. The Niaads, Nereides, and Oceanides are sea spirits, and connected with freshwater, beaches, and ocean features, respectively. They are generally confined to the area of that item or site, and will not willingly leave it. If captured, they will not suffer, but will seek to escape to their home site unless otherwise restrained (one of these restraints may be vows or promises, including marriage). If the site or item is destroyed, then the Nymph returns to the Faerie Veil, and can re-enter the world after a few years.

Nymphs are also called Exotics by mortals, in part due to their appearance. They are fair of face with long white hair, with both face daubed and hair streaked with color (Greens for the Dryads, greys and reds for the Oreads, blues for the water-related Faerie). Their appearance is almost ghostly, made more so by an internal radiance that causes them to glow. They are the size of mortal women, but more slender.



Dryad

All Nymphs make their homes within a chosen site or item. This item actually houses a small bit of the Faerie Veil, separate from the Veil itself, customized for the Nymph's preferences. As a result, the interiors are larger than the boulder, tree, or patch of sea that contains it. The Nymph's home is tailored according to their personal desires, though most are of the "white castles and waterfalls" school of decorating.

All Nymphs have the power of Allure, the ability to attract others and to bend their will. Nymphs are notorious for their ability to lure mortal men and women into their multi-dimensional homes. Should the Nymph be enlightened and understanding, the mortals will be well-kept and well-fed for upwards of several years before being released. If the Nymph is less well-disposed, the mortal will eventually die of malnutrition. Only the Nymph whose space it is can open the doorway from her private realm to the outside world.

Despite such risks (and occasionally, because of them), many mortal men seek Nymph brides. If a mortal resists the wiles of a Nymph and holds onto her in the mortal world through daybreak, she is bound to that mortal and will remain as his wife. There are a number of successful mortal/nymph marriages, the most notable being Orpheus and Eurydice, but just as many end in the husband violating a marriage taboo and the wife never being seen again. Indeed, you would think that after being bound in the mortal world for a few decades (death of the husband also releases the Nymph), most of the Fair Sisters would think twice about inflicting such imprisonment on other mortals. Some relent, while others lure men in with a vengeance.

Nymphs are members of either court, though many lean towards the Seelie side, given their beauty. However, even a Nymph claiming the Seelie Court as her alliance will think nothing of enrapturing a mortal for a few years. Seelie is not analogous to the mortal "Good", though Unseelie is tightly bound to mortal "Evil".

Nymphs deal well with Nature Spirits, particularly the goat people — Pucks, Satyrs, and Fawns. Often one of these can be imposed upon to intercede on behalf of a trapped mortal, freeing him or her from the clutches of the Nymphs.

Nymphs have a number of repulsions including clothes turned inside out, iron, holy symbols, and prayers. They usually also have a marriage prohibition if bound by marriage vows or promises. This is chosen by the individual Nymph, and generally is something possible but not dead-certain. Marriage prohibitions include forcing the Nymph bride to speak, witnessing her bathing or changing shape, working a Glamour, or eating. Something like "If he snores, the deal is off." does not apply.

Humans and Nymphs can mate and produce children. The resulting child is as much Faerie as the Nymph decides. Such children are rare only because the gestation period is the standard human nine months, and keeping the attention of a nymph on anything for nine months is a Herculean task. Resulting offspring with Faerie powers are known as Hamadryads and have the same repulsions and limitations as Faerie. Hamadryads are not limited to a particular place. Most are raised in human homes, and occasionally orphanages. If there is no contribution of energy from the Nymph the offspring are normal humans.

Niaad

Dryads

Dryads are the best-known of the Nymphs, because they are tied to a tree. Indeed, should that tree be cut down and made into a piece of furniture, the Dryad remains with that piece. Being tied to trees, they are the most peaceful and tranquil of the Nymphs. This is not to say that they are above capturing young men as their lovers, but they tend to feed them and let them go after a few days (or weeks, or months). They have a greenish hue to their pale skin, and what clothes they choose to bedeck themselves with are usually shaped of silk leaves and intertwined vines.

This is a true story from Vienna. When they were first installing their streetcars (horse-driven in those days), the route required them to pass through a small park, dominated by a rowan tree. That tree was the home of a Dryad, Messilla, who learned of it and sent a representative (an ensorcelled young man) to the mayor to ask that the cars be routed elsewhere. The mayor refused. She sent a second young man, similarly enspelled, who spoke of the beauty of Messilla and how she and the city had got along so well. Would he consider relocating the route? Again the mayor refused.

A third young man arrived to plead Messilla's case. This one was the eldest son of the Mayor, and he made clear that if the streetcar was not re-routed, he, the son, would be spending the next several years within the tree-entrance. Should that entrance be destroyed, Messilla would not be responsible for the results.

Needless to say, the streetcars were re-routed, and that is why a four-block area in contemporary Vienna lacks streetcars (That area does have a large number of outdoor cafes, a side-benefit of not having horses around continually).

The most famous of the Dryads is Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus. He captured her in the time-honored fashion, holding her tight at daybreak as she shapechanged into first one form, then another. Orpheus proved a kind-hearted lover, and Eurydice came to return his affection. The story of the journey into the Underworld was mostly a gloss. Actually, he had to rescue her from the Adversary, at the heart of the Unseelie Court itself. And like in the legend, his wonderful singing prevailed, yet he lost all when he looked back to make sure Eurydices was following him.

Niaads

Niaads are the nymphs of fresh running water including streams and brooks,wells and springs, and waterfalls and cascades. Their flesh has a mild tinge of azure, but their cheeks blush blue when they are angry. They wear diaphanous robes which resemble waterwalls as they move, and have white shawls.

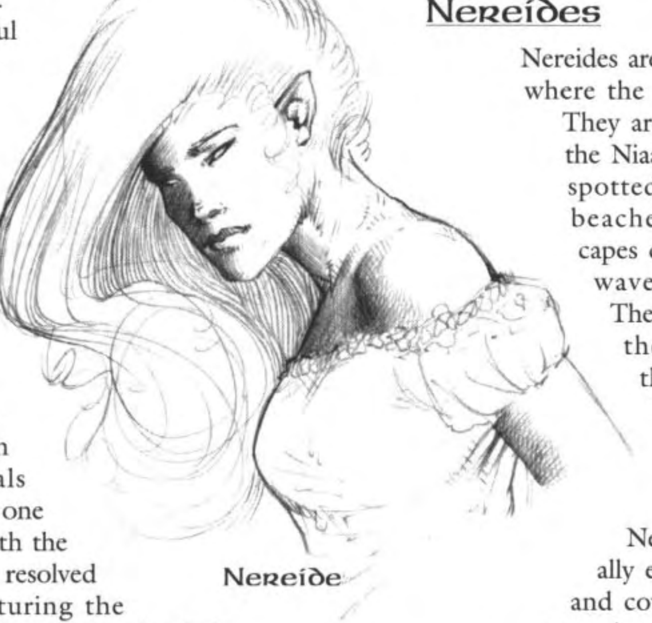
Niaads are the most playful of the Nymphs, and the most communal, with groups of up to a dozen occupying the same stretch of river and stream, and sharing the same patch of the Veil on the other side.

However, they are extremely competitive, each seeking to snare the most handsome human lover. Such rivalries often turn dangerous for mortals involved, for to choose any one Niaad is to court disaster with the rest, and after the matter is resolved (usually magickally enrapturing the poor human), the mortal is forgotten, often left to perish on the nymph's estates in the Faerie Veil.

There are Niaads throughout northern New Europa, save in Prussia. Bismarck's own barons of industry complained of Niaads luring off workmen and sealing up waste outlets into the rivers. The Iron Chancellor was also concerned about supposed Faerie doors into the Veil, which could form an invasion route from the Seelie Court.

Bismarck dispatched units of the Prussian army, equipped with bayonets of cold iron, to remove any of the nature spirits along the major rivers. Many were caught and dispatched permanently. The survivors either voluntarily abandoned their home sites (in effect retreating to the Veil for a few decades) or are currently lying low.

The Adversary, I hear, was incensed by this little bit of independent thinking, as Nymphs can be lured into the Unseelie Court as effectively as any other Faerie, and their permanent deaths have resulted in diminishing our numbers that much further. This may be why those same Prussian streams are now being haunted by Water Demons, who have moved into the old Niaad sites.


Nereide

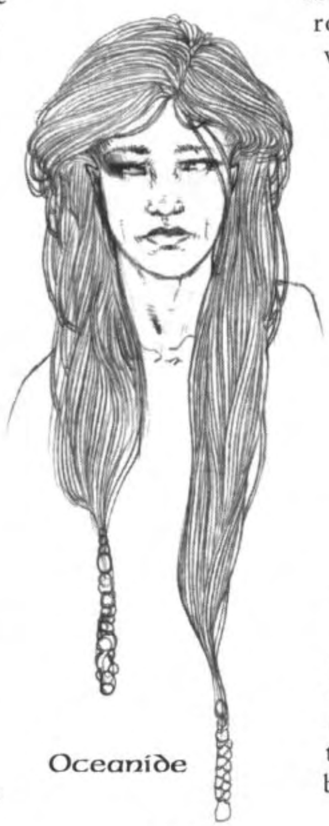
Nereides

Nereides are spirits of the shore, where the sea meets the land. They are more solitary than the Niaads and can often be spotted strolling deserted beaches, their dark-blue capes covering them like a wave covers the rocks. Their skin is darker than the Niaads as well, though equally blue. Their eyes are uniformly jade-colored.

The entrances to Nereide homes are usually exposed at low tides, and covered at high. They can exit or enter at will, keeping the ocean at bay, but prefer to lure mortals in at low tide.

Nereides as a people are sad and morose, leading to legends of ghost-women waiting for their men to return from the sea. Along the rocky coast of Brittany, they act as wreckers. They raise the radiance of their faces and bodies until they appear as beacons. Unwary ships think the beacons are lighthouses and use them to navigate, usually ending up on the rocks.

The Nereide then has the pick of the survivors who wash up on shore, who awaken in the Nereide's home, "rescued" from the storm. There are human vultures who wait for such wrecks, but they are very careful to give the Nereide her due.


Oceanide

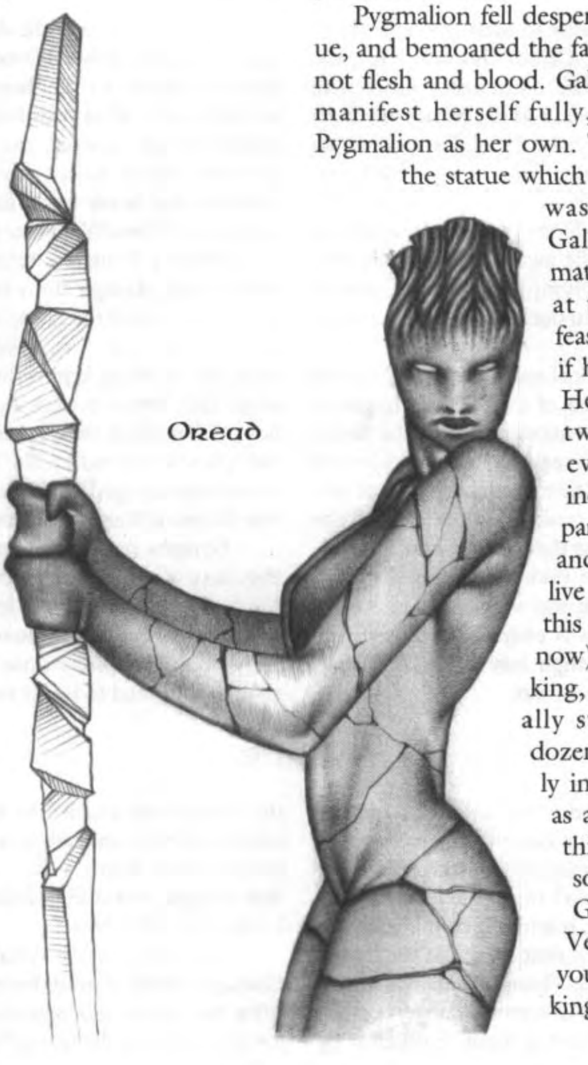
Oceanides

These Faeries are rarer to mortal eyes, for they inhabit the open ocean, making their home in unseen canyons and sunken reefs. They appear on the surface only to harass shipping, often appearing during storms and seeking to lure sailors overboard with their beauty.

Oceanides appear the most regal of the Nymphs — their features finely carved, their posture perfect, their bearing royal. They are also called sea queens, and usually appear rising out of the water's surface, their scintillating robes of green and blue mixing with the dark waters of the sea.

Oceanides are as moody as the sea which they are a part of. They are often content to merely appear at the side of a ship, or to take a single sailor (who is doomed, for after the Oceanide releases him, he will find himself alone in the middle of the ocean). There are cases where the Oceanides stripped an entire ship of its compliment. Both the Royal Navy and the White Star Lines have a bell-signal to indicate Oceanides or other Faerie activity. Guests are ushered belowdecks in these situations, and the ship's priests (still required due to Faerie activities) utter a prayer for the ship itself.

Oceanides are not on good terms with Merfolk. While the two do not battle, one is never found in the territories of the other.



Oread

Oreads

Also called Orestiads, these Exotics are mountain spirits, and are usually found among mountain peaks and unusual rock formations. They are more muscular than the other Nymphs, and are the strongest of the family. Their skin looks like rock, usually granite or sandstone, but is smooth to the touch, as if polished.

The most famous of the Oreads is Galatea. You have heard the story from the mortal side, now hear the truth from the Faerie Veil. Galatea was an Oread whose home was a great vein of marble, as pure as untrammeled snow, in the hills of Turkey. She tried to romance a young chieftain's son, and while the young man escaped, the chieftain and priests battled her, injuring her severely and forcing her back to her personal part of the Faerie Veil.

While she gathered her strength in the Veil, the marble was excavated, for the Chieftain knew that she would return and might seek vengeance. The marble was pure and fetched good prices for the tribe, and the Chieftain was wise enough to sell it to many different buyers, buyers far away from each other.

The largest piece went to Cyprus, where its king was more skilled with a chisel than a sword. This sculptor-king, Pygmalion, slowly fashioned the stone into a beautiful maiden. Galatea's door to the Veil was still within and she had recovered enough to start venturing out. Slowly she reached out to find what lay beyond her door, as the sculptor-king chiseled and smoothed the stone from his side. The final statue resembled Galatea's original form greatly, and she was able to use her Allure power over him.

Pygmalion fell desperately in love with the statue, and bemoaned the fact that she was mere stone, not flesh and blood. Galatea took that moment to manifest herself fully, capturing the heart of Pygmalion as her own. The king officially married the statue which had come to life, saying it was the will of Aphrodite. Galatea, being wise in such matters, did not quibble, but at the end of the wedding feast, asked her new husband if he would rule in her lands. He agreed at once, and the two disappeared that evening, leaving only the inert statue of Galatea. Her part of the Veil has slow time, and she has been content to live with him from that day to this (though he is truly ancient now). The Cypriots got a new king, and the statue was eventually stolen, passed through a dozen different hands, and finally into my own. I presented it as a gift to the Louvre, and I think its in some basement somewhere. None have seen Galatea on this side of the Veil since, though I can tell you that she and her sculptor-king are still happy.

Nymphs in The Great Game

NYMPH ABILITIES

Ability	Dryads	Niaads	Nereides	Oceanides	Oreads	Hama-dryads
Fisticuffs	PR	PR	PR	AV	PR	AV
Perception	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV
Athletics	PR	AV	PR	PR	GD	AV
Physique	AV	AV	AV	AV	GD	AV
Stealth	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV
Live In Nature	GR	GR	GR	GR	GD	No
Allure	GR	GR	GR	GR	GR	AV
Etherealness	AV	AV	AV	AV	AV	No
Glamour	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	No
Shapeshift	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	No
Poor Skills	+1	+1	+1	+1	0	0

Note: Hamadryads are mortals with a touch of Nymph life force in them. Not all products of mortal/Nymph union are Hamadryads, but those that are only gain the Allure ability. They have no repulsions but take damage from Cold Iron as one of the Faerie.

Live in Nature

The Nymphs have the ability to meld and live within an item of their natural type. Dryads choose a Tree, the Oreads a rock formation, the Neriedes a shore, the Oceanides a portion of open sea, and the Niaads any fresh body of water. The Nymphs have the ability to open an apparent doorway in that feature, which leads to their private bit of the Veil-space. The level of this power indicates the ability to open the doorway to their domain in times of stress, and to resist the incursions of others who might seek entry. If the Nymph's home is utterly destroyed or the Nymph driven out, the level indicates the ability to create a new home.

The bit of extradimensional space contained by this ability is separated from the bulk of the Veil, and might be thought of as a gateway or entrance hall to the larger house. However, it is an entrance hall designed by the Nymph in question, and may take on the appearance of a great hall or the interior of a castle. The entrances to the Faerie Veil (if any exist), and to the mortal world, are controlled by the Nymph who makes this her domain. Windows open out onto the real world, but these are mystically sealed, and egress is only possible with the Nymph's permission. The Nymph may use her Glamour to create food and other items within.

The decoration of the domain varies according to the type of Nymph. Dryads favor wood furnishings, usually in the same wood as their chosen tree. Oceanides have walls of solid water, filled with fish. Nereides like fabric mazes, ruffled by salt breezes, and interrupted by great fabric pavilions. Niaads favor rustic accommodations with stone fireplaces and heavy wood furniture. Oreads like stone — carved and twisted like water and polished smooth as glass.

When a Nymph is returned to the Veil, they retain their house, though the windows are darkened and the doors locked until the Nymph recovers sufficiently to return to the mortal coil. A destroyed Nymph's space folds in on itself, and anything kept within that space from the outside world (like, lovers) is ejected out into its native home. Time flows differently in these private domains, to the tune of the Nymph who created it. The former mortal lover may find himself having aged a decade in a single night, or discover that the world has changed greatly in his absence.

Nymphs may travel, but may only rest (and heal) if they have access to their interdimensional home. Creating the new space is a GOOD level task. If a Nymph chooses to create a new home, then the old one is immediately eliminated. Nymphs are not tied to a particular location, though they tend to prefer to live in one spot.

Allure

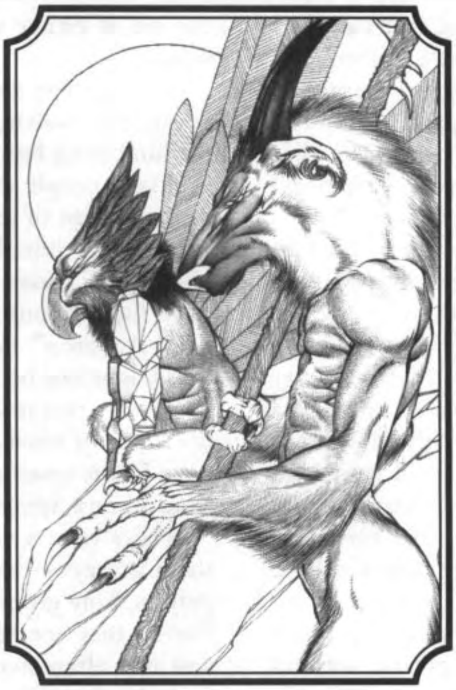
Allure is the ability to capture the attention, and the heart, of a target mortal. The mortal must make eye contact with the Nymph. The mortal must make a Courage check against the Nymph's level of power to avoid this fate. If the mortal succeeds, he is immune to the effects of that particular Nymph until the next sunset. If the mortal fails, he is enraptured by the Nymph, and will move towards the Nymph, regardless of personal danger.

An Allured individual becomes totally enthralled by the Nymph on touch (no further check is made). The mortal will then willingly accompany the Nymph into her section of the Faerie Veil, or, if sent off on a mission by that Nymph, will willing follow her orders for 3 days following the initial Allure.

The victim of the Allure is only allowed additional Courage checks if away from the nymph for three days. After this, a new Courage check is allowed each day following as long as the nymph's influence is not re-exerted.

PHOOKAS

Brags and Bugganes. "Phookas are, as a class, among the most powerful of the Faerie," said the elf-king, "And the most dangerous, for they are strong-willed, impetuous, and malicious when crossed. They are used by both Courts, and have served both The Adversary and myself well in our little games."



The general name of the class is Phooka, and that is how they wish to be known. Brags and Bugganes are names mortals have tagged on them, claiming the former to be deadly and Unseelie, and the latter to be Seelie, if a bit mischievous. In reality, they are one in the same. Today's Buggane is tomorrow's Brag, depending on how it is treated and how it feels, and who is giving its orders. Phookas maybe found in both Courts, though they tend towards the Seelie.

Phookas are the best shapechangers among the Faerie people, but also the most chaotic. When shape-shifting, they truly shift, encompassing several forms simultaneously. A Phooka may appear with the head of a serpent, the torso of a man, and flaming wings, resting on goatlegs made of crystal. They are nightmare creatures, pulling bits and pieces into a coherent amalgam. Only through concentration can they keep their form in one shape.

On the other hand, they have one form which they excel at, that usually being an animal shape. It is in that form that they are usually encountered by mortals. The animal form may be normal or giant-sized but, if normal, their appearance is so accurate that few would question that they were anything other than exactly what they appear to be.

Phookas usually choose a type of domestic animal or wild creature that would be common and unremarkable, including rabbits, birds, horses, or hounds in towns, and wolves, foxes, and bears in wilder areas. The Hedley Kow, a prankster Faerie in the Yorkshire area, is called a Bogey, but is in truth a Buggane, and a fairly good-tempered one at that, for he delights only in pranks.

Iron and prayers are the bane of the Phooka. They are repulsed by these items, and will not enter into a chapel or other sacred ground. The touch of iron to a Phooka will immediately cause it to lose coherency no matter what form it may be in at the time.

Phookas often choose a particular human, similar to the Fetch's "Chosen One". Bugganes will seek to protect such an individual, while Brags will scheme its destruction. A Phooka is not bound to its chosen mortal in the same way as the Fetch is, and may grow bored and wander off for other quarry. It may also be charged to watch or bedevil a particular mortal. Young Tom had a Phooka in bat-form which saved his life when the Unseelie Court sent one of their Salamanders after him.

The dual nature of the Phooka is a finely balanced act, and these creatures can be fanatically loyal to a mortal, then berserk opponents if spurned. Their tempers are mercurial, and they make Clurichuans look reasonable. The best thing to do when you have a Phooka attached to you is smile and take its favors. Peeving a Phooka is not recommended.

Phookas in The Great Game

PHOOKA ABILITIES

ABILITY	PHOOKA	ABILITY	PHOOKA
Fisticuffs	EXC	Take Animal Form	EXC
Perception	GD	Etherealness	PR
Athletics	GR	Glamour	PR
Physique	GR	Shapeshift	GD
Stealth	GD	Poor Skills	+4

Take Animal Form

Phooka shapechanging abilities function differently than most other Faeries. The listed ability level for Shapechange indicates the chance of retaining form for five minutes. This applies to all forms except the chosen Animal Form.

The Animal Form is chosen when the Faerie is first created. It cannot be a mortal human, Faerie, Faerie animal or pet. It can be any animal, or a giant-sized animal. The Phooka retains its ability to communicate when in Animal Form, as well as use its other abilities. When in its animal form it can pass among others of its type without difficulty, as they treat it as one of their own.

The Animal Form, like any shapeshifted form for the Phooka, is vulnerable to the touch of iron. Staying in form when touched with iron is a EXT level challenge to the Phooka's ability (Take Animal Form, or Shapechange).

PIXIES

Spirtes, Elves, and Fairies.

"Pixies are among the best-known of common Faerie Folk, and their alternate names bespeak that commonality — Sprites, Elves, and Fairies themselves. Each name could be applied to great hordes of the Faerie, but Mortals seem to have fixed these labels to this ever-present family of the Folk."

The Pixies hold a number of advantages over the rest of the Faerie folk. Many are bound to a particular location, site, or person, either by choice (Brownies) or by the rules that control their kind (Nymphs, Fetches). Pixies lack these shackles, and may go as they please. Of course, that very freedom creates problems for Sprites, in that they have no idea where they wish to go.

This last bit explains their attachment to humans, and their willingness to put up with all manner of mortal falderal in exchange for their company. Humans have a sense of purpose, a sense of adventure, a sense of direction that most of the Faerie lack (with some exceptions). Pixies are willing to go along with humans, often aiding, and, just as often, inadvertently thwarting, their plans.

Pixies are among the smallest of the Faerie kind, being only three inches tall. They appear in all shades and colors, but often take the shade, hair color, and eye color of the humans around them. Their eyes are overlarge for their heads, their noses small, the very definition of elfin, and their ears slightly elongated and tapered. This appeals to humans, as the Pixies resemble small children. Pixies are both male and female, and dress in what appears to be flowers and leaves. They are invariably winged with the delicate wings of a mayfly or butterfly. There are occasional bird-winged, or bat-winged sprites as well, but these are the exception as opposed to the rule. Pixies can be of either sex, though most of them are female

Given their small size, they prefer to fly as opposed to walking, staying ahead of the tread of the lumbering humans.

Many people assume that Pixies are always on some mission of the Faerie Courts. This is true in some cases, but does not account for the huge number of Pixies wandering about. Most Pixies have figured out that being on a "Mission for Lord Auberon" opens doors and accords respect that might not be present otherwise for so small a being. For that matter, they do consider what they do to be of ultimate importance, and more than once I have received warning of some plot or plan from a brave Sprite.

Pixies have a variety of repulsions which keep them at bay — iron, of course, inverted clothes, prayers, holy ground, and salt. Unlike many of the Faerie, they see these items as personal affronts, and will often steel themselves to confront these items head on. Their logic goes, that if someone is going to the trouble of wearing inverted gloves, there must be a reason for it, a reason that probably would be bad for the Faerie as a class. Therefore protections often act to attract Elves as opposed to repulsing them.

Pixies place themselves squarely within the Seelie Court, but that does not make them any less dangerous to mortals. First, they are well-intentioned, but do not always think matters through, and their aid often creates as many troubles as it solves. Secondly, if mistreated, deceived, or harmed, or if their small plans are foiled, they can turn vengeful and angry.

Most notable of this lot was a Parisian Pixie named Triscalia, also known as the Muse of Montemart. She arrived in the city in the 1700's, and quickly made a name for herself by "adopting" one artist after another, usually by causing important patronesses and Salon judges to become enraptured by one artist after another. She was

singlehandedly responsible for first the Neoclassicists with her (mostly fictitious) tales of her life in Rome, then the rise of the Romantics, with its interest in mythology as subject matter.

Her relationships with individual artists took a fairly standard pattern — she would choose one whose style appealed to her (and her sense of art is exquisite in all its forms) who was still struggling. In a shape-shifted form she would appear at parties, raving about this new discovery, then use her love charm ability to ensure anyone meeting the artist would be impressed with his manner as well as his work. Only once the artist was established would she reveal herself, expecting his thanks, and (at least) a free self-portrait.

Many artists were appreciative for Triscalia's aid, but more than a few refused to believe she was responsible for their success in the Parisian art world, crediting instead their own vision and abilities. The history of French art of this time is filled with names that have suddenly appeared from nowhere — Seelay, Morele, C. L. DeWall — only to return to obscurity through a series of mishaps — lost paintings, broken relationships, or a new "hot" painter suddenly appearing out of nowhere. It does not pay to cross the Muse of Montemart.

One of her most recent projects was Manet. She encouraged him to produce nudes such as his "Olympia" (in which she appears as the cat at the foot of the bed), which created such a scandal that even the Salon (ultimate judge of art in Paris) moved against her. Priests now accompany all judging committees, and the Salon has banished her from the grounds, laying tubes of salt across all the entrances and windows. Now, instead of fostering a particular artist, Triscalia has set her sites on bringing down the Salon system itself. She has been supporting a crew of young rebels, like Renoir and Monet, and was the impetus behind their recent Armory show that went directly against the Salon system. Whether she has the determination to see this little matter through remains unknown.

Pixies in The Great Game

PIXIE ABILITIES

Ability	Pixie
Fisticuffs	PR
Perception	GD
Athletics	GD
Physique	PR
Stealth	EXC
Love Charm	GR
Etherealness	GR
Glamour	GR
Shapeshift	PR
Poor Skills	+2

Love Charm

Pixies have a form of enchanted sight, akin to the Bogey's Evil Eye and the Leprechauns Grant Luck. One affected by the Love Charm will fall into a consuming passion for another individual or object, unless it passes a Courage check, against the strength of the Pixie's charm.

The target of the Love Charm must be visible to the Pixie with its unaided eye, and the target must also be able to see the object of his or her unbridled passion. As for other types of sight-based charms, a photograph will not suffice. The target may be animal, mortal, or Faerie, and is not immediately aware of the enchantment (though Faerie, being quite used to this sort of thing, could pick it up quickly).

The nature of the passion varies from individual to individual. A parish priest will not suddenly start dating a dancehall singer nor will a wife leave her husband of twenty years for a younger woman, if that is not her nature. The Love Charm may cause an individual to act as a mentor, to grant gifts and provide opportunities, to entrust with secrets, or to look out for the other individual's best interests (whether that individual wants it or not).

Pixies are hopeless romantics as a class, so their ability is most used to reconcile separated lovers, or to cause the target of an unrequited passion to respond positively. Most Pixies believe that a relationship will bloom if just given a small shove. If the relationship fails afterward, they are confused, and often insulted that the individuals themselves didn't respond better to the enchantment.

The Pixie Love Charm lasts as long as the Pixie so chooses. It can be dispelled easily, and the Sage of Venice keeps a spell for exactly that use. Should the Pixie return to the Veil for any reason, the Love Charm will also evaporate. Only one individual at a time may be target for a Love Charm, though two Pixies may team up to cause a mutual attraction.

SELKIES

Roane.

"Faeries do change over time," reflected the king. "Or rather, the world changes about us, and we adapt. We were thought of as gods by the Greeks, then driven underground by Romans armed with cold iron. We fought with unthinking mortals in the Dark Ages and were welcomed into their midsts during the Age of Reason. And through it all change the Folk have adapted, living apart when man was unreasonable, living among them when dealing with more rational mortals. The Selkies are a classic case of Faerie adaptability, which usually means patience and waiting for humans to come around and become reasonable."

Selkies, also called Roane, are a sea-Faerie who have solved the problem of their waterborne existence in a unique fashion. The Selkies first came over in the Second Earth, and sought to duplicate seals, whom they thought were the most intelligent beings on the planet. Indeed, given the open, solemn looks of the seals, and the fact that their lives consist of sleeping, swimming, and eating, I would be hard-pressed to disagree.

However, they soon discovered that humans were at the head of the food chain, not seals. They had chosen their lot, and seemed to be confined to the sea. But the Roane adapted, and exerted themselves to create an enchantment that allowed them to leave their waterborne existence and walk among men. They did this by shedding their skins, mystically peeling their seal-flesh away to reveal a human form. Unlike the Mermaids, there was no limit on their enchantment. However, this did not help them in their native forms, which where hunted and slain with the other sea creatures by humans looking for fur and meat.

Now, for many Faerie, such attacks were cause for raising a Wild Hunt, but the Selkies were Seelie, and extremely peaceful. As opposed to fighting the humans, they sought to guide them. In places where the seals were hunted lightly, they allowed the humans their hunt. In those locations where the seals were horribly hunted, the human predators would suddenly find the beaches and ice floes empty, the seals herded elsewhere by their Faerie protectors.

The Roane went further, using Glamours to convince the best seal-hunters that they themselves were seals, and in that way making them aware of the dangers of the seals' lives. There is story after story in Iceland, Sweden, and the British Isles of the best seal-hunter in the village suddenly renouncing his craft, and treating the seals well thereafter.

Soon it became known that many of the seals and sea lions were protected by Roane colonies. This was accomplished with a minimal loss of human life, and saved hundreds of seals as well. Selkies now began to join human society in full. They had always visited isolated hamlets and seacoast villages, and married with the men and women there, but now they felt comfortable in larger towns and cities. Selkies joined the various navies, and helped establish both the British and the Dutch as superior naval powers. Their knowledge of the water proved invaluable.

The thrones of England and of Sweden have banned all seal-hunting in their waters, and Bertie is thinking of extending the ban to whale-hunters as well. A Selkie sits on the Naval Board, and a Roane served with Napoleon in his Egyptian Campaign. And of course, any Roane will tell you, it was the Admiral Liam O'Conner, scion of the Selkies, who was responsible (with Sir Walter Raleigh and a few hundred stalwart British ships) for the scuttling of the Spanish Armada. I would be remiss here if I failed to note that it was I who recommended Liam for his position to Good Queen Bess.

The point is, that when mankind was mad, the Selkie responded with avoidance and counselled the mortals to overcome that madness. With the Age of Reason dawning, the Selkies have become more and more part of everyday life for the New Europans. Like the Daoine Sidhe, they are accepted, even sought after, for their abilities.

Selkies are either male or female, but always athletic, strong-boned, and limber. They have red hair, though this may vary from a russet brown to a strawberry blonde. Their eyes are blue when human, deep green when in their natural form. Whether in human or seal form, they are playful, boisterous, and amiable. Most consider the human experience, particularly the modern human experience, to be a grand adventure. Eventually they plan to retire, though that usually means returning to the rocky inlets with the rest of their families in seal-form.

As noted before, Selkies have adapted to dealing with dry-land humans by shedding their skins. These skins are not discarded, for they are part of the Faerie, and hold a good deal of their power. A mortal can control a Roane by holding his or her skin, for the Selkie can do that mortal no harm while it has the skin in its possession. Roanes who fall for mortal men or women give these skins to them in marriage, and the less scrupulous have forced a Selkie to wed by stealing their seal skin wrappers. Should the mortal lose or give back the seal skin, the Selkie is free and will return to his or her aquatic life.

Selkies have no repulsions other than the one concerning their shed skins. They may be killed by cold iron, but do not fear it. This lack of repulsions makes them ideal for life on ships, as they require little in the way of special treatments. Indeed, in the Royal British Navy, Selkies on their first cruise are assigned under the watchful eye of the ship's Anglican Priest, who is responsible for the Roane's moral upbringing and integration into organized human life. Many a priest has torn out his hair dealing with their inquisitive, lively, and entirely godless charges. Unfortunately this happy state may not persist as more and more navy ships are built of iron.

Selkies are primarily northern, though are now found the world over on British, French, Dutch, and Scandinavian ships. They are on fair terms with most of the rest of the sea-bourne Faerie. They consider the Nymphs too reclusive and the Lake Ladies too haughty, and the Mermaids altogether too pushy in their dealings with mortals. They should, in the Selkie opinion, follow their course, and come to live among the mortals, without all this dangerous fooling about and dragging men to their dooms. At least, that's the way the Selkies see it, in their clear common sense born in the icy waters of the north.

Selkies in The Great Game

SELKIE ABILITIES

Ability	Roanes
Fisticuffs	GD
Perception	AV
Athletics	AV
Physique	GD
Stealth	GD
Take Human Form	GD
Etherealness	AV
Glamour	AV
Shapeshift	AV
Poor Skills	+0

Take Human Form

This is a specialized form of shapeshifting used by the Selkies, much in the same way as the Merfolk, but with a number of important differences. There is no time limit on the transformation — the Roane may remain in human form for days, even months. However, Selkies consider their seal form to be their true form, and are no more comfortable with human form than a man is who has been transformed into a donkey or a lion. The change is exciting, in the Roane's opinion, but not their true identity.

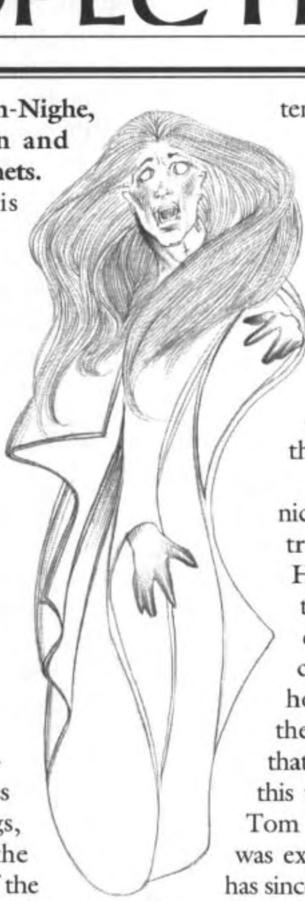
When the Selkie transforms to human shape, they literally peal away their seal skins. These they must keep in order to return to their true form. If the seal skin is damaged, the Selkie will be similarly damaged. If the seal skin is destroyed, the Selkie will be sent back to the Faerie Veil. The Selkie always can identify his or her seal skin, and always knows where it is. It cannot be lost, though it can be stolen. The one who holds the seal skin can control the Selkie that it belongs to.

The level of the ability affects the Selkie's ability to hold its form under stress and for making the transformation quickly. The Selkie can always make the change if he or she has their skin. Attempting to change without benefit of the skin is considered a EXT task.

SPECTRES

Banshees, Bean-Nighe, Cwn Annwn and Gabriel Ratchets. "There is confusion in human minds between Haunts and Spectres, “ said Auberon, “Both take their origins from non-physical phenomena, but while the Haunts failed to take on respectable bodies and are members of the Unseelie Court, the Spectres do have some established forms, and are generally members of the Seelie. Of course, given their abilities and actions many mortals will disagree."

Spectres generally appear as hounds or women. Again, this fits with the tradition that we Faerie adapted in the First Earth. The early Spectres saw women at work or hunting dogs, and adapted accordingly. Perhaps the baying of the hounds or the singing of the women appealed to them. In any event, the Spectres can be subdivided in appearance into women and hounds. Both appear slightly translucent, but are solid enough to the touch.


Banshee

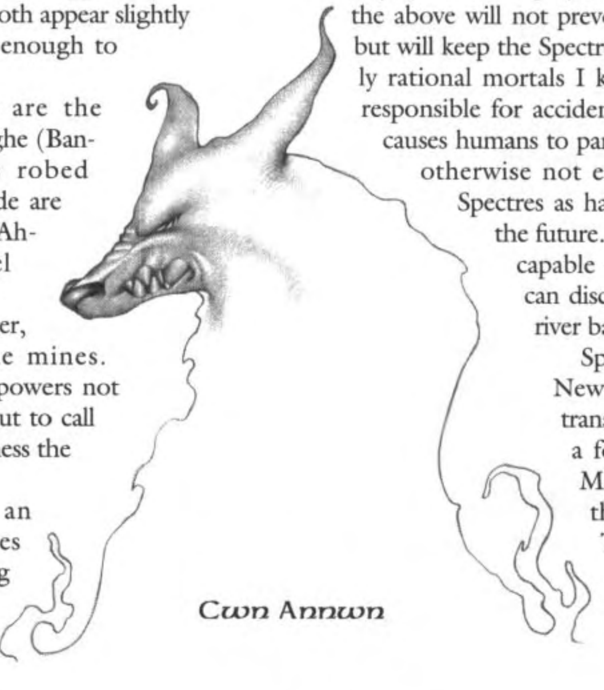
On the female side are the Banshees and the Bean-Nighe (Ban-Nie), which appear as robed women. On the hound side are the Cwn Annwn (Koon Ah-NOON) and the Gabriel Ratchets. All have the singular power to sense danger, like the knockers of the mines. However, they use those powers not to warn humans directly, but to call others of their types to witness the danger as well.

Have you ever seen an accident, like two carriages colliding or a train running off the tracks? Mortals congregate at that spot, extricating the living and tending to the injured. But there are other mortals who arrive and lend neither aid nor encouragement. They are drawn by the accident itself. The Spectres are the same way, drawn by human suffering. They don't revel in it, which would be a Haunt trait, but they are curious about it. That curiosity is taken by mortals as a morbid voyeurism, and the appearance of one or more Spectres is considered an ill omen. The Spectres do not cause the accidents, though they know when they are coming.

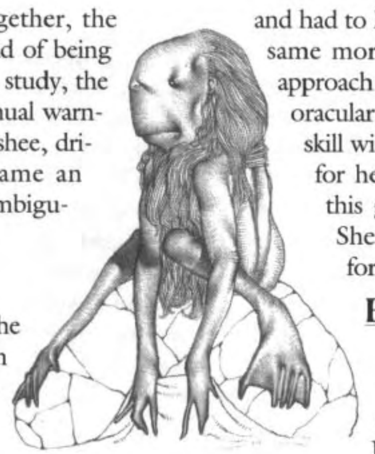
Spectres are often portrayed as never communicating with mortals save by their wailing, but in truth they may converse as any other Faerie. However, since they are continually monitoring the ether for portents of disaster, they are often distracted, and when they sense something bad coming, they will begin to wail or howl. The hounds, of course, speak to mortals, though their voice is gravelly. The first Gabriel Ratchet that Tom of the Fourth Earth met greeted him in this type of voice, and was immediately named by Tom "Scooby-Doo." The Ratchet, once the joke was explained, was honored by the appellation, and has since settled in Bayern.

Spectres are repelled by inverted clothing, iron, holy symbols and prayers, and the sound of bells. All of the above will not prevent a tragedy from occurring, but will keep the Spectres at a distance. Some perfectly rational mortals I know insist that Spectres are responsible for accidents, as their appearance often causes humans to panic and cause crisis that might otherwise not exist. Better to think of the Spectres as having a limited extension into the future. Much like a fish in a stream is capable of swimming upstream, they can discern the future features of the river based on the flow of the water.

Spectres are found throughout New Europa. They are generally transient, staying in one place for a few weeks, then moving on. Many visit cities, but few make them their permanent abode. This is in part because of the presence of iron and other repulsions, but also because of the huge press of human population. When


Cwn Annwn

that many humans are gathered together, the pain and suffering is continual. Instead of being treated with an occasional accident to study, the Spectres are overwhelmed with continual warnings. Some have gone mad. One Banshee, driven mad in war-torn Greece, became an Oracle at Delphi, and specialized in ambiguous statements to foolish mortals.



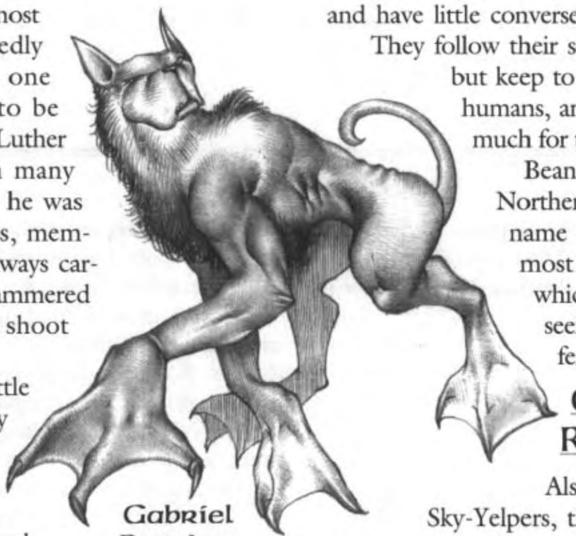
Bean-Nighe

Banshees

The best-known of the Spectres, the Banshee is a pale, floating woman dressed in a bright green dress, wrapped with a grey cape. She usually has a saddened and pained expression on her face. They are always female.

Banshees and Bean-Nighe are drawn by suffering, usually in connection with a death in the family or village. As a result their appearance is considered an ill omen, and some mortal legends go so far as to say that seeing a Banshee is the mark of death for a mortal. Since eventually dying is the very definition of mortal, it is an easy statement to make.

The Banshees have ridden the plague winds that swept out of the south throughout the Dark and Middle Ages, the most recent being in the supposedly "enlightened" 1600's. At one point they were thought to be responsible for the plagues. Luther was a great philosopher in many respects, but in this matter he was out of his depth. Regardless, members of the Plague Watch always carried crossbow quarrels of hammered iron, and were ordered to shoot Banshees on sight.



Gabriel Ratchet

Banshees can and do settle with humans, for even they sometimes renounce their wandering ways and resolve to stay rooted, eschewing their powers. Several prominent Irish families claim a Banshee heritage. Alas, with the death of the husband, the Banshee returns to her transient nature, further saddened by the personal loss.

There were Banshees at the Great Fire of London in 1666 and the massive Lisbon Earthquake in 1755. They have been at every eruption of Mt. Etna and ran through the streets of Pompeii as the ash tumbled down.

I mentioned Delphi, the Banshee who served as an Oracle. She had drunk too deep of the cup of suffering and had to hide herself away. Yet having done so, the same mortals who fled her appearance began to approach her for sage advice. Her powers were not oracular, but she had enough sense, and enough skill with a careful phrase to gain great notoriety for her accuracy. After a century, she tired of this game as well, and retired to the North. She still masquerades in human form, as a fortune teller with the Gypsies.

Bean-Nighe

The Bean-Nighe are also called "The Little Washer By the Ford". They are much smaller than the human-sized Banshees, standing about three feet in height, with light green skin and bare, webbed feet. They gain their name from the fact that they are often spotted at the sides of streams and creeks, washing clothes. All manner of human myths have been put forward as to their behavior — that they wash the clothes of the soon-to-die, or they are the ghosts of mothers who died in childbirth. In truth they appear to wash clothes because that is what their first models were doing, and they are imitating those models.

Bean-Nighe are less intelligent than the Banshee, and have little converse and interaction with mortals. They follow their senses from disaster to disaster, but keep to the wilds — large numbers of humans, and the pain they bring, are too much for them.

Bean-Nighe are found throughout Northern New Europa, but take their name from the land where they are most populous, Ireland, a country which despite our presence is still seeing more than its share of suffering.

Gabriel Ratchets

Also called Gabriel Hounds and Sky-Yelpers, the Gabriel Ratchets are flying dogs, usually encountered in packs. They are great hounds with humanoid faces, and grey or blue-grey fur. They beat their way through the air with huge paws ending in wide, webbed toes. When flying, they honk, like geese. They look and sound rather comical, though their appearance is viewed with fear by many villagers, for they are following their own portents of disaster.

Ratchets are communal, and usually travel in packs. While a collection of usually solitary Banshees or Bean-Nighe usually portends a great disaster, a flock of Gabriel Ratchets may convene for a single death or accident. They are social and can remain aloft continually.

Before the Battle of Königsieg, I used Gabriel Ratchets, led by the one Tom christened "Scooby-Doo", to recon the enemy line of march, and unnerve the Prussian troops. There is nothing a mortal soldier dislikes more than foul omens before a battle. The Ratchets were driven off by sentries with iron bullets, but they rattled the Prussians sufficiently to buy our side the time needed to bring the aerocruisers forward.

Cwn Annwn

These are another canine Spectre, though they use their abilities little. They are allied to the Gwagged Annwn of Wales and Western England, and often act as their guard dogs and hunting hounds. They are huge, black dogs, often looking like nothing more than great ebon shadows with fire-red eyes. They rarely, if ever, mix with mortals.

It is the task of the Cwn Annwn to bring back mortals which escape the Gwagged Annwn's enchantments, and they are rightly feared. While I believe that Merlin is close to figuring out a method of retaining his and Arthur's youth should they return from Avalon, he is still working on a way to confound the hounds

* * *

Spectres in The Great Game

SPECTRE ABILITIES

Ability	Banshee	Bean-Nighe	Gabriel Ratchet	Cwn Annwn
Fisticuffs	PR	PR	AV	GD
Perception	AV	PR	AV	AV
Athletics	PR	PR	PR	GD
Physique	PR	PR	PR	GD
Stealth	EXT	EXT	EXC	EXT
Portend Danger	GD	GR	GD	AV
Etherealness	AV	AV	AV	AV
Glamour	AV	AV	AV	AV
Shapeshift	AV	AV	AV	AV
Poor Skills	+0	+0	+0	+3

Portend Danger

Spectres have the ability to sense potential danger, as determined by the Host. The Host gives the danger a value, and the Spectre uses his ability against that value to determine success.

Obvious, Deadly	PR
Obvious, Damaging	AV
Obvious, Minor	GD
Hidden, Deadly	AV
Hidden, Damaging	GD
Hidden, Minor	GR
Concealed, Deadly	GR
Concealed, Damaging	EXC
Concealed, Minor	EXT

Obvious — the danger is readily apparent.

Hidden — the source of the danger is not readily apparent.

Concealed — the source of the danger has been purposefully hidden.

Deadly — The damage would, in the Host's opinion (before any determination is made) cause the death of a mortal.

Damaging — The damage from the danger would harm humans but not kill them (In the Host's opinion - this does not negate the chance that someone might die anyway when matters are resolved)

Minor — Only 1 point of damage should be taken by those affected by the danger.

The degree of the danger (though not its obviousness) also determines the time of warning for potential danger. A Minor danger would grant a warning of 1 minute, at most. A Damaging danger would allow up to an hour, and a Deadly danger up to several days. For a great disaster that will claim many lives, the Spectre may get warning of up to several weeks.

The Spectre does not know what the danger is, only that one is coming. Also, volatile humanity may cause danger that is unlooked-for. The presence of a loaded gun is always a Deadly danger, but until it is drawn in anger, with intent to shoot, it is an inert objection, and will not call a Spectre. Once it is drawn, the danger is Obvious and Deadly, and will affect the Spectre.

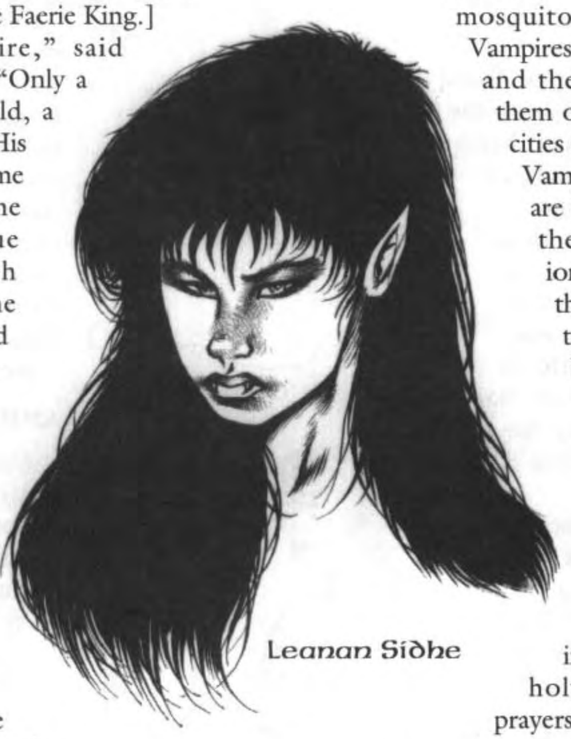
The potential of Danger holds an enthralling power over the Spectre, such that it takes a Courage check to avoid being drawn in that direction. One reason that most Spectres avoid large cities is that there is the potential for danger and death continually, such that the Spectre is pulled from one side of the metropolis to the other.

VAMPIRES

Baobhan Sith, Glastig, and Leanan-Sidhe.

[Author's Note: This dissertation was provided by King Auberon early in the week, though its rightful place is here in this document. We were discussing the supernatural, in particular the popular view in novels and on the stage. I mentioned Count Dracula and referred to him as a vampire, and earned a stern rebuke from The Faerie King.]

"Dracula is no Vampire," said Auberon with a nasty smile, "Only a bad-tempered half-breed child, a poseur with a good publicist. His turn in this discussion will come when we speak of the Daoine Sidhe. If you want true Vampires, you must search among the other sex, for the Baobhan Sith, the Glastig, and Leanan-Sidhe are all just as deadly as that boy-child. He might wrap the mantle of the Vampire around his shoulders, but even he should know the true origins of these ladies. And should stay well clear of them"



Leanan Sidhe

Again we have to go back to the beginnings of the Faerie, soon after we pierced the Veil. Reality fascinated us. Humans fascinated us. Emotions and creativity fascinated us. And for some of us, blood was fascinating. The idea that mortal bodies would leak out fluid if punctured amazed many of us at the time. For some, the fascination with blood went further. These would become the Vampires.

The True Vampires are beautiful, their beauty enhanced with their Glamours and their kindred power to allure. They change their shape slowly over time, always to match the fashions. I know of a Baobhan Sith who was pale, chubby and cherubic when she posed nude for Reubens. I ran into her two years ago in Paris, and she was a lean, tanned, well-muscled adventuress in denim riding pants and a white blouse, looking as if she had just returned from a hunt with the Countess Marianne. The Vampires often choose to move among mortals as if they were mortals, and if found as Faerie will claim to be Daoine Sidhe. Only once it has become clear that they are much older than they look (or once the bodies start piling up from their blood-drinking activities) do they move on to redder pastures.

The illusion crafted by Dracula and his cult is of the Vampires as rapists, swooping down to prey on mortal women like supernatural mosquitoes. In reality, the True Vampires charm their chosen prey, and the prey who often marry them or (in more understanding cities such as Paris) support the Vampire in comfort. Vampires are excellent lovers, driven by the beat of their companion's heart. Many claim that the Vampires grant creativity in exchange for their bleedings. Only the Leanan Sidhe do this, though the other Vampires do nothing to correct this misapprehension.

Vampires carry with them a host of repulsions, including inverted clothes, iron, and holy symbols, sites, and prayers. They cannot cross running water of their own volition, though they may be carried across. The latter additions concerning garlic, sunlight, grave earth, creating new vampires, original coffins, and the foolishness about stakes is so much stuff and nonsense. This works for the Vampires, though, and I know of one in Rome who has worked for the past decade in an restaurant, surrounded by garlands of garlic, hunting men at night. She has never come under suspicion because "everyone knows" a Vampire can go nowhere near garlic.

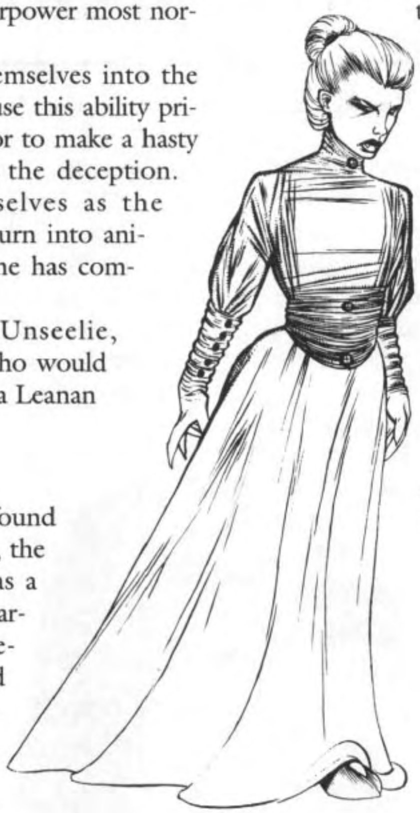
Vampires have very sharp teeth, and pierce their prey through a series of "love-bites" — sharp, hard kisses. The prey may be bleeding from eight or nine places before he even realizes that he has been mortally wounded. Despite their appearances, they are hideously strong, and can overpower most normal mortals easily.

Vampires can transform themselves into the form of an animal, though they use this ability primarily to check out future prey, or to make a hasty escape if the mortals tumble to the deception. Modern Vampires see themselves as the paragons of civilization, and to turn into animal form is an admission that one has committed a faux pas.

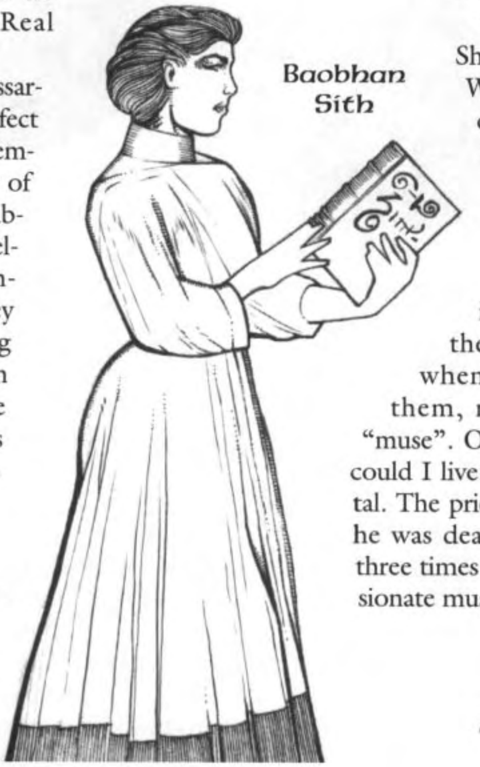
Vampires, of course, are Unseelie, though there are many writers who would trade obscurity and their lives for a Leanan Sidhe's gift and immortal kiss.

Baobhan Sith

Originally Scottish but now found in all the capitals of New Europa, the Baobhan Sith (Baovan Shee) has a penchant for young male flesh, particularly military officers and firebrand politicians. Their hot blood excites these Vampires. One named Liana (whose last name changes with each new city) was responsible for more deaths in Paris during the Revolution than the executioner, and among her sisters is referred to as "The Real Madame Guillotine".



Glastig



Baobhan Sith

Baobhan Sith are not necessarily pale, but they are always perfect in face and feature — nary a blemish on their skins or a hair out of place. They prefer the finest fabrics and the most luxurious jewelry. One young poet I encountered in Berlin noted that they suck your pocketbook dry along with your blood vessels. I'm afraid he made that quip once too loud, for they found his bloodless body a few months later in his bath tub.

Glastig

The Glastig are the most monstrous of the Vampires, in that they have the lower extremities of a goat, similar to the Fauns and Pans. This may be covered with Glamours and fashions for wide skirts. Indeed there are Glastig which have maintained their facade, marrying into mortal families and working quietly. Vampires do not have a "blood-urge", so these Glastig (Called Green Glastig, though they are no different from the predatory version) put aside their hunting for a generation. Usually this is the case when the Glastig herself falls for one of her prey, and instead of killing him keeps him, slaying him only when he has lost his youth and drive.

Glastig prefer the rural life, and several have established themselves in manor houses in Northern England and Scotland. In fact, there is a Lady's Social Organization in York called Madame Bathori's. The younger mortal women see it as a place to gossip and smoke, but the committeewomen are all Glastig, and use the club as a place to exchange prospects.

Leanan Sidhe

The Leanan Sidhe (Lee-Annan Shee) are part Vampire, part Forest Woman in their makeup. They will drain their partners dry of blood, but in return increase his creativity and productivity. Many a pale poet and painter can be seen on the streets of Vienna or Paris, who are suddenly working better than ever, though at the cost of their own lives. Even when the final cost is explained to them, many refuse to abandon their "muse". One young man, asked me, "How could I live without her, as an ordinary mortal. The price is worth it." Two months later he was dead, his paintings were selling for three times their previous worth, and his passionate muse was dallying with a poet.

Vampires in The Great Game

VAMPIRE ABILITIES

Ability	Baobhan Sith	Glastig	Leanan-Sidhe
Fisticuffs	GR	GD	GR
Perception	GR	GR	GR
Athletics	EXC	EXC	GR
Physique	GD	GD	GD
Stealth	EXT	EXT	EXC
Allure	GR	GR	GR
Take Animal Form	PR	PR	PR
Grant Creativity	No	No	GD
Etherealness	PR	PR	PR
Glamour	GD	GD	GD
Shapeshift	AV	AV	AV
Poor Skills	+6	+4	+4

Allure

Allure is the ability to capture the attention, and the heart, of a target mortal. The Vampire must make eye contact with the mortal. The mortal must make a Courage check against the Faerie's level of power to avoid this fate. If the mortal succeeds, he is immune to the effects of that particular Vampire's charms for a year and a day. If the mortal fails, he is enraptured by the Vampire. An Allured individual becomes totally enthralled by the Vampire when his flesh meets hers. At that time, her lightest suggestion is as an inviolable command.

The victim of the Allure is only allowed additional Courage checks if away from the Vampire for three days. After this, a new Courage check is allowed each day following. The Vampire may only Allure one individual at a time. If she chooses a new mortal, the previous spell evaporates (leaving the mortal embarrassed, but alive).

The Vampire's allure only works on males. Contrary to Count Dracula's exaggerated reports, there are no male vampires in the world of *Castle Falkenstein.*

Take Animal Form

Vampires have the ability to shapeshift as most other Faeries. However, there is one shape they may always change into immediately. The animal form is chosen when the Faerie character is first created. The Vampire may choose from dogs, cats, rats, bats, and snakes, and the form she changes into will be the correct size for the species.

The Vampire retains its ability to communicate when in animal form, as well as use its other abilities. When in its animal form it can pass among others of its type without difficulty, as they treat it as one of their own.

When in animal form, the Vampire may be forced to return to its true shape by any of the repulsions, treating the repulsion as being of EXT level.

Grant Creativity

This ability is held only by the Leanan-Sidhe, and is one reason these Faerie are sought by poets, authors, and artists, regardless of the personal danger to themselves. Like the Forest Women, the Leanan-Sidhe has the ability to inspire mortals, literally by clearing the thought-passages in their brains. Unlike the Forest Women, the Leanan-Sidhe demand the artists' blood in return for the added inspiration.

A mortal under the effects of this Glamour gains two levels in Performance or Tinkering abilities . As with Evil Eye and Grant Luck abilities of other Faerie families, the Vampire must see the individual to be granted the gift with the naked eye. The Grant lasts as long as the Vampire so chooses, and is rescinded when she grants it to another. Should the Vampire be slain or return to the Faerie Veil, the inspiration evaporates and the mortal returns to his normal abilities.

WATER DEMONS

Nuckalevees, Glasttyn, Each-Usige, Jenny Greenteeth, Shellycoats, Kelpies, and Vodyany.

"Most of the Water Faerie have the power to lure mortals with their charms," said Auberon, "And use that power to attract mates. Whether Mermaid or Nymph or Lake Lady, they tend to use their powers of alluring in the name of love, or often to right some basic wrong, in their opinion. There are members of the Unseelie court who use the same abilities in the name of lunch. These are the Water Demons."

Water Demons are blessedly few, with the more powerful members being extremely rare. They inhabit lakes, streams, and rivers throughout New Europa, preferring shady locations with steep or eroded banks. They can be defeated, even driven off, but unless they are well and truly killed, they will always return to their home hunting grounds.

These Unseelie Faerie hunt for the joy of the kill, and prefer their prey to be weak and easily overcome. Women and small children are a favorite prey of the Water Demons.

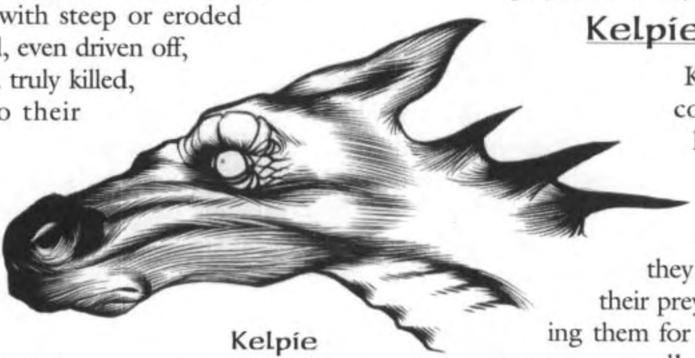
Some Water Demons are also called Water Horses, for many take equine form to lure their prey or bewitch others into thinking they are harmless. All Water Horses are stallions, and some in addition take the form of handsome young men to lure young girls to their doom. Those that do not take horse-form are usually hag-like females or corpulent males who depend on their enchantments to lure others into their grip. In addition, Water Demons have been known to take the shape of flowers, gold rings, and colorful ribbons to bring young children into their reach.

Regardless of form, the Water Demons can converse with mortals, and often attempt to pass themselves off as some other form of Faerie animal or enchanted creature. Some Kelpies and Glasttyn will go so far as to ape the form of unicorns to attract suitable prey.

Water Demons are unusually perverse, even by Unseelie standards. They torture their victims before killing them, and mutilate the bodies afterward. The torn remains of their prey are often found washed ashore or carried downstream. They delight in not only killing mortals, but hanging up the remains from trees to frighten others. Needless to say, they are excellent servants of the Adversary.

Water Demons are usually found in fresh water or along the sea coasts. They do not care for the open ocean, and they do not have the patience to wait for their prey to sail past. They also tend to steer clear of the good Faerie of the sea, since the Merfolk and Roanes travel in large groups, and can overwhelm a lone Water Demon through sheer numbers. On land, the Water Horses are the enemy of Faerie Cattle, and in particular the Crodh Mara.

Iron will repulse Water Demons, as will bells, prayers, and holy symbols.



Kelpie

Kelpies

Kelpies are the most common, and least harmful of the Water Horses. By "least-harmful" that means that they will sometimes let their prey live after terrorizing them for a few hours. They appear as small, perfect ponies in their normal form, and use this form to entice others to ride. Their hides are solid black, gold, or white, and their hooves shine like steel.

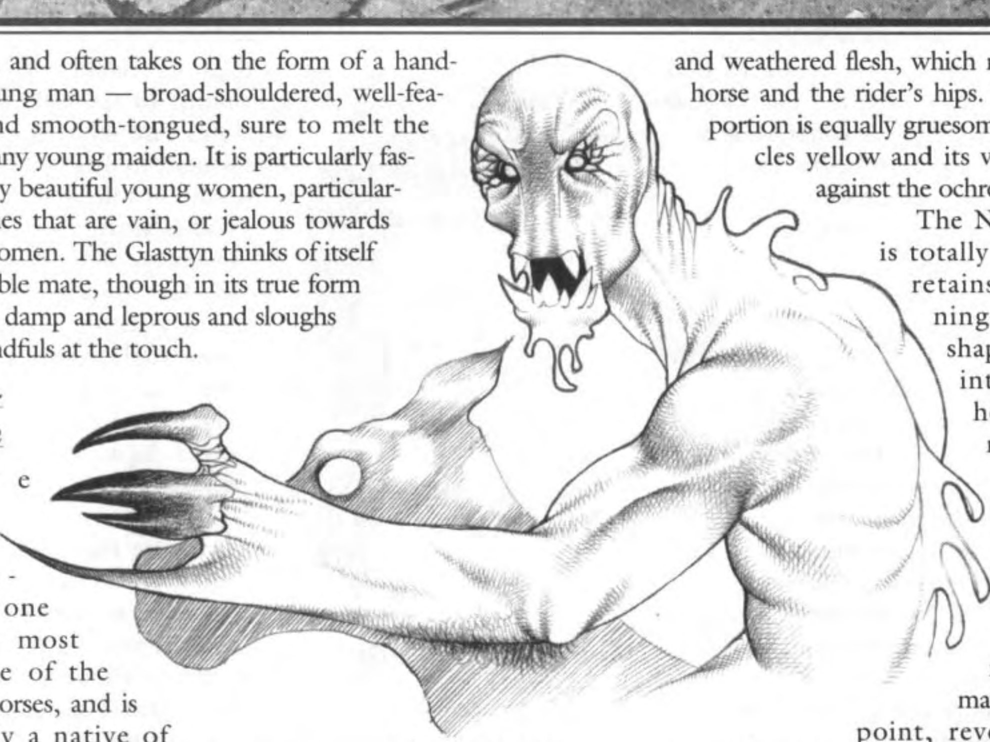
A ride on a Kelpie is a singular experience, as they will bolt through all manner of brush and off high cliffs in order to frighten their riders. Should the Kelpie be satisfied at this point, it will throw its rider and disappear back into the river from whence it came. If not suitably impressed with its rider's prowess, it will take the unlucky rider with it, drowning them in the river's currents or ocean waves.

Glasttyn

The Glasttyn is in many ways the most dangerous of the Faerie horses in that it actively goes hunting for its prey. Most of the rest of the Water Demons are content to lay in wait for the passing traveler or the unsuspecting child. The Glasttyn goes looking for them.

The Glasttyn is the best shapeshifter of the Water

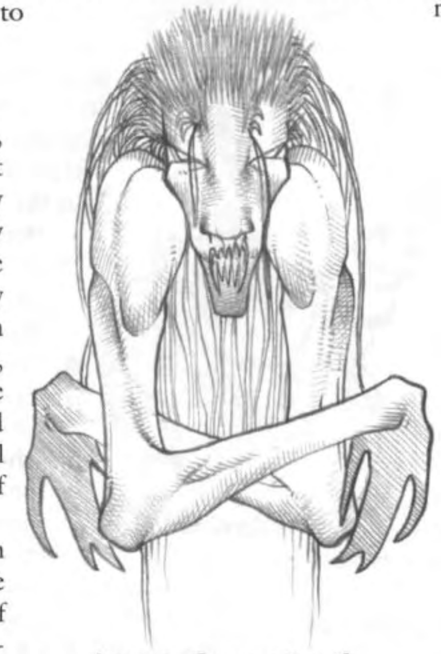
Demons, and often takes on the form of a handsome young man — broad-shouldered, well-featured, and smooth-tongued, sure to melt the heart of any young maiden. It is particularly fascinated by beautiful young women, particularly the ones that are vain, or jealous towards Faerie Women. The Glasttyn thinks of itself as a suitable mate, though in its true form its skin is damp and leprous and sloughs off in handfuls at the touch.


Nuckalevee

Each-Usige

The Each-Uisge (Aug-Isky) is one of the most fearsome of the Water Horses, and is primarily a native of Scotland, often seen in the lochs and along the rocky coasts above the Highland Line. It can shapechange into an eagle, and can take the form of an old man as well.

The Each-Usige traps its human prey as do other Water Demons, and tears it apart with sharp, oversized teeth. However, it always cuts the liver apart from the rest of the body, and leaves it where it took its victim, as a warning to the rest of the mortals that this stretch of beach belongs to the Each-Usige.


Jenny Greenteeth

Nuckalevee

As noted many times before, the first Faeries duplicated that which they saw, without fully understanding what they observed. Later members of the same family duplicated the already twisted early models, resulting in such beings as Faerie animals, haunts, and killimoulis. The Nuckalevee is the most twisted duplication of all, for the original model was the dead remains of mounted rider and his mount.

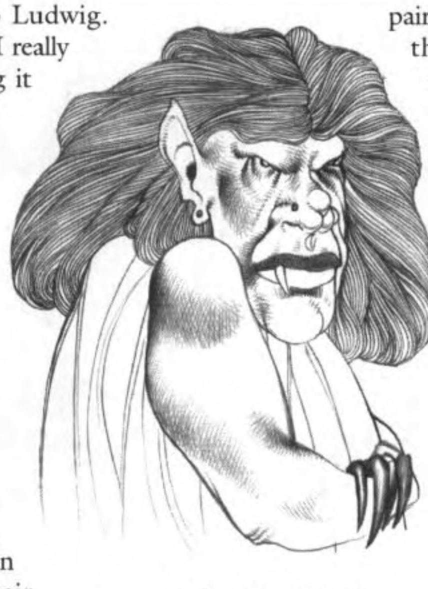
The result is a horrible fusion of the two forms, resulting in one creature. The "rider" portion of the Nuckalevee is a fleshless horror, the bones jutting from its rotted and weathered flesh, which merges the horse and the rider's hips. The horse portion is equally gruesome, its muscles yellow and its veins black against the ochre meat.

The Nuckalevee is totally mad, yet retains its cunning. It can shape change into a true horse until mounted. Upon being mounted it takes the victim for a wild ride and may, at some point, revert to its monstrous state and drag its prey to its lair. Some Nuckalevees have become skilled torturers, and their prey can live for days or weeks before finally dying.

Nuckalevees are extremely rare, and when discovered, are usually driven off by sorcerers and Daoine Sidhe.

Back in ‘64, King Ludwig of Bavaria summoned the composer, Richard Wagner to Munich for a meeting. Were that meeting to occur the course of recent European history would be different, as Wagner's music would prove to be a dangerous distraction to the King. I looked at Ludwig then and now as a valuable deterrent to the Prussians. En route to the meeting, Wagner's horse ran off with him, and the composer drowned when he was carried into the river by his mount.

Wagner's mount on the night he was carried into the Rhine was a Nuckalevee that I had situated at the inn where Wagner and I were staying. I instructed it to keep Wagner from the meeting. Since it leaped into the river from some height I believe he was killed instantly. Its a shame, I suppose, but I couldn't risk that his music would becoming a distraction to Ludwig. We've lost some fine music, but if I really felt like it, I suppose I could bring it across and put it into the hands of some young composer with less charm and more scruples than Wagner.



Jenny Greenteeth

Jenny Greenteeth

This class of Water Demon is also called the River Hag, but the proper name of the first of their numbers is more commonly used. The Jennies in their true form are huge, trollish women with wide, fang-filled mouths and long, spindly arms. Their bare flesh is green and mottled, and their sparse hair hangs in white, rope-like patches. They use their allure ability and Glamour to make themselves look like River Women, or Undines.

Jenny Greenteeth have a number of local names — Peg O'Neil, Peggy Powler, or Nelly Longarms. Often different Jenny Greenteeth with the same name are found in different rivers. At the moment, there are two Jenny Greenteeth in England claiming that particular name, each claiming to be the original Jenny Greenteeth and the other a rank imposter. One of the Jennys is in Lancaster, the other in neighboring Yorkshire.

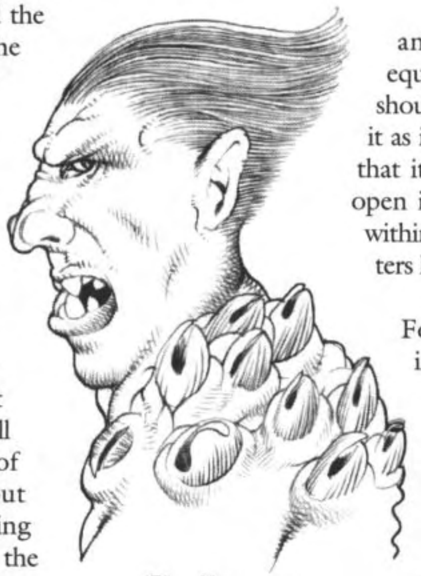
I will tell you that neither is the original, because I myself killed the original on the Fourth Earth, the Deadly Earth. I was staying with a farm family in Ireland, and was extremely taken with a young widow and her infant son, who had some Faerie blood in him. The Jenny thought it would be a coup if she could kill someone under the protection of the Faerie King. When I was out with the family patriarch examining some ancient ruins she arrived at the house in the guise of a messenger, claiming that the mother and son were wanted by me near the river.

Mother took her son in her arms and accompanied the disguised Jenny to the riverside, where the River Hag took its normal appearance and pulled the pair of them underwater. They found the remains of the two the next morning. The Jenny had left the faces intact to they could be identified, but tore the rest of their bodies apart. I returned that treatment on the Jenny, hunting her down and killing her slowly with cold iron. My own hands were scarred from the touch of the star metal for the next decade, but in the end I dispatched the monster forever.

[King Auberon looked into the fire silently for a moment, his face darkened in an anger seemingly unabated by time or revenge.]

The Jennies themselves tell that tale, but with a different moral. They say that this particular Greenteeth brought her doom upon herself, by going beyond the bounds of "normal" River Hag behavior and luring her prey from home as opposed to waiting for it to come to her. No Jenny Greenteeth, regardless of her name, has attempted such perfidy since.

Shellycoats



Shellycoat

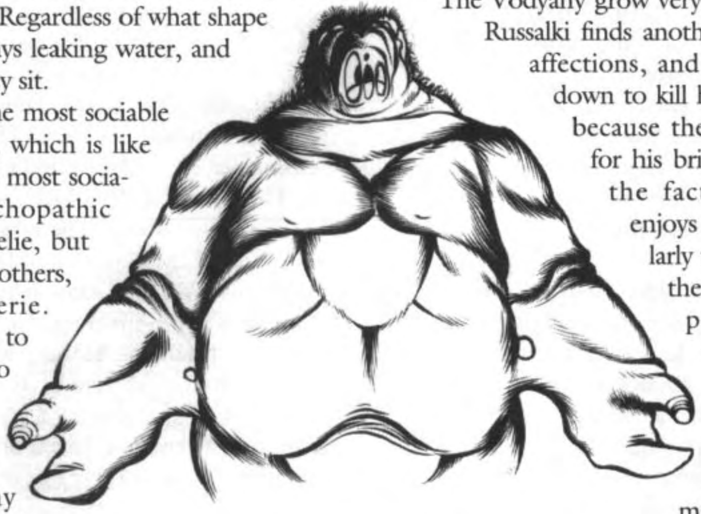
This breed of Water Demon is male, and in many ways is the masculine equivalent of the River Hags. It is stoop-shouldered and drags its long arms behind it as it walks. It gets its name from the fact that it imbeds shells into its back, cutting open its own flesh and slipping the shells within. As a result, when it moves its clatters like a bag of shells.

With Bismarck's attack on the River Folk in Prussia, there have been an increasing number of Shellycoats and River Hags in that area. These new arrivals are individuals who believe that their original homes were becoming too populated (and thereby too dangerous) for their normal habits and hobbies. They also assume that their service as loyal members of the Unseelie Court makes them immune to Bismarck's wrath. They are wrong in this, for the Iron Chancellor will destroy anything he cannot control. But for the moment I take joy in seeing the new arrivals as one more thorn in Prussia's side.

Vodyany

The Vodyany are Water Demons of Eastern New Europa, and are almost unheard of in France, Spain, and England. They appear in their natural form as obesely fat, ugly, naked men, their skin soft and spongy, like a corpse's. Regardless of what shape they take, they are always leaking water, and leave puddles where they sit.

The Vodyany are the most sociable of the Water Demons, which is like saying that they are the most sociable of a pack of psychopathic killers. They are Unseelie, but enjoy the company of others, both mortal and Faerie. They drink in amounts to put the Clurichans to shame, and gamble to make the Leshiye look like Anglican priests. Indeed, many Vodyany bets are with the Leshiye, who usually end up winning the wager.



Vodyany

Vodyany also have good relationships with the Russalki. The union of River Woman and River Demon is unusual but not unheard of, since neither variety sits solidly in the Seelie or Unseelie Court. The Vodyany grow very jealous if their favored Russalki finds another mortal to share her affections, and will hunt the mortal down to kill him. This is not simply because the Water Demon cares for his bride, but owes more to the fact that the Vodyany enjoys the hunt (and particularly the kill). For their part, the Russalki consider this part of the normal course of events, and rarely mentions to the mortal she is enticing anything about the lumbering maniac who is her husband.

Water Demons in The Great Game

WATER DEMON ABILITIES

Ability	Kelpie	Nuckalevee	Glasttyn	Each-Uisge	Jenny Greenteeth	Shellycoat	Vodyany
Fisticuffs	AV	AV	GD	GD	AV	AV	AV
Perception	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD	GD
Athletics	GD	GR	GD	GR	GD	GR	GR
Physique	GR	GR	GR	EXC	GR	GR	GR
Stealth	PR	PR	GD	PR	PR	PR	AV
Allure	GD	GD	GD	GD	GR	GD	GD
Etherealness	GD	PR	PR	AV	PR	AV	PR
Glamour	GD	GD	GR	GD	GD	GD	AV
Shapeshift	GD	GD	GR	GR	GD	GD	AV
Poor Skills	+0	+0	+2	+4	+0	COM +0	COM +0

Allure

Allure is the ability to capture the attention of a target mortal. The mortal must be able to see the River Demon, though it will often see it in a shapeshifted form (A perfect horse, a handsome young man, a bundle of flowers floating on the water). The mortal must make a Courage check against the Faerie's level of power to avoid the affects of this enchantment. If the check fails, the individual will reach out for the River Demon, motivated by curiosity, lust, or greed.

The spell lasts until the River Demon attacks, at which point the spell is shattered and the mortal sees the River Demon for what it is. This is fine with the River Demon, since it expects its prey to feel terror in its heart before the monster stills that heart forever. The Allure fades after three days, but most victims of these creatures do not live that long.

The Allure of the River Demons does not grant the target any additional abilities, such as breathing water.

DAOINE SIDHE

Faerie Lords, Dark Lords.

"Humans and Faerie do mix," said Auberon, "and the result of that mixture is the Daoine Sidhe. They are one of the few groups of Faerie that are increasing over time, for every time one comes into being, the remaining pure-bred Faerie are diminished."

The Daoine Sidhe (Theena Shee) are the product of mortals and Faeries. In most such couplings, there is no issue, for the Faerie, despite all appearances, does not contribute anything physical to the union. There are occasions where the Faerie chooses to sacrifice some part of his or her energies into creating a new life, mixed with the human matter. If insufficient energy is contributed to the union, a human child may result with occasional "flashes" of Faerie-like gifts. If the energy contributed reaches a sufficient level, then the human matter is infused with that energy and overwhelmed. The result is the Daoine Sidhe.

Any of the Faerie breeds can create a Daoine Sidhe. Most of the Lesser Faerie do not, either because of their own physical limitations (height or appearance) or because they do not have that much initial energy in the first place. The Greater Faerie more commonly produce Daoine Sidhe at least once in their lives, sometimes more often.

Of the High Faerie themselves, we do produce children, but the effects vary according to the breed. Of the Tuatha De Danu, our children are Daoine Sidhe, officially. The Adversary has no children that I know of, for he is notoriously greedy in keeping what is his, and I cannot imagine him contributing the least amount of his own energies to the creation of another being. I have had six children, including yourself, and we will mention them elsewhere. There are Daoine Sidhe who have descended from the other great Tuatha — Maeve, Barbarossa, and the rest, though not from Danu himself. Most of the Daoine Sidhe on the Fifth Earth are the children of Finvarra, though none knew their father.

In the Nightfall Wars, Finvarra did not perish immediately, but lingered, his body riddled with pieces of cold iron, the mind struggling to retain his form through sheer force of will. He knew he was not long for this world, yet did not want to merely return to energy without form or body. We approached the local lords and priesthoods, and got their permission to pass on Finvarra's energy in a more useful form. Young women were sent to the tor where his deathbed lay, and, to put it politely, he shared his remaining energy with them. This is one reason the Irish have greater ties with the Seelie Court. Finvarra perished at last, yet fathered hundreds of Faerie children, most of whom returned to the Veil for hundreds of years to mature.

The Nightfall Wars had another result among the Daoine Sidhe as well. The great Giants were defeated, and most of them were translated into Spriggans and other creatures, but many defeated Fomorians chose a form of suicide, planting the seeds of their revenge among unwilling human women. These would become the Dark Lords, the Unseelie Host. The Morrigan is the spawn of one such union, though there have been Dark Lords before and after that horrible time. Dracula is the son of a Glastig Vampire, and is a mere few hundred years old. Both Dark Lords of the Unseelie and Faerie Lords of the Seelie court are Daoine Sidhe, though both sides prefer to ignore this small fact.

The Daoine Sidhe are Faerie in all the important fashions, for their bodies are infused with the energies of the Veil. They are affected by the repulsions just as a Faerie, can fly, and use etherealness and glamour. They do not use Sorcery, for that remains banned to them, but their Kindred abilities often give the appearance of Sorcery, particularly their ability for Enchantment, a superpowered Allure.

A young Daoine Sidhe tends to appear as an idealized human, with finely-carved features and pointed ears. For the first two hundred years or so, they tend to have the abilities of their Faerie parent — the child of a Glastig has the Vampire's Allure, one of a Giant has the Giant's Terrifying Apparition.

At their translation usually around two hundred years of age, the Faerie has the potential to shapeshift into anything as their "final" natural form. Some choose the pure Faerie incarnation of their parent, and more Water Demons and Vampires appear as a result. Some choose an incarnation of another Faerie entirely, though that is rare. Most choose to remain in the incarnation of the hybrid Daoine Sidhe, and that form remains theirs for the rest of their lives. At this point they lose the kindred powers of their parent and assume their own.

Daoine Sidhe can and do have children. Most of the children of the Daoine Sidhe are humans, and though they may be a bit more perceptive or sensitive to matters of the Veil, they are human in all ways.

Should the Daoine Sidhe sacrifice some of their own energies, they can create new Daoine Sidhe, but this is a risky business for the already dilute Faerie involved.

Because of their attractive appearance and ability, the Daoine Sidhe are welcome in the higher circles of Fifth Earth society. They are not rulers, but often advisors, aides, consultants, and confidants. I must confess that they are not fully trusted in all the capitols of New Europa, for it is assumed that they have a direct line back to one court or the other. Which, is, of course, true. When Finvarra's children were being raised in the Veil, I was careful to impress upon them the importance of their heritage under the Seelie Philosophy. And I understand that The Adversary has been equally diligent, if less subtle and kind, in his dealing with the Fomorians' spawn.

The two breeds of Daoine Sidhe, Faerie Lord and Dark Lord, differ slightly in power and ability as well. The Dark Lords retain the fear-cloaked visages of their Fomorian ancestors, while the Faerie Lords do not. The Dark Lords and Ladys, however, are more affected by Repulsions.

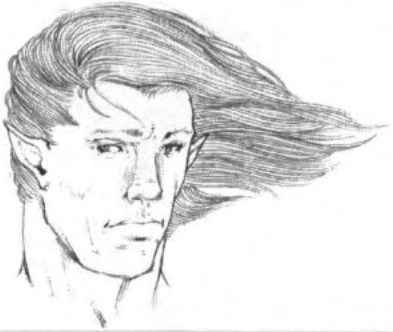
The Faerie Lords have a traditional dislike of holy symbols, sites, and prayers, engrained in those far-off days when they were hunted outcasts among the mortals. They have a dislike of Iron as most Faerie, but treat it as if their Courage was one level higher than otherwise. Naturally no Faerie Lord would admit to outright panic in the face of mere iron, but they will avoid it.

The Faerie Lords and Ladies also carry a marriage prohibition — their mortal mates cannot see them change their shape. If this occurs, the Lord or Lady considers the vow of matrimony broken and must flee back to the Veil for the rest of that mortal's life. As this interferes with parties, the Lords and Ladies of the Faerie do not marry lightly, and are careful with their abilities once they do marry.

The Dark Lords and Ladies carry a number of restrictions. As the Faerie Lords, they care not for holy symbols, sites, and prayer. They also have an aversion for inverted clothing, salt, and iron. Unlike the Faerie Lords, they do not gain any added benefit against iron.

Daoine Sidhe are as various as their mortal parents. Three deserve mention here: Wendell the Third Lord Kent Emeritus, Dracula, and the Morrigan.

Wendell is the archetype of the Faerie Lord, as you, Corwyn, know well. He is a fixture on the social scene of Great Britain, and someone with a "Wendell Story" is usually afforded a seat at the table or a spot at the bar. The typical "Wendell Story" involves one or more of the following: a promise made foolishly, a young woman in love, her unforgiving guardian, a champion swordsman, several hunting hounds, a missing artifact, a duel, a purloined letter, and at least one dinner party that ends in shambles.



WENDELL — HAPLESS FAERIE LORD

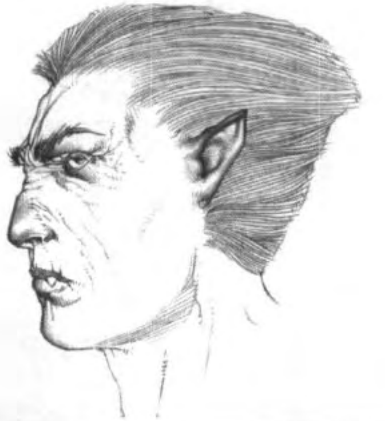
Athletics	GR
Comeliness	GD
Connections	GD
Courage	EXT
Etherealness	GD
Fencing:	GD
Fisticuffs	GD
Glamour	GD
Kindred Power (Enchantment)	GD
Marksmanship	GD
Perception	EXC
Physique	GR
Shape-Shifting	AV
Social Graces	GD

That is a pity, for Wendell is one of the bravest and most valiant of his breed. He won his honorific title (he holds no land) in the Peninsular Campaign for his heroics. He will never abandon an ally, always defends the honor of a lady, and always keeps a promise in both intent and word. That very earnestness and honesty gets him into regular difficulties with others, and gives the impression that he has the common sense of a small amphibian. He always will be such, for that is the personality he has chosen. But to be quite honest, we need a few more Wendells among the young Daoine Sidhe.

Dracula is another child, and a deadly one. He is a Dark Lord of the Unseelie Host, but one only a few centuries old. He is not the legendary Vlad the Impaler, though he can claim honest descent from that human despot. He takes on his ancestors' persona for its imposing history and notoriety among the humans. The current Dracula is the child of a Glastig, as mentioned earlier, and the last lord of Vlad's line, who perished soon after conception.

Dracula is the dark side of the Courts. He is as flashy and erudite as the finest of the Faerie Lords. He has no qualms about enslaving the wills of others, and regularly builds small harems of attentive women, in the Turkish style.

These women would not be as attentive if they knew the truth behind his current "tour of New



DRACULA — DARK LORD, UNSEELIE SON OF A GLASTIG

Athletics	GR
Comeliness	GR
Charisma	GD
Etherealness	EXC
Fisticuffs	GR
Glamour	AV
Kindred Power (Enchantment)	GR
Kindred Power (Terrifying Apparition)	EXT
Perception	GD
Physique	GD
Shape-Shifting	EXC
Social Graces	GD
Stealth	EXT

Europa". He had established his own petty kingdom in the mountains of Transylvania, far from the incursions and demands of the Sultan. Indeed, he intended to declare full independence and establish himself as a crowned head of New Europa, a true "Faerie King". His plans did not agree with the intentions of The Adversary, and in a "discussion" that practically ruined the ancestral castle, Dracula was driven from his land. His mother, the Glastig, sided completely with The Adversary, and I understand she is still alive as a result.

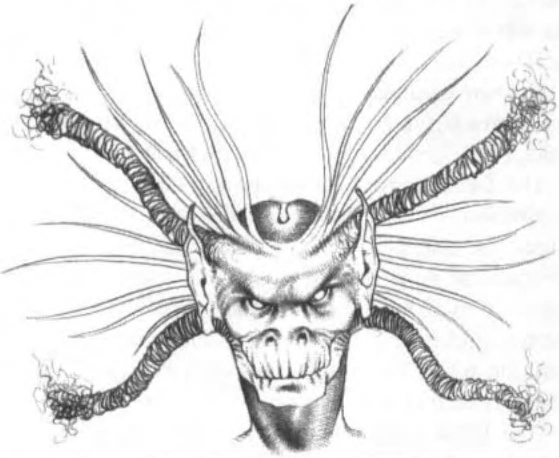
Now Dracula wanders the continental capitals, planning his own revenge against his mother, his people, and The Adversary. For him most humans are cattle. If they attract his attention through their beauty, they are to be added to his collection. If they attract that attention through affronting his colossal ego, he adds them to the list of those he will revenge himself against. For all his smooth manners and polished ways, he remains as temperamental as a child, and as prone to bloody tantrums. I believe we can assume that he will remain a monarch in exile, though with our lifespans it is dangerous to entirely discount anyone. I have someone watching him.

Because of his prominence in social circles, Dracula is held up as a typical Dark Lord. It is a pity he is not, for if all the Unseelie Lords were as petty and easy to deal with my task in this world would be much, much easier. The most deadly of the Dark Lords is a Dark Lady, The Morrigan, consort to The Adversary.

The Morrigan is a child of the Nightfall Wars, her father a Fomorian sorcerer, her mother his forgotten victim. She fell in with The Adversary early, starting as a minor functionary in his organization, and rising through threat, deceit, and death to her current position at the Adversary's right hand. The Adversary is aware of the bodies she has piled up to attain her present prominence, but far from being angry or even threatened, he is appreciative of both her industry and her loyalty.

The Morrigan in her natural form is an abomination, an ancient, sag-bellied hag with taloned hands and the lower body of a serpent. Her flesh is the color of the newly-dead, and her hair is gathered in long, animated strands, which burn with bluish pixie-flame. Her touch petrifies slowly, draining the life from her prey. She is the founder of the legends of medusa, gorgon, and naga.

She rarely appears in public, as such, of course. No, instead she is that athletic young woman who arrives at



THE MORRIGAN — DARK LADY, CONSORT OF THE ADVERSARY

Athletics	GR
Charisma	GR
Courage	GR
Etherealness	GR
Fisticuffs	GD
Glamour	GR
Kindred Power (Enchantment)	GR
Kindred Power (Terrifying Apparition)	EXC
Perception	GR
Performance	GR
Physique	GR
Shape-Shifting	EX
Social Graces	GD
Stealth	EXC

a weekend party unannounced but with excellent credentials, that sweet young thing at her first dance, and that charming and knowledgeable patroness of the arts. She takes and breaks male lovers with the regularity of habit, and kills them only after she has completely warped their body and soul.

The Morrigan was responsible for the wars that killed the Centaurs in what became Greece. She presided over Nero's circuses and Livia's orgies in now-fallen Rome. She turned the thoughts of Robespierre from mere revolution to political murder, and sent Guy Fawkes on his Gunpowder Plot. She works behind the scenes, and is quite content to play the servant if it gives her the access she needs. Of all The Adversary's minions, she is the most deadly.

Daoine Sidhe in The Great Game

DAOINE SIDHE ABILITIES

Ability	Faerie Lord	Dark Lord
Fisticuffs	GD	GD
Perception	GD	GD
Athletics	GR	GR
Physique	GR	GR
Stealth	GD	EXC
Enchantment	GD	GD
Terrifying Apparition	No	GD
Etherealness	AV	AV
Glamour	GD	GD
Shapeshift	AV	AV
Poor Skills	+2	+4

Note: Daoine Sidhe Dramatic Characters may be created as noted in the Castle Falkenstein book as well. The above are "typical" members of the Kindred.

Enchantment

The Enchantment of the Faerie Lords is akin to the Allure of other Faerie, but is much more powerful. The Daoine Sidhe only needs to see the target of its enchantment in the flesh and with the naked eye. No touch or returned glance is needed by the target. The target must be mortal, as Faerie are unaffected by this lure. The mortal's ability to resist this effect is determined by his or her level of Courage matched against the Faerie's power.

Once created, the extent of the Enchantment is determined by the Faerie Lord. Enchantment is a bending of the mortal's will, causing the Faerie to become a trusted friend, wise advisor, or intimate lover. His presence is sought out, his advice is accepted, and his directives are followed. The Enchantment lasts as long as the Faerie wishes it, and does not elapse until the Faerie chooses to enchant another mortal. Should the Faerie return to the Veil or be slain, the Enchantment also fails.

Should the Faerie ask for something beyond the ability of the mortal, or something that would put the mortal clearly at risk or violates that mortal's basic beliefs, another Courage check may be called for by the Host. Additional Courage checks may be called for if the Faerie is confronted with a traditional repulsion while controlling the mortal.

As a result, most Faerie are very subtle with this power. A high-ranking official, for example, would never give the secret war-plans to a Dark Lady, but would follow her advice that they need to be hidden in a secure location (which the Dark Lady has her own private access to).

Terrifying Apparition

The Dark Lords have the ability, passed down to them from their Fomorian ancestors, to wrap themselves in an aura of fear. This aura is targeted against one particular mortal of the Dark Lord's choosing. Only that mortal will be affected by the nature of the Terrifying Apparition. The mortal must be in sight, similar to other Faerie powers.

The affected mortal must make a Courage Check against the Daoine Sidhe's level of ability with this power. Success means that the mortal is unaffected by the attempt, though may be affected by another attempt after 24 hours pass. Failure indicates that the individual is struck with terror, and will try to flee the location immediately. Those mortals prone to swooning may do so as a result of failing this check.

The Dark Lord may use this ability at any time and, unlike the Haunts, is not limited by day or night. However, terrorizing in the daytime raises the mortal's Courage by one level, as does terrifying a targeting the company of others.

The ability lasts for only one hour, and is draining for the Faerie. The Dark Lord must refrain from using this ability for an hour after a successful or unsuccessful attempt to Terrify. Terrifying will break all Enchantments or Allures on the mortal, including those placed by the Dark Lord in question.

THE ADVERSARY

Unseelie Tuatha De Danu, The Horned One

"Before I speak of myself," said Auberon, "Let me speak of the dark side of the mirror. Many mortals believe that all of Faerie is tucked away neatly into two camps, one commanded by myself, the forces of *light, and one* commanded by the Adversary. We are posited as eternal opposites, light and dark, good and evil. The reality is much more clouded than this simplistic truism, yet it serves both my purposes and his to see ourselves in eternal opposition."

As you know already, I once called The Adversary my brother and my friend, and shared much of his point of view early on. The Solid Universes were nothing more than playthings for our kind, and if we broke our toys and played a bit rough, it wasn't our fault, eh? And yet I learned, I grew, and I hope matured, while The Adversary remained tethered to the same outlook as he had when he first stepped out into the First Earth, on the hillock in Ireland.

Sometimes I wonder if it was something as simple as the form he copied. Danu himself took the first humanoid form from the Druid involved in his arcane right. The Adversary took one of the other priests, and I wonder if there was not something in the body or soul of that other priest, perhaps a lust for the elder druid's power or personal gain. Whatever it was, The Adversary copied it with everything else when he consumed that first human, and perhaps in doing so set everything else in motion to this date.

The Adversary in appearance is a large, barrel-chested man with a long mane of dark hair worn free, a rough beard framing his wide face. His deep-seated eyes are grey, but he can make them appear a glowing red or white if he so chooses. He moves with a catlike grace for one his size, his muscles rippling with every step. When on the hunt or terrifying an opponent, he often wears a set of antlers. When we were still friends, I chided him about how the antlers seemed to compensate for some personal insecurity. He *did* not appreciate the comment.

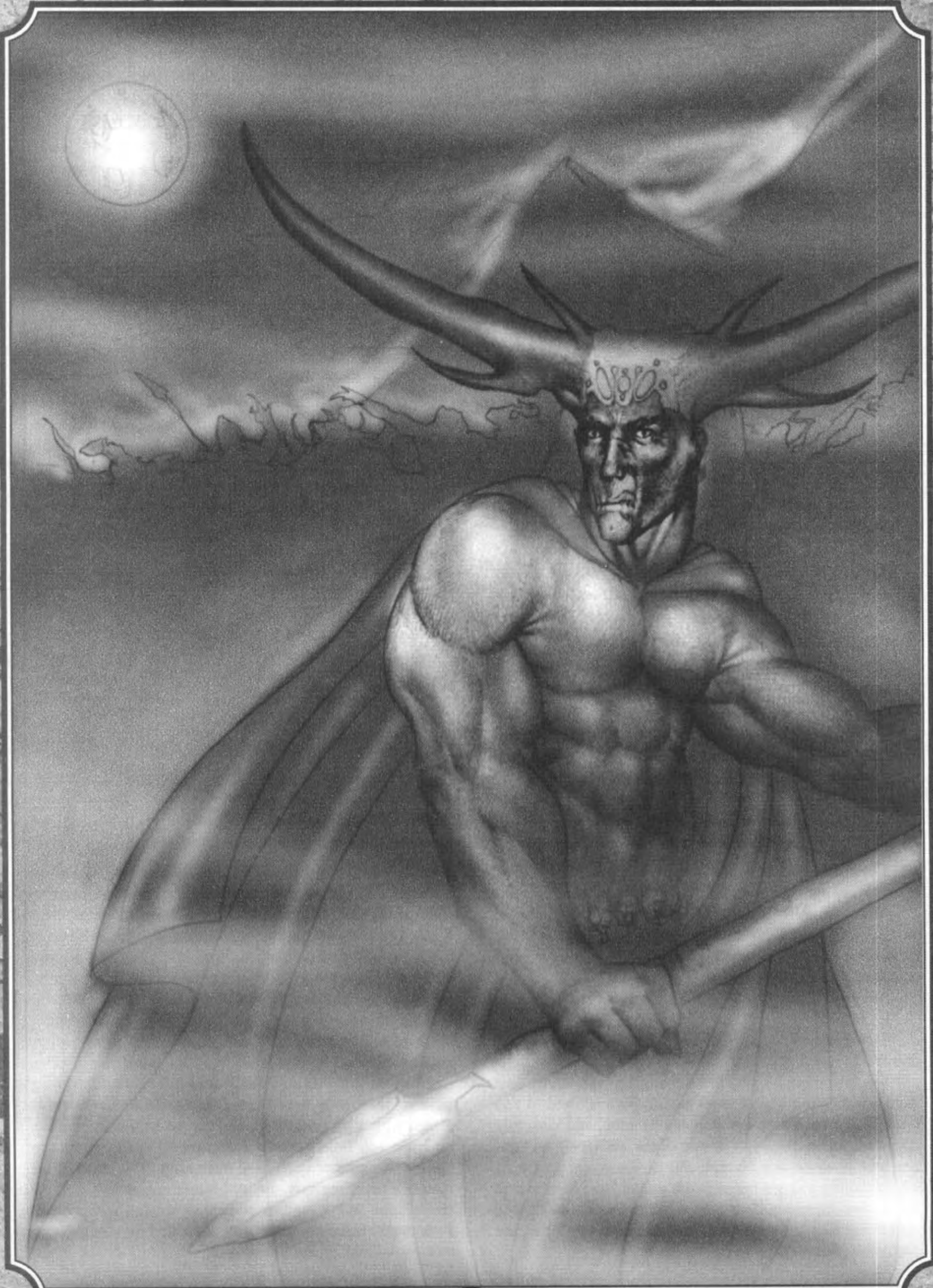
The Adversary is still very much in the Second Earth in his manner of dress and speech. He is often bare-chested like some barbarian lord, a great cape billowing behind him. He wears heavy trousers the same grey shade as his skin, belted by a huge belt pounded out of Faerie gold for him by dwarfs under direct threat of torture. He often carries a chain of tiny skulls hanging from leather thongs on that belt, and will often cradle the skulls in his meaty palm while thinking. He has a wide variety of weapons, but prefers his spear, given to him by one of the Second Earth kings and made of Faerie silver. He calls it Gungir, but it is not the original Spear of Woden.

The Adversary's personality was set early on, and he has always had the power to resist any overt change. Instead, the change in him has come slowly, darkening him, turning him more into the image of the ultimate evil that other worlds have made him. In the First and Second Earths he thought of the Tuatha De Danu (as we all thought ourselves) as superior beings who could do as we saw fit because of that superiority. In the Third and Fourth Earths he learned that the Solid Universes could be deadly. Yet instead of causing him to re-think his position, they solidified it. The Earths were dangerous — if we destroy them through our actions, so much the better. They are too dangerous to suffer to live.

The Adversary would like nothing more than to set this Solid Earth on fire, to reduce all of New Europa to ash and dance upon the dry bones of those he immolates. What keeps him and his course in check is a promise, the First Compact, signed under a kind of cross and double-cross, yet binding enough to keep him at bay.

When he first discovered how he had been trapped, he howled. His first desire was to break the Compact and eradicate every human who stood in his way, but cooler heads in his court realized that if The Adversary perished, they would be leaderless (and I the last of the Tuatha De Danu). Indeed, one of the reasons that all the Bogeys, Water Demons, and Haunts still survive is that his presence and the presence of the Compact keeps me from hunting them down and granting them a final death.

Cursing and screaming, The Adversary returned to the Veil and he sulked in his kidnapped court for a few millennia. Then he spent a few more thousand years hunting me, personally, as I had tricked him, and I was not protected by the Compact's dictates. I wisely laid low and kept moving, and during that time never went near my dear Miranda. Only in the past few thousand years did The Adversary's temper



AUBERON OF THE FAERIE

calm down to the point where he could actually plan and think straight. And of course we see the results of his plans — if he could not massacre humans wholesale himself, he could find humans that were all-too-willing to do so. Bismarck is only the latest minion he has encouraged to put other peoples to the sword and their lands to the torch.

[At this point I pointed out that surely the Iron Chancellor is aware of the dangers of the Adversary. Auberon gave an abrupt snort, and said "Bismarck, like others before him, thinks he can best the Adversary, and severe the alliance when he has what he wants. I've seen it before, and will see it again." While the subject did not arise again, I got the feeling that Auberon had met with Bismarck at one point, and had seen his warning ignored].

The First Compact does not cover personal vendettas or slights, and the Adversary is easily slighted. He can summon the Wild Hunt at the drop of a hat, and will do so if he can convince himself that the nature of Faerie (or at least the Unseelie Court) is threatened by some Mortal. It is increasingly easy to do for the Adversary as he justifies any mortal as an enemy.

The Adversary's domain in the Veil is Plant Annwn, accessed by any number of sites across New Europa. It was once ruled by one of the great Tuatha, Gwynn ap Nudd, but on his death was appropriated by the Adversary. It is a mazework of great halls, all apparently deep beneath the earth, filled with cells and torture chambers and great feast halls where The Adversary's minions dine on the flesh of mortals foolish enough to cross their threshold. Here, secure in his domain, the Adversary rules with an iron grip, tended by his Dark Lords and pampered by his consort, The Morrigan.

The thing to remember is that the Adversary does not think of himself as Evil. Instead, he is a put-upon lord who has to deal with treacherous promises and foolish mortals. Would it not be better for all involved if mankind just enjoyed the party and accepted their eventual destruction. I mean, they are going to die anyway, so why not die in a good cause? That cause is The Adversary's personal enjoyment, of course.

THE ADVERSARY — LORD OF THE UNSEELIE COURT

Athletics	EXT
Courage	EXT
Etherealness	EXC
Exchequer	EXT
Fencing	EXC
Fisticuffs	EXT
Glamour	EXC
Kindred Powers	EXT
Leadership	EXT
Marksmanship	GR
Perception	GR
Physique	EXC
Riding	EXC
Shape-Shifting	EXC

TUATHA DE DANU ABILITIES

The conversation went thusly:

I: *What are the abilities of The Children of Danu?*

Auberon: *Abilities?*

I: *The Kindred Powers. Giants terrify and and Merfolk lure and Leprechauns grant good luck. What can the most powerful Faerie do?*

Auberon (after thinking for a moment): *All.*

I: *All?*

Auberon: *How can you be king, lad, if you can't do everything your subjects do?*

The surviving Tuatha De Danu, The Adversary and Auberon, can use any of the Kindred Powers listed in this book. They may only use one at one time, and can only duplicate the exact effects of one of the abilities (they cannot mix Vampire and Nymph allures, for example). Spells which require a single target (such as Evil Eye) still have all the requirements as if cast by a lesser Faerie, and those effects will fade if the Tuatha chooses a new target for that particular effect.

The Tuatha have the added ability of opening doorways from already discovered Earths to the Veil at will. Once they have made such an opening, it remains a site where other Faerie can pass through in the normal fashion. It takes at least two Tuatha De Danu to open a doorway to a previously unopened world. Another note, so far there is no record of any "one way" doors, if it goes from the Veil to an Earth, it necessarily goes back from the Earth to the Veil.

Tuatha De Danu have no natural repulsions, though they are affected by iron, steel, and star metal as any other member of the Faerie. Both Auberon and the Adversary have in their long lives been confronted by some swain armed with a bit of star metal intent on ending their influence forever. Indeed, twice a century or so the rumor circulates that one or both have been slain. The truth of the matter is that they have survived numerous attacks, and use their Faerie and Sorcerous powers to create the illusion of their deaths before they are truly wounded, or quickly open a doorway back to the Veil to escape.

The Wild Hunt

(A Faerie Perspective)

Mortals talk of the Dark Lords and the Wild Hunt as if they were one in the same. They are not, but what most of humankind knows of the former is through legends about the latter. The Dark Lords are the leaders of the Unseelie Court, the lieutenants of The Adversary. The Wild Hunt is a tool, used often by the Unseelie, but also by the supposedly "good" Faeries of the Seelie court as well.

The hunt is intended as a tool of justice and vengeance, which permits the Faerie to strike against mortals without breaking the Compact. It was written into that original Compact, for while the Fair Folk were bound by their long-lived promise, the mortals were not, and some mechanism needed to exist to keep the humans in line. Tom Olam and his ilk continually marvel at how powerful the Faerie are and how they could wipe out mankind. Without the Wild Hunt and the latitude promised to the Faerie by it, the reverse could very well have happened, with both Courts unable to raise their hands against marauding humans.

The Wild Hunt is usually summoned against a particular individual (usually mortal) by a particular individual (almost exclusively Faerie). Usually this is summoned for cause (real or imagined). In game terms, the cause must be judged by the Host as being sufficient to summon a Wild Hunt.

It takes a Leadership of at least Good to call a Wild Hunt against a particular mortal. It takes a Leadership of at least Great to summon a Wild Hunt against humans in general. In the first case, the Hunt will seek out that particular individual. In the latter case, the Hunt will go blazing across the countryside, slaying any mortals they find.

It is a Leadership test for a Faerie to call a Wild Hunt, the difficulty of the feat determined by the Host based upon such factors as just cause, power of the Faerie (Lesser, Greater, or High), the amount of time used to summon (easier if you take longer, but the prey may escape), the Faerie's Leadership and Charisma abilities, and the number of Faerie present in the area (It is easier to get a small group going than a large one, though a larger one will tend to be more powerful). A Wild Hunt can only be called at night.

In general, about twenty Faerie are needed to successfully launch a Wild Hunt, with fifty being the general top figure, though there are tales of massive hunts of over a hundred individuals. Once called, the Hunt will last for a single evening, and at the end of that time the members must rest (usually retiring to the Veil if they are capable of doing so).

To the Faerie involved, The Wild Hunt is as frightening as it for the humans it encounters. The Faerie's own sense of will is subsumed into a greater, enraged body, such that it is no longer in control of its own actions. Instead it is passion unleashed, anger unabated, where all the pretension of centuries is stripped away and the original savagery at the center of the Faerie's being is laid bare. In terms of the Great Game, the Faerie who summoned the Hunt is marginally in control, but the Host may override his decisions, or call for Leadership tests to control the actions of the group.

The Wild Hunt is dangerous for Faerie who are not present. They hear the summons of the horns and must actively resist to avoid being drawn into the growing maelstrom. Make a courage check against the Leadership of the caller of the Wild Hunt. A successful check of any type indicates that the Faerie does not get drawn in. A failure indicates that the Faerie is drawn into the hunt and joins the others.

The Wild Hunt is a great leveller, as all Faerie abilities and special abilities are ignored for the duration of the hunt. Instead, any applicable ability is determined by the number of Faerie involved:

10-30	All abilities are Good
31-50	All abilities are Great
51-75	All abilities are Exceptional
76+	All abilities are Extraordinary

The abilities cannot be higher than the Leadership of the leader of the Hunt, regardless of the size of the hunt. Note that this is for EACH member of the hunt. That means a Wild Hunt led by The Adversary itself moves like a great army through the forest, cutting down everything in its path.

The leader of the Hunt is transformed as are most of the Hunt itself. All take on monstrous form, their features twisting and warping into horrid shapes, their Glamours causing jagged weapons to appear as need be. They use great horns to harry their prey, and summon more Faerie into the hunt. The leader often transforms into the shape of The Adversary himself, a fact which the Horned One uses to launch his own raids.

The Wild Hunt, if called against a particular individual, has the Terrifying Apparition ability, as if it were one of the Dark Lords. Any of the Faerie's natural repulsions are ignored, save two. The Wild Hunt will not follow onto hallowed ground, and may be repulsed by holy symbols or prayers (check as for any Repulsion, with the number in the Hunt setting the Courage of the group).

The other repulsion that is useful against the Wild Hunt is the star metal, Cold Iron. This is extremely effective as a deterrent for the Hunt following, regardless of power. Even a single nail of the material is enough to make the mass think twice about attacking.

As stated, the Hunt lasts but a single night, and will attempt to gain its vengeance in that time. Should it fail, it may not be reconvened for the same supposed crime (though a new crime may occur). Should it succeed and kill the mortal targeted, it can disband on a Leadership test of the leader. Failure indicates it continues to move like a mob, killing any mortals it encounters.

The Wild Hunt is usually always Faerie. Humans may ride with the hunt, but only if the prey is Faerie, and then only if the human is armed with Cold Iron to put the Faerie to the Final Death.

AUBERON

AUBERON

"My story?" said the elf-king on that last day, "I feel like I've been telling you my story for the past week. The story of the Seelie Court, its skirmishes with the Unseelie, its relationship with the Adversary, the struggles to keep the peace between Courts, that has been my story for as long as I have been on the Fifth Earth."

My "birth" — fully cognizant and performed over the mortal dying of wounds inflicted by the Adversary — was typical of my race at the time. I fought and killed and reveled in the First Earth, like my brothers, but unlike them I changed. Slowly, as a mountain is washed away into the sea, but changed nonetheless. When I met Meilian I was already tiring of games of mass destruction and wars of genocidal intent. She provided that spark, when we fell in love, when we united, when I promised to protect the humans from the raw power of the Faerie. I was translated into a new being, while keeping the same appearance, form, and memories. My new path was set, and I have rarely wandered from it.

I gained my birth-name from the lord I consumed in that ruined village in the First Earth. I gained the surname Valerix from the nobles of the Second Earth — it means "the thoughtful", in one of their languages. While I thought it amusing at the time, I have grown into the name, much like a child grows into a jacket that is too big for him. I could not be considered a King until the Third Earth, when I helped lead my people into war, and then out of the battlefield that had become the Imperial Universe.

From the Third Earth I took a book detailing the way things were supposed to be, without the interference of the Fair Folk. It has been my model ever since — to create a universe where man and elf work together towards a peaceful future. I know that the energy weapons of the future are coming, and unless we can sort out our differences and rein in the Unseelie Court's worst behavior, then one, perhaps both *of our* peoples are doomed.

From the Fourth Earth I took a number of things, and since my agreement with the Adversary does not limit it, I have returned there, though at great risk to my own self. There is much in even that deadly world that is useful to me in my work.

Now you may ask — 'If I can still go back to that hell-earth, and that place is the origin of Tom Olam, why didn't I go get the Da Vinci manuscripts in the first place, without dragging the lad into this Universe? And why don't I just return him home now that everything is said and done?'

The truth of the matter is I did not know what we were looking for, Grey Morrolan and myself, when we cast the spells at Castle Falkenstein, at the site of the break-out of the Faerie into this world. I could have traveled to that Earth, but I did not know what it was that would prevent Bayern from being swallowed by Prussia, what it was that would save Ludwig's kingdom. As I said, returning to that Earth is dangerous — even the air radiates with a feel of the star metal. So my opening a doorway was only part of the spell we cast together. Seeking out the important "secret weapon" as Tom said, was the key.

As for returning him, I suppose I could. He never really asked me to. I believe he likes it here, and he is still useful to me, and to others — Ludwig, members of my Court, the dwarfs. And Marianne likes him, and I am still not so ancient as to have forgotten what young love is like. If things ever go horribly wrong, I'll send him home. Although if things ever go that wrong, I suppose I shall have other things on my mind.

I fear my long work has made me a hopeless meddler. I have altered the shape of continents and shortened the lives of famous men, all in the name of the greater plan, a plan for peace. In the Third Earth's histories, Bayern remained an independent country. In the Fourth Earth, Tom tells me, this did not happen, with even more deadly results. A free and independent Bayern is the cornerstone of a peaceful New Europa, and it is for that reason that Ludwig receives so much of my attention.

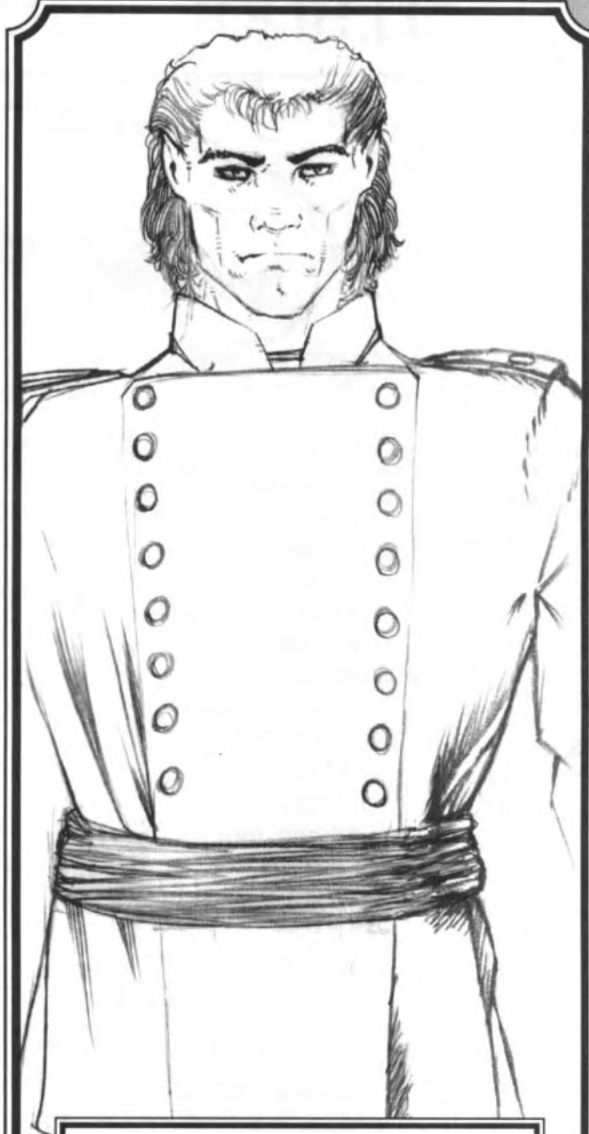
It has been ever so in this Earth, though I must note that the further I press on, the harder it is to manipulate the world around me. There are so many players now, so many individuals, that one action caroms off another like balls on a crowded billiard table, such that even I am unaware of the end result. In the days of the woolly mammoth, when Men were primitive and easily cowed, I could create a new sea from Bayern to the Netherlands. I could not do that today without the gravest consequences. The best I can do is tweak, adjust, and occasionally rescue. It is maddeningly frustrating.

Please understand, my ultimate goal is not to protect individual humans, but the race at large. Some eighteen hundred years ago I camped in the forests near Falkenstein, meeting with the Germanic Tribes, and made the case for them to despoil and pillage the empire far to their south. I rallied the Germans, moving from tribe to tribe as a one-eyed bard and telling them the old tales of power and gods and glory, and sent them into combat. Hardly the act of a good being seeking to protect humanity.

My actions put thousands of Roman citizens to the sword, but brought down a corrupt and dangerous empire, one which was in danger of granting men the wild insanity of the original Faerie, the deadly rage of the Adversary. That was the Adversary's plot, one of them, at least, for if he could not kill humans the best he could do was convince them to join him in the killing. And after a few other tries, he has returned to that theme in Prussia, seeking to destroy humanity through itself.

My quest keeps me occupied, busy, which I find more rewarding than the static life in the Veil. I have gone from being a hunter of men to a gardener shaping men's future, and I find that rewarding as well. Now I spend my time talking to members of the Second Compact, comparing magickal notes with various brotherhoods, and keeping all the parts of the machine working smoothly. I am incredibly proud of what has been worked in this world, and with luck, we won't follow the path of the Fourth Earth.

So Corwyn, when you wonder what it is your father does, the answer is: Your father runs the world. Not very well, considering all the trouble he has with the Adversary, the Unseelie, the Dragons, the sorcerers, the Dwarfs, and an infinite number of ever-increasing humans, but he does the best he can. And in that way I keep my promise to Miranda's mother, and have hope for the future.



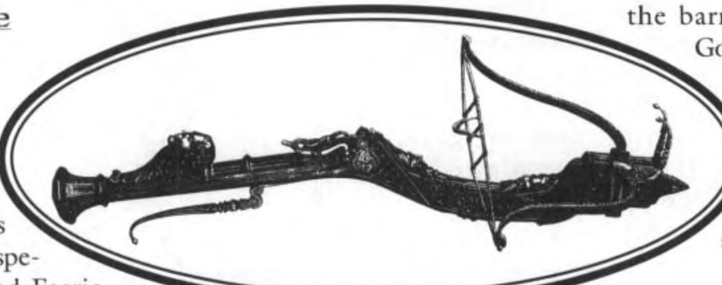
His Lordship

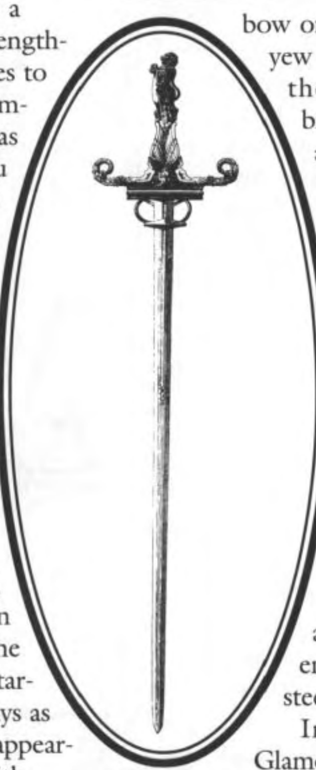
AUBERON VALERIX — KING OF THE SEELIE COURT

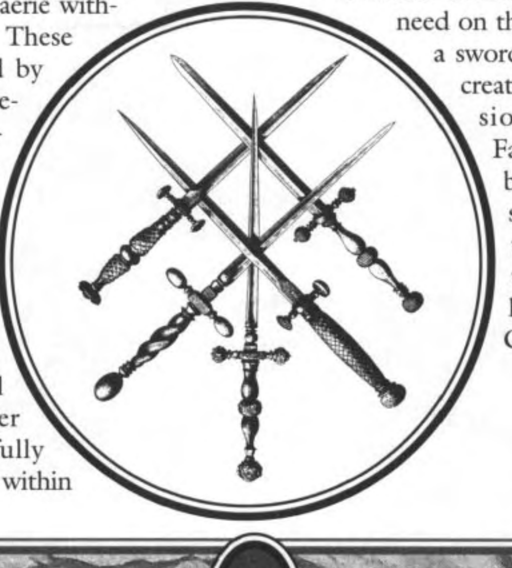
Athletics	EXT	Kindred Powers	EXT
Charisma	EXC	Leadership	EXT
Connections	EXT	Marksmanship	GR
Courage	EXT	Perception	EXC
Etherealness	GR	Physique	EXC
Exchequer	EXT	Riding	GR
Fencing:	EXT	Shape-Shifting	EXC
Fisticuffs	GR	Sorcery	GR
Glamour	EXC	Stealth	GR

Elfshot and Faerie Gold

Weapons of the Faerie







The Faerie cannot stand iron and steel, and as such they have weapons carved of their own special substances. Called Faerie Gold, Faerie Silver, or Faerie Steel, is a mix of gold, silver, tin, and copper, strengthened through spells and arcane mixtures to create a strength similar to that of tempered steel. Originally this process was known to the Tuatha De Danu through their sorceries. Now the Dwarfs of the Fifth Earth, through their love of metal know the secrets as well, and provide the weapons to both Courts as a result of the First Compact. Faerie Gold is as common in the circles of the Folk as steel or iron weapons are among mortals, and not that difficult to get hold of in the form of swords and daggers of all sizes.

Faerie Gold appears as a smooth metal with a slightly luminous surface, either golden or silver, depending on the metallic mixture and the age of the item (after a few thousand years, the tarnish tends to go golden). It is in all ways as strong as steel of the same shape and appearance, but may be wielded by Faerie without invoking their repulsions. These weapons may also be wielded by mortals without penalty or benefit. They do not inflict the additional damage against Faerie that iron and steel weapons do. Faerie Gold retains its appearance and properties even in the presence of iron and Star Metal.

Faerie Gold has been forged into weapons of all types. To date, no gunpowder weapons have been successfully cast, as the chemical reactions within the barrel cause the Faerie Gold to become brittle, and the weapon to explode after two or three firings. Most of the Faerie prefer to use elf shot instead.

Elfshot is small, envenomed arrows, fired from a bow or crossbow made of yew. The arrows are yew wood as well, and of a size appropriate to the Faerie in question. The venom is brewed to react with the yew wood itself, and functions only in connection with the Elfshot (no poisoning the drinks with this device). The secret of the venom is known to most of the Daoine Sidhe, and now to the Dwarfs as well. If a target is hit with an elfshot arrow it takes normal arrow damage, but the victim continues to take damage each day as if it has been hit again. As victims take damage they appear to waste away. This wasting can only be arrested by sorcery or by taking the victim into Faerie.

An elfshot bow is best used against mortals and Dragons. It has no effect against dwarfs and other Faerie. Its enchantment dispels upon striking iron or steel.

In addition, the Faerie may use their Glamour abilities to create weapons that they need on the spur of the moment (pulling a sword out of thin air). As these are creations of the Faerie, they are illusions of the strength of the Faerie's glamour ability, and may be disrupted by the touch of steel or iron. This is a bad thing to happen in a duel, so many of the Daoine Sidhe prefer to have weapons forged of Faerie Gold.

THE CHILDREN OF AUBERON

The Children of Auberon (Tuatha De Auberon)

"Now we come to the meat of the matter, Corwyn," said Auberon. "We come to my own children."

It was late in the evening of the seventh day, and this Author felt that he had been writing forever. The hopes of making that dinner party at the Milsaps were all but abandoned, and even the oil lamps burned low as we talked. In the shadowy light, Auberon's smooth Faerie face looked tired and haggard. Not a wrinkle he had, but his features were dark and shadowed.

"You now know of your heritage," continued the Elf-King, "And of the subjects of your Father's court, and the nature of the opposing one. Now we need to talk about you and your siblings."

"I have had six children in my world-crossing life. Only six times have I felt motivated to lend part of my own self, to diminish my own energies, to create a child with a mortal woman. The Adversary has never had a child, to the best of my knowledge, so jealously does he keep his energies to himself. Yet six times I have done so, with varying results."

One of your brothers is dead, and even now I do not feel comfortable speaking of him. Three other brothers are the children of myself and mortal women, and they are like all other Daoine Sidhe, I fear, loyal but unimaginative, willing to serve their father's cause because if the forces of evil triumphed, there would be no good parties. They are good beings, but limited by their own heritage. Two are exceptions. You and your half-sister Miranda.

Miranda I spoke of briefly in discussing our people's flight through the various Earths. She was the daughter of Meilian Starbrow, to whom I first lost my heart. She is very much the model of her mother, her hair fire-red and worn in long ringlets down her back, her eyes as green as emeralds, her flesh as fair and as unblemished as fresh milk. She is the greatest treasure I have. Do not feel jealous of her, my son, for as you will see I protect my treasures to a degree you would rebel against. It is better for you to have your freedom as opposed to my protection.

Miranda is a rarity among the Daoine Sidhe, for she may cast spells in the manner of the Tuatha and mortals and dragons. I do not know if sorcery was a genetic trait on the Second Earth passed on to the child, or if it was some cosmic accident, or if it was a desire on my own part for the child to have the abilities of the mother. Perhaps it was simply the fact that I was in love, deeply in love as I would be only one other time in my long life. Even I do not know.

I escaped with Miranda back to the Veil, scarred physically and emotionally by the destruction of the Second Earth. I retreated to my own domains to heal, and beyond those domains to find a place of slow time, where I could raise my child. And raise her I did, for never was there as doting a father as I, for I needed my own time to heal. I raised her and taught her all I knew of mortals and magick and the Faerie. And she became a beautiful young woman in her time.

When the call came from the Third Earth I had to leave her, and so hid her deeper within that pool of slow time. In all my years on the Third Earth, and on the Fourth, she passed but a single day of her life, unaware that the rest of the universe was wheeling around her. When I left her she spoke of baking bread that day. When I returned I shared that bread with her. She was aware of the passage of time over me, and was concerned. I told her of the outside world, and to some degree horrified her with the tales of mortals and the Adversary. She wanted to help her father, but did not want to leave her comfortable world.

I understood this, and to a great degree encouraged it, for she was the most perfect gem in all the Earths, and I could not bear to see her hurt. So I used her to open the doorway to the Fifth Earth, and, thinking the land safe with only primitive men and no other Faerie, brought her with me. She found the wild world fascinating, but I nearly had a heart attack when we first met the Dragons. Still, it all worked out, and she was instrumental in winning them as early allies. Indeed, she may have saved their entire race, merely by her presence.

When I opened the doorway with the Adversary I hid her again, with her permission. I will not tell even you, Corwyn, where I hid her. I will not say if it is in the Veil or on one of the Earths. I will not say if it is an island or a mountain that forms her fastness. I will not speak of the creatures which guard her doorway. I will say that she is in a place that I have caused to come into being, and a place that I control utterly, though I have not visited for two hundred years. She lives there in an eternal day, unchanging, unaging, enjoying her life but again letting the universes pass without her.

I can imagine you, Corwyn, reading the earlier passages with irritation as I go on about your sister. Sibling rivalry is never pretty. However, think about this — would you rather have had your past two hundred some years on this Earth, and all it has entailed, or would you choose to be locked up somewhere, protected but unable and unwilling to join the world beyond you? If you are half the Faerie Lord I think you are, you will choose the former over the latter, and I applaud you for it.

Which brings me to you, Corwyn Cimmiric. You were born in 1665, in the court of Louis XIV, in one of the rooms of Versailles. Your mother was and remains a mystery. That she was a sorceress or Daoine Sidhe I now have no doubt, yet her abilities were concealed from me while we courted.

Let me tell you of your mother. She called herself Anne-Marie Delamonde, and claimed to be minor nobility from the South of France. Her holdings, the supposed house of Cimmiric, existed only in her descriptions, but I never bothered to check at the time, so perfect was her beauty and manners. She was the image of Meilian herself, yet different. Not a copy, exactly, for she was smaller, blue-eyed, and blonde. But the resonance of my lost love shown through her as she danced, as she laughed, as she made love. When I first saw her across the crowded ballroom, my heart both lifted and broke. She was that beautiful.

She did not care for me at first, for the court gossip warned of the dangers of the King's Eternal Counselor. I courted her with magick and Glamour, with flowers and wealth, and at last with my eternal love. She accepted me, and we were wed by the Cardinal Mazarin in one of the greatest weddings ever held at the palace. I went so far as to open doorways to my domains in the Veil, and all Faerie were invited.

It was a magical time for us in the years we were married, and in time you were conceived. I gave the energies of myself to create a child from mortal flesh, and on 5 April, 1665, brought you into being.

Eight weeks later, your mother disappeared. She left a note claiming some crisis in her holdings, and asked me to wait for her return. She said she would love me forever.

Of course I left you with the wet-nurse and flew to the south to be by my beloved's side, and discovered her to be an imposter. House Cimmiric had died out when the Gauls fought the Romans. There were no holdings, and beyond the walls of Versailles, no one knew of an Anne-Marie Delamonde.

I was devastated, as badly as when I lost Meilian. I was angry, as enraged as when I discovered that The Adversary had killed Danu. I wanted to pull myself back into the Veil, retreat from the world, go back to Miranda, and leave you, my newborn son, to mortals of the French Court to raise.

I did not, of course. Part of it was that we were beginning to enter a critical period of this Earth's history, one that will last to the end of this millennium. But part of it was that you were my son, and a handsome son at that, with eyes of blue diamonds and a smile that would melt the winter ice that wrapped around an old elf's heart.

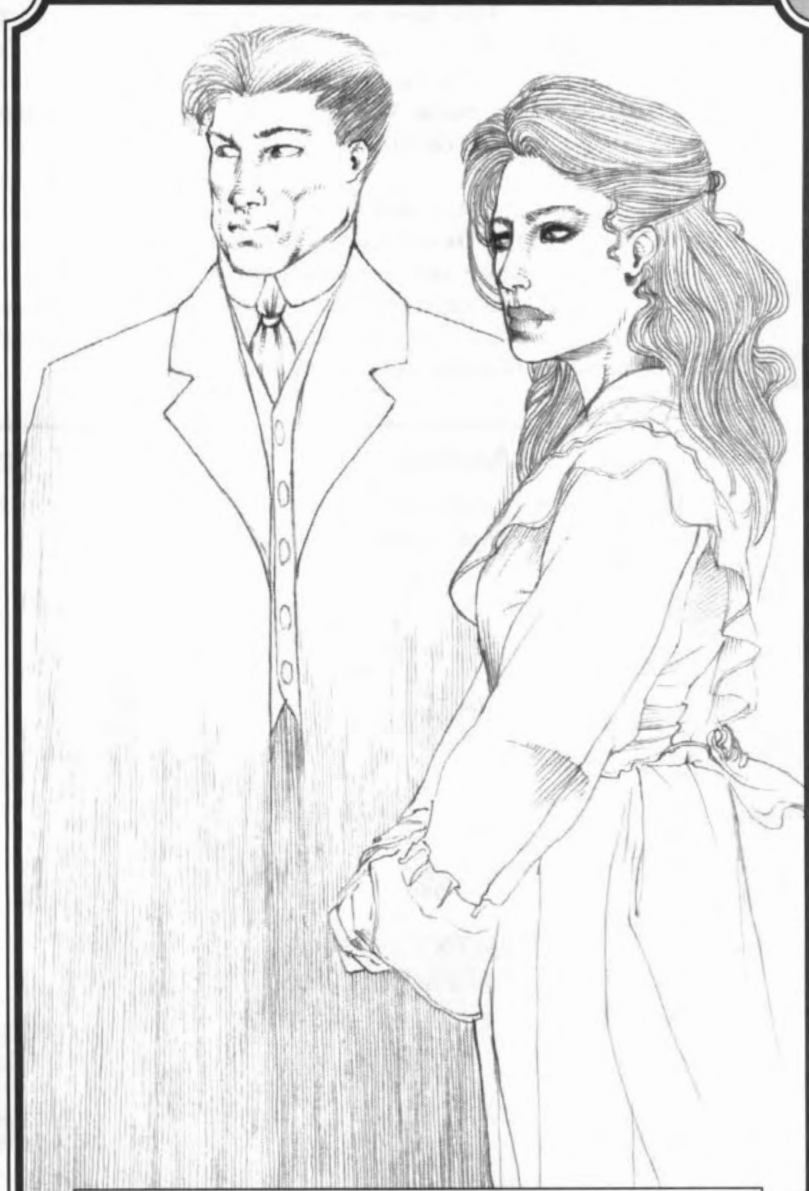
So I remained for a bit, until you were old enough to stand on your own. And for my troubles I was less effective as the eternal counselor, and Louis turned to his mistresses for advice. Might I have revoked some of his excesses and follies had I been more attentive? Perhaps, but the history played out as it was in my Third Earth book, and I was prepared for it.

Yet as you matured and took on the appearance of a mortal adult I was reminded of your mother, and left time and again to search for her. Even sorcerous aid did not help. In the meantime you grew up in the French Court, and while that made you among the most civilized of men in that day, it also reinforced your natural feeling of superiority towards others. That was a Faerie trait and a noble trait, and you were both. When at last Louis died and I returned for his funeral, I found that you had already left, and I wished you well. I wish I had been there to tell you what I tell you now, but somehow I don't think you would have listened.

I kept tabs on you. You explored Faerie. You learned about The Adversary and about heartbreak from The Vixen. You were imprisoned in Constantinople, and backed the losing side in the French Revolution. You had a series of mortal mentors, learning scientific method from Jefferson and whoring from Franklin. You settled into the life of a typical Faerie Lord, moving through society without leaving a ripple in its history. All of your equals did this, including the brothers you've met over the years. You have been quite content to break mortal hearts in romance and mortal heads in brawls.

But you are much more than just a typical Faerie Noble. You are the son of Auberon, and, I believe, much more than that.

You have gained the sobriquet "Trickster" for your practical jokes, your grand jests, and your imagination. Just as there are "Wendell Stories" of the well-meaning Daoine Sidhe getting himself into great trouble, there are Trickster tales of you getting yourself into some disastrous mess, then triumphing with no more than a few well-chosen words or impulsive actions. Indeed, your ability with the powers, in particular shape-shifting, is unmatched among the Faerie. Many young women keep pieces of iron on their bedstands to confirm that their lovers are truly who they say they are. That is in part due to your activities in the past twenty years or so.


Corwyn and Miranda

Be reassured that all you have accomplished, good and ill, has been without my aid or interference. You are your own man, and any tethers are ones that you yourself have attached. And when this letter is finished, you continue your life as you see fit.

But let me surprise you with something you do not know. I believe you have sorcerous abilities like your sister Miranda, which is why the two of you are so important. You have not cast the most meagre spell in your life, but you have never had to, nor imagined you could. I think you can, if you choose to try.

Which brings me to the last piece of information I carry for you. I have noted earlier that young Faerie translate at a certain age. You are about that age now, and there have been an increasing number of Trickster Tales (indeed, I know you are banned from the Russian Court for your shenanigans, and there are several Vodyany hunting for you even now). You are on the verge of choosing a final form.

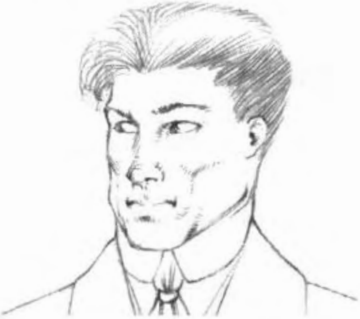
The final form probably will resemble your present form, one of the Daoine Sidhe, a Faerie noble of notorious reputation and charming grace. But I want you to think about everything this letter has said. With all I have said, with all you have learned, ask this question: Is being a Daoine Sidhe the best thing you can choose to be, or is there something better?

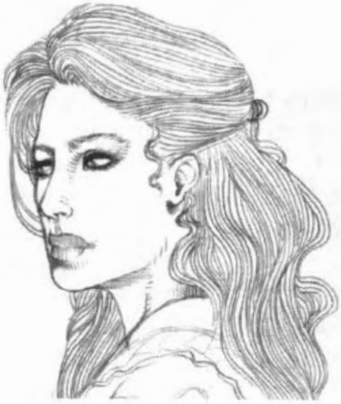
This is the only question I ask of you, and you should think about it in the coming months and years. You may have noted that I have only presented information, as opposed to advice. My experience with Mortal youths is that if you tell them to do one thing, they will go out of their way to do the exact opposite. We are Faerie, and High Faerie at that. I trust you to take the information I have and to make your own decisions.

That is my final gift to you, my son. I trust you. And in that trust resides the safety of both our people and this Earth.

Auberon's Children in The Great Game

Here we present these two unique characters in terms of the Great Game. Please note that Miranda's abilities have yet to be tested in the current environment.





CORWYN CIMMIRIC – THE TRICKSTER: SON OF AUBERON

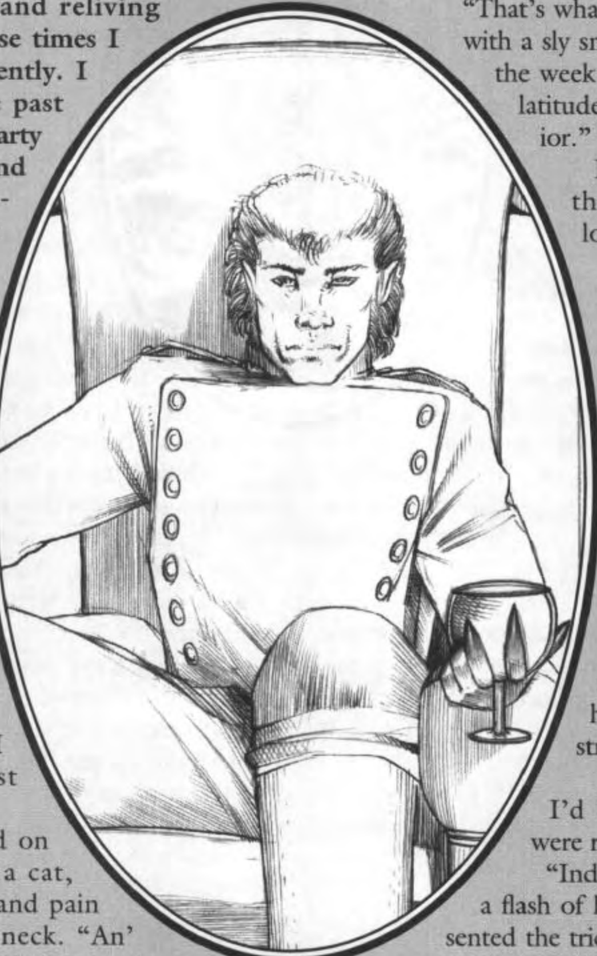
Athletics	GR
Charisma	GR
Connections	GR
Courage	EXC
Etherealness	GR
Exchequer	GR
Fencing:	GR
Fisticuffs	GR
Gambling	EXC
Glamour	EXC
Kindred Powers	EXC
Marksmanship	GR
Perception	GR
Performance	GD
Physique	GR
Shape-Shifting	EXC
Sorcery	AV
Stealth	GR

MIRANDA STARBROW — DAUGHTER OF AUBERON

Athletics	GR
Comeliness	EXC
Charisma	GR
Connections	PR
Courage	EXT
Etherealness	GR
Fencing:	PR
Glamour	EXC
Kindred Powers	EXC
Marksmanship	PR
Perception	EXC
Physique	EXC
Social Graces	GD
Sorcery	GR
Stealth	GR

THE FINAL EVENING

The last session, the one that dealt with Corwyn, the Adversary, and Auberon himself was the longest, and the Elf King had to stop a number of times, searching for the right words, the right phrase, gathering his thoughts and reliving painful memories. At those times I stopped and waited, patiently. I had learned much in the past week. The Milsap dinner party that evening had come and gone without my attendance, gone with the past week of my life and much of my youthful innocence.



When we finished, it was verging on midnight. Robin Goodfellow had come in several times with drinks — brandy for Auberon, stiff coffee for myself, and had swept the ashtrays free of cigar remains three times. Now the flames in the hearth were banked, and the oil lamps were burning low and tired, as I finished recording his last words.

Auberon, now sprawled on the divan, stretched like a cat, shaking off the weariness and pain with a supple flick of his neck. "An' that's the tale, laddie, "he said, "Top to bottom."

I closed the tablet and laid it atop the others — seven tightly-packed tablets for seven days. I said, "It will take a few days to transcribe these."

Auberon gave a tired shrug, "If ye wish."

"Should I deliver the final manuscript here?" I asked.

Again, a shrug, "If ye wish. Or you kin' burn it now, if ye want. We could stand a wee bit of heat in the room."

I looked for the sly smile, but his face was an impassive mask.

"Well, if you want to send this to your son ..." I said, then trailed off.

"I said I wanted my son to hear the story," said he, then added, "And now he has."

I wet my lips, "You are mistaken, sir. I am a Mortal, and an American."

"That's what you tell people," he said with a sly smile, echoing my words of the week previous, "Ye get a wider latitude that way for yuir behavior."

I was silent for a moment, then stonily asked, "How long did you know?"

"Since you arrived in the city," he said, "and I appreciate yuir patience in hearing me out."

It was my turn to shrug, "You could have just asked to meet. You and me. Father and Son. King and Trickster. Without the staging and shadowplay."

Auberon's eyes narrowed to slits, "Would ye have come if I had asked straight out?"

I sighed. "Probably not. I'd be wondering what you were really up to."

"Indeed." He favored me with a flash of his teeth again, "So I presented the trick right out, knowing yuir own pride would keep ye here. The idea that you could hide out under yuir own father's nose without his knowing it, that was bait ye couldn't pass on. You're not that good. You will be, eventually, but not here and not now. And these were things ye had to hear before much longer. You must understand now that you are the inheritor of some little bit of history.

It was my turn to laugh. A slow, tired laugh. I knew at that moment I had been beaten, and beaten by one of the best. I could fool the entire city of London, but not my own father. “And to think I missed the Milsap’s dinner party for this little reunion.”

Auberon’s eyes brightened, “Oh, ye didn’t miss it. At least no one knows you missed it.”

It was my turn to reduce my eyes to slits, “What do you mean?”

Auberon’s smile looked like it was going to sprain his mouth. “I took the liberty of sending one of Robin’s cousins to the party in your stead. Suitably attired and glamoured, of course, to resemble your present form.”

I looked at him in a state verging on shock.

“And I must say you behaved yerself horr’bly at the party,” he added, the smile growing with the brogue in his voice. “Drunken and insulting. Apparently you finished yuir work about two this afternoon, and spent the next six hours wenchin’ and drinkin’ yuir way across London, eventually arriving at the dinner party half-dressed and totally splattered. Ye insulted the hostess, took a swing at the host, and tried to wash up in the soup tureen, before staggering out into the night, singing obscene lyrics about the Queen. At least those were my instructions.”

“You bastard,” I said, “It took me months to create this persona.”

“Ye’ll probably find yuir gear packed up in the hall upon yuir return.” said Auberon, swirling the dregs of his brandy. “Neither Lord nor Lady Milsap will entertain you. And I doubt young Emily will wish to have you in her presence.”

“Of all the selfish, petty tricks, “ I snarled, “Its one thing to fool me into remaining and listening to your stories, but to destroy my good name while I’m not looking ... “

Auberon’s voice cut through my protests like a blade of ice, “See here, son,” he said, the steel back in his voice, the playful Father discarded as one more mask. “You know now the game that I’m playing, and the stakes of that game. Emily Milsap will be a part of that game. Not now, but soon. And if I have to wreck yuir reputation in order to preserve hers, I’ll do it without hesitation. You know I’ve done worse.”

There was a long silence between us, pregnant with the ghosts of those who have perished in this world to ensure it does not turn out like the others. There was nothing else to say. Father’s game had begun long before I had arrived on the scene, and would continue with me or without me.

I gathered the tablets together and held them out to him, “Do you want to burn these,” I said, “Or should I?”

Lord Auberon of the Faerie took the tablets from my hands and held them gently. “I’d hate to lose these, truth to tell. You know now we are imitators, not creators. Its our nature, our blessing, and our curse. In the past week we’ve made something here, you and I. I hate to lose that creation.”

I gave another exhausted shrug. “We can’t leave it about for everybody else to find, can we? The Adversary would be first in line to purchase, just to find out more about Miranda. We can’t share it with the world, and keep everyone here in the dark at the same time, can we?”

Auberon looked up at me and his dark, ageless eyes twinkled. “Indeed we can. I believe you still run trips back to the Fourth Earth for your friend Tom Olam?”

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, “You have been keeping tabs on me.”

“Actually I found out through keeping tabs on Tom. A particular pixie with a taste for pomme frittes. One that is willing to carry manuscripts back and forth.”

“French fries,” I agreed. “Faerie Express, Tom calls it. You think we should publish it there?”

Auberon shrugged. “P’raps an expurgated pamphlet here for the Fifth Earth crowd — “My Life and Times”, as it were, but let Tom’s Great Game have the true story. The full story.”

And so we did exactly that. There is a reduced version, rendered down to its basic components, that saw press in the spring of 1874 in London. A few homilies, a few witticisms, a few stories about Mortals long dead. A lot on the various Kindred to help Mortals in their dealing with them.

And this original manuscript was sent across the Veil, to Tom’s friends in the Fourth Earth. I hope it explains some of the secrets of the Faerie, and why we are the way we are. I hope they read it and realize how unlucky they were that their world lacks the magick of the Faerie.

Or perhaps, how lucky they are, indeed.

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* * *

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